



Ben: Jonson

8161

THE
WORKS
OF
BEN. JONSON.

IN SEVEN VOLUMES.

Collated with

All the former EDITIONS, and Corrected;
with NOTES Critical and Explanatory.

By PETER WHALLEY,
Late Fellow of St. John's College in Oxford.

— — *Neque me ut miretur turba laboro,
Contentus paucis lectoribus.*

Hor.

*Rudem esse omnino in nostris poetis, aut inertissimæ segnitiae esse,
aut fastidii delicatissimi.*

Cic. de Fin. L. I.

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OF
BEN. JONSON.

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HUMOUR.
EVERY MAN OUT OF
HIS HUMOUR.

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or, The FOUNTAIN
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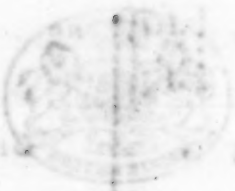
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W O R K S



BY J. O. S. & S. O. S.

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E R R A T A.

Page 49. not. for *classic master*, read *classic masters*.

Page 342. not. for *application*, read *appellation*.

THE favourable reception, which the labours of those applauded men have met with from the public, who have given new and correct editions of our English poets, illustrated with notes, was a principal inducement for publishing the works of Jonson in the same manner. A good edition of this author was much wanted; and if properly performed, would be deserving well of our literature and language. It is only to be wished, that the edition now presented to the reader, may be executed with as much taste and judgment, as those which have preceded it in the same kind of criticism.

The plan which we have followed, is what a just criticism upon any author doth naturally require. Care hath been taken, to exhibit the text with the utmost correctness; and notes are added to explain those places, which seemed most to need them. These are of two kinds; such as

VOL. I. a illustrate

illustrate his sentiments, and such as point out and support the peculiar marks of his appropriate character. Under the first of these, are included the obscurities of diction and expression, and what arise from allusions to the customs of the age, and the fashions then in use. The second chiefly consists of passages from antient authors, which Jonson, who had various and extensive learning, hath imitated or adopted as his own. In printing the text, we have had a much easier task, than the ingenious editors of our other dramatic poets; for a folio volume of Jonson's works was printed in his life-time, and under his own inspection; so that we have an authentic copy for our pattern, and which we found of great use in correcting the mistakes of subsequent editions. In following this copy we had little else to do, than to set right some errors of the press, and a corrupted passage or two, which seem to have been derived from the same source. That part of his works, which were published after his death, was undoubtedly printed from his original manuscripts; but as they had not the benefit of the author's revision, there are many more, as well as more material blunders in this volume, than in the volume I have just now mentioned; but these mistakes are now, as we hope, properly emended, though it is possible that some may have escaped our notice; and

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is probable too, that an inattentive reader may suspect some other places to be faulty, which are really sound and uncorrupt; for there are two mistakes, and both proceeding from the same cause, which an editor of Jonson's works may be led to commit. The cause I mean, is his references and allusions. In one case, he is tempted to an alteration of the text, in order to preserve an allusion, which he imagines the poet had, or, which with some critics is the same, which he imagines the poet ought to have had then in his mind. In the other case, he gets rid of the obscurity by an alteration of the text, when he should only have explained the passage, and pointed out the allusion that was couched in it. There is another peculiarity deserving notice, which hath caused some ingenious critics to question the received reading of the text, and to substitute their conjectures in its place; and this is, the latinized phraseology, and hard construction, with the brevity and conciseness of Jonson's style. But the difficulties from hence arising, should be cleared by a comment and explanation, without ejecting the lawful possessors from their proper rights. For it frequently happens, that almost every author, by the comparison and collation of similar passages, will in many instances explain himself; and when a tolerable sense can be assigned, we should not hastily proceed to a fanciful and arbitrary change.

Absolute nonsense indeed must be cured by whatever method we can; and if an easy conjectural alteration will lead us into light from darkness, there is the highest reason to receive it as true. The mere improvement of a writer's sense, can never authorize the alteration of his words; for should this be once admitted as a canon of true criticism, what defence is left us against the wildest guesses, and the most extravagant conjectures of absurd imagination? Critics of this adventurous and daring temper, must proceed upon the following maxims; that the author did certainly use the most significant and proper word, and that his commentator is the sole infallible judge of what is so. I have therefore ventured to insert my own conjectures in the text, in these cases only; when the best explanation given, would be but blundering round about a meaning, and when no assistance could be had from any of the printed copies; and lastly, when the emendation approaching nearly to the traces of the former reading, would evidently shew that the mistake was occasioned by the negligence of the editor or printer.

With respect to Jonson's character as a writer, he is universally allowed to have been the most learned and judicious poet of his age. His learning indeed is to be seen in almost every thing he wrote; and sometimes perhaps it may appear, where we could wish it might not be seen,

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seen, although he seldom transgresseth in this point; for a just decorum and preservation of character, with propriety of circumstance and of language, are his striking excellencies, and eminently distinguish his correctness and art. What he borroweth from the antients, he generally improves by the use and application, and by this means he improved himself, in contending to think, and to express his thoughts like them; and accordingly those plays are the best, in which we find most imitations or translations from classic authors; but he commonly borrows with the air of a conqueror, and adorns himself in their dress, as with the spoils and trophies of victory.

To make a proper estimation of his merits, as a dramatic writer, we are to consider what was the state of the drama, and the usual practice of the stage-writers in those early times; and what alterations and improvements it received from the plays of Jonson. Shakespear, and Beaumont and Fletcher, are the only contemporary writers that can be put in competition with him; and as they have excellencies of genius superior to those of Jonson, they have weakneses and defects which are proportionably greater. If they transcend him in the creative powers, and the astonishing flights of imagination, their judgment is much inferior to his; and if he doth not at any time rise so high,

neither perhaps doth he sink so low as they have done. We mean not to insinuate any thing to the discredit of Jonson's genius, yet his fancy had, perhaps, exerted itself with greater energy and strength, had he been less a poet, or less acquainted with the antient models. Struck with the correctness and truth of composition in the old classics, and inflamed by passionate admiration to emulate their beauties, he was insensibly led to imagine, that equal honours were due to successful imitation, as to original and unborrowed thinking. Jonson was naturally turned to industry and reading; and as to treasure up knowledge must be the exercise and work of memory, by the assiduous employment of that faculty, he would necessarily be less disposed to exert the native inborn spirit of genius and invention; and as his memory was thus fraught with the stores of antient poetry, the sentiments impressed upon his mind, would easily intermix and assimilate with his own; and when transfused into the language of his country, would appear to have all the graces and the air of novelty. It is owing to these reasons, that Jonson became constrained in his imagination, and less original in his sentiments and thoughts; but from hence he obtained that severity of collected judgment, and that praise of art, which have given his authority the greatest weight in the decisions and the laws of criticism.

En-

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Enlightened with these assistances, Jonson was enabled to see through, and effectually to surmount the prejudices of vulgar practice: and by a departure from the beaten track of unreasonable custom, he struck at once into the less frequented road of probability and nature. Let us proceed then to examine what was the reigning mode in the composition of our antient drama. In designing the plots of their several comedies, our old poets generally drew them from some romance, or novel: and from thence also they derived the different incidents of the various scenes; and the resemblance between the original and the copy, was every way exact. The same wildness and extravagance of fable prevailed in both: all the miracles and absurdities of story being faithfully transcribed into the play; and hence it is, that the scene of action is generally placed abroad; the principal characters are also foreign; or to speak more truly, they are Englishmen disguised with foreign names: for the manners of all the different persons are intirely English, as is more particularly observable in the inferior characters of the play. So that whether the scene may lie at Athens, at Venice, or Vienna, all the wit, and all the humour are of British growth, and are adapted to the taste and genius of the poet's own age. When Jonson first applied himself to writing for the stage, he conformed in like manner to the general practice of his

contemporary poets. A plain instance of this appears in his comedy called *The Case is Altered*; and this reason concurs with other evidences, to determine that piece to have been one of his earlier dramatic compositions. The scene is Milan, the principal personages are of the same place; and the sentiments they have occasion to use, are what nature in any climate, would express her thoughts in, upon a similar occasion. The droll and comic part of the drama shews itself in the manners of the servants, the mechanics, and lower characters of the comedy; and although these are exhibited to us under the sounding names of Sebastian, Balthasar, and Vincentio, their whole dialogue and humour are a lively copy from the homespun wit of the clowns and artificers of the poet's native country. The same observations may be extended to the generality of Shakespear's and Fletcher's plays, where under exotic characters and story, the authors are continually glancing at domestic incidents, and comment on the times, screened beneath the cover of antient or foreign fable. But Jonson was soon sensible, how inconsistent this medley of names and manners was in reason and nature; and with how little propriety it could ever have a place in a legitimate and just picture of real life: and hence as he improved in critical learning, and became acquainted with the true principles and laws of dramatic writing, he reformed the ex-

tra-

travagances which had universally prevailed in the times before him. His plays were real plays of five acts, in which the continuity of the scenes, and the unities of time and place were regularly observed. And the better to effect this, we must remark that he no longer borrowed his fable from a well-known, or pre-invented story, but formed his plot, and drew his characters from the stores of his imagination, and his observations upon men and manners. In consequence of this, his scene was generally laid at home; his characters and manners are equally domestic, and are uniform and congruous throughout the whole: and this was really adapting comedy to its proper end, in making it *Vitæ speculum, & exemplar morum*; a mirror to reflect the follies and vices of the age. That this reform was truly the result of conscious and reflecting art, we shall demonstrate to the reader by a singular instance, which confirms the account we have laid down above, and sets the judgment of Jonson in the fairest point of view. *Every Man in his Humour* is one of his earliest pieces, and was originally written in the manner we have just described. The scene was at Florence, the persons represented were Italians, and the manners in great measure conformable to the genius of the place: but in this very play the humours of the under characters are local, expressing not the manners of a Florentine, but the gulls and bullies

bullies of the times and country, in which the poet lived. And as it was thus represented on the stage, it was published in the same manner in 4to. in 1601. When it was printed again in the collection of his works, it had more becoming and consistent aspect. The scene was transferred to London, the names of the persons were changed to English ones, and the dialogue, incidents, and manners were suited to the place of action. And thus we now have it in the folio edition of 1616, and in the several editions that have been printed since. That the reader may perceive the variations at one view we shall subjoin the several characters, as they stand in both copies of the play.

The Persons of *Every Man in his Humour*,
they are prefixed to the

Quarto edit. in 1601. and Folio edit. in 1616.

Lorenzo de Pazzi, sen.	Old Know'ell.
Lorenzo, jun.	Ed. Know'ell, his son.
Musco,	Brainworm.
Stephano,	Mr. Stephen.
Giulliano,	Downright.
Prospero,	Wellbred.
Doctor Clement,	Justice Clement.
Peto,	Roger Formal.
Thorello,	Kitely.
Hesperida,	Dame Kitely.
Biancha,	Mrs. Bridget.

Matthe

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Mattheo,

Pizo,

Cob,

Tib,

Bobadilla,

Scene FLORENCE.

Mr. Matthew.

Cash.

Cob.

Tib.

Capt. Bobadill.

Scene LONDON.

But notwithstanding the art and care of Jon-
son to redress the incongruities taken notice of,
a remarkable instance of Italian manners is still
preserved, which in transferring the scene he
forgot to change. It is an allusion to the custom
of poisoning, of which we have instances of
various kinds, in the dark and fatal revenges of
Italian jealousy. Kiteley is blaming Well-bred
for promoting, in his house, the quarrel between
Bobadill and Downright; and Well-bred offers
to excuse himself by saying that no harm had
happened from it. Kiteley's wife then objects to
him; "But what harm might have come of it,
brother?" to whom Well-bred replies,

"Might, sister? so might the good warm
clothes your husband wears be poison'd, for
any thing he knows; or the wholesome wine
he drunk, even now at the table." Kiteley's
jealous apprehension is immediately alarmed, and
he breaks out in a passionate exclamation;

"Now, God forbid! O me, now I remember
My wife drank to me last and chang'd the cup;
And bade me wear this cursed suit to-day."

And

And thus he goes on, imagining that he feels the poison begin to operate upon him. Nothing could be more in character than this surmise supposing the persons, as was the case at first to have been natives of Italy. But had Jonson recollected, it is probable he would have varied the thought, to adapt it more consistently to the genius and manners of the speaker.

The choice then of a domestic fable, is a considerable article in the sum of Jonson's merit; and an article of no little consequence, when we reflect either upon the end or moral destination of the drama, and upon the means that are necessary to attain that end. It is universally allowed, that the end of tragedy is much better answered by the celebrating a domestic event, than by selecting any foreign occurrence, how great or important soever for the exhibition of foreign characters can never affect the mind in so interesting a manner: and be the poet never so exact in preserving the decorum and propriety of his personages, they will insensibly assume the mode and fashion of his own country. To this purpose it is judiciously remarked by a learned French critic: *Ceux qui paroissent sur la scene Angloise, Espagnole, Francois, sont plus Anglois, Espagnols, ou Francois que Grecs ou Romains; en un mot, que ce qu'ils doivent être. On veut plaire à sa nation, & rien ne plait tant que la ressemblance de manieres & de Genie* P. BRUMOY, Vol. I. p. 200. And every writer

will paint the character and manners of his own nation, with much greater life and spirit, and with a much closer resemblance to nature and truth. The reasons here advanced, conclude with more cogency and force, when applied to the province and design of Comedy; for if comedy attains its end by the delineation of character, the poet will undoubtedly succeed much better, in drawing the characters with which he is more perfectly acquainted; and for the same reasons, the spectator likewise will receive greater pleasure and improvement from it. The manners he is used to in his daily intercourse, and conversation in real life, will seize his affections the more strongly, when represented in a fictitious scene; and by an act of reflection, he will derive a pleasure to himself, in comparing the just resemblance which he finds between them: for in the words of a consummate judge, “as what we chiefly seek in comedy is a true image of life and manners, we are not easily brought to think we have it given us, when dressed in foreign modes and fashions.”

There are only two comedies of Jonson, where the scene is laid abroad, the *Poetaster* and the *Fox*. The former was purposely designed as a vindication of himself, and to expose the pretensions of his adversary Decker. This led him to make Rome his scene, and to choose the times of Augustus Cæsar, for the period of action. His intention in this

as he hath declared in the apology annexed to the play, was to shew that Virgil and Horace and every candidate for honest and fair fame had their enemies and detractors, envious of them and of their writings; and by these examples it is insinuated to the reader, that the excellencies and merits of Jonson were the sole occasion of the calumnies thrown out against him; and that he had only the fortune to be abused, in like manner as his betters had been before him. And here it must be said, that he was careful in the main, to observe the decorum of character, which his plan required; but as it naturally led him to allude to particular persons and incidents of his own times, we have occasional references to both these; disguised indeed under the cover of Roman forms, and affecting the stile and manners of the supposed times and persons of the play. In the design of *Volpone* the poet had a more generous design in view and by his admirable execution of that design he hath left posterity a lasting monument of his genius and art. And here he was induced, for the sake of probability, and to give lively and strong colouring to his draught, to fix on Venice for the scene of his drama. By this choice he gained an opening for the introduction of a domestic character, which, placed upon a middle ground, gratified his favourite passion of displaying a particular folly of his age and na-

tion; for as the scene was thus laid abroad, he had the inviting opportunity in the character of sir Politic Would-be, to expose the reigning affectation of knowing men and manners; when the youth of the kingdom were sent, in quest of policy and knowledge, to poison their faith and morals, by the acquisition of Italian atheism and Italian deceit.

In his design and exhibition of characters, Jonson was particularly happy in delineating those which are generally known by the name of characters of humour; a subject which he perfectly understood, and which he executed with equal felicity and perfection. But as humour is the excess of a particular passion, and appropriate only to a single character, it hath from hence been thought, that Jonson's characters are only passions or affections personized, and not faithful copies from living manners. But to this we might reply, that far from being thought to build his characters upon abstract ideas, he was really accused of representing particular persons then existing; and that even those characters which appear to be the most exaggerated, are said to have had their respective archetypes in nature and life. It is further to be observed, that many of Jonson's comedies are of that kind, which may be called particular and partial: the follies they were designed to censure were more immediately local; and as the pursuits which they expose,

expose, are now disused or forgotten, we find it difficult to enter into the humour or propriety of the characters. Yet even at this distance we can perceive that truth of design, and strength of colouring in each, as highly entertain us with their representation or perusal ; and render us equally sensible of the poet's excellence, and art in his masterly performance : " But we may
 " remark in general of such subjects, as an
 " exact critic of great taste expresseth it, that
 " they are a strong temptation to the writer, to exceed the bounds of truth and mediocrity in his draught of them at *first*, and
 " are further liable to an imperfect and even
 " unfair sentence from the reader *afterwards*.
 " For the welcome reception which these pictures of prevailing local folly meet with on
 " the stage, cannot but induce the poet almost
 " without design, to inflame the representation ;
 " and the want of archetypes, in a little time
 " makes it pass for immoderate, were it originally given with ever so much discretion and
 " justice." HORACE'S *Art of Poetry illustrated with English Notes*, &c. p. 278. Add to this, that in presenting a character on the stage, the due distance and point of view should have a place in the poet's consideration ; and this may probably require some enlargement of the lineaments and features, provided that a just proportion and symmetry of parts, be observed in
 the

the composition of the whole. I do not mean that he should give us a distorted caricatura, in the room of an agreeable and pleasing picture; but if it be considered that many diverting pleasantries or actions of ridiculous humour, with lively dialogues in common life, would appear flat and insipid, and have little or no effect upon a general audience, when set before them in the plain and simple habit of nature and fact: the poet may possibly be under the necessity of bestowing on them some *relief* and ornament, from art; and of seasoning his conversations with a high poignancy of wit or repartee, adapted to the less exquisite taste of an undistinguishing populace. These causes concurring seem to have given rise to the opinion, that Jonson, in the portraiture of his characters, forbore to copy from real life. And as the preceding observations account for this opinion, with a probable verisimilitude, we are apt to flatter ourselves, they may be a fair representation and solution of the matter.

In the collection of Jonson's poems there are two Tragedies; and of each of these something should be said in reference to his conduct of the drama, and to his judgment in the choice of his Subjects. The poet himself appears to have placed no small value on these plays, and they are not without their proper share of merit; but as the piercing eye of criticism hath disco-

vered errors and defects in both, let us attend to the faults which are objected to them. And first, it is said the poet was unfortunately mistaken in the choice of his fable; the characters of Catiline and Sejanus are so well known, and are so infamous in history, that no kind of pity, the most amiable emotion in the spectator's breast, can possibly be shown to the distresses which befall them; but to this, a reply is elsewhere given in the proper place, where the objection it self is made. A second objection chargeth the author with offending against the laws or cautions advanced by Horace in his *Art of Poetry*, and which an exact dramatist should be careful to observe in the management of his fable. The cautions of Horace are comprized in the following verses:

*Publica materies privati Juris erit, si
Non circa vilem patulumque moraberis orbem;
Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere, fidus
Interpres; nec desilies imitator in arctum,
Unde pedem proferre pudor vetet, aut operis lex.*

Ars Poet. v. 131. & seq.

From these verses his excellent commentator deduceth the three following rules, which the poet directs us to observe: 1. Not to follow the trite, obvious round of the original work, *i. e.* not servilely and scrupulously to adhere to its plan

or

or method in its plain historic order. 2. Not to be translators instead of imitators: *i. e.* if it shall be thought fit to imitate more expressly any part of the original, to do it with freedom and spirit, and without a slavish attachment to the mode of expression. 3. Not to adopt any particular incident that may occur in the proposed model, which either decency or the nature of the work would reject; and unluckily for Jonson, this ingenious critic hath pitched on the tragedy of *Catiline*, as particularly offending against these several rules. For, as he proceeds to remark, this tragedy, is in fact the Catilinarian war of Sallust, put into poetical dialogue; and so offends against the *first* rule of the poet, in following too servilely the plain beaten round of the chronicle. 2. The speeches of Cicero and Catiline, of Cato and Cæsar are all of them direct and literal translations of the historian and orator, in violation of the *second* rule, which forbids a too close attachment to the mode or form of expression. 3. As a transgression of that rule, which enjoins a strict regard to the nature and genius of the work, the following is selected as the most obvious and striking. In the history, which had for its subject the whole Catilinarian war, the fates of the conspirators, and the preceding debates concerning the manner of their punishment, were to be distinctly recorded. Hence the long

b 2

speeches

speeches of Cæsar and Cato in the senate, have great propriety, and are justly esteemed amongst the leading beauties of that work. But the case was totally different in the drama, which taking for its subject the single fates of the other conspirators, should only have been hinted at, not debated with all the circumstances and pomp of rhetoric on the stage. I have given these objections at full length, and in the words of the elegant remarker ; for it is a pleasure to transcribe as well as read, the observations of a polite critic ; and we are likewise obliged to own that these mistakes in Jonson are in a great measure indefensible. For although the poet was conscious of what might possibly be objected to him upon these heads, yet he was so far from regarding them as errors, or imperfections in his poem, that he, in truth, considered them as beauties, and prided himself upon his translations as so many real excellencies, and the chief ornaments of his play. But he was misled, as the learned critic judiciously adds, by the beauty which these speeches appeared to have in the original composition, without attending to the peculiar laws of the drama, and the indecorum it must needs have in so very different a work. It must be acknowledged, however, in justice to Jonson, that he hath discovered great art and spirit in designing and supporting his characters; and

and that he hath occasionally deviated from the leading thread of the story, and varied the arrangement of circumstances, in the manner that was most conducive to draw out his characters, and display the ruling passion inherent in the breast of each.

These remarks upon the *Catiline*, are in some degree applicable to the *Sejanus* of Jonson. In this indeed the narration from which he copied was less obvious and direct; and hence it demanded a greater share of judgment to combine and connect the distinct periods and members, to form a regular and consistent whole; but as the story lay before him, from which he drew his incidents, he copied with too close an attachment to historic composition; and in breach of the second rule, what he hath translated from the Latin, is expressed with too exact a conformity to the mode and letter of the original expression. And lastly, he hath adopted incidents which the law and nature of his work would reject. The play should naturally have ended with the fall and tragical death of Sejanus. For this reason the subsequent descriptions, taken from Juvenal, of the indignities and insults, offered by the multitude, both to himself and his statues, are wholly out of place. Nor was it less improper to describe with the attendant circumstances, the unfortunate ends of the son

and daughter of Sejanus ; who with brutal violence were dragged from home, and inhumanly put to death by the public executioner. But the poet intended to recount a tale of horror, and excite pity in the breast of the spectators, by relating the untimely fate of the innocent and tender sufferers ; and this further contributed, in concurrence with the moral, to insinuate that divine vengeance would not fail to punish and exterminate the whole race of those, who contemned the providence and power of Heaven.

The character of Jonson as a poet, may be discovered by attending to his character and disposition as a man ; which would naturally give that prevailing cast to his comedies and poems, which in effect we find they have. “ For his nature, says the discerning critic above cited, was
 “ severe and rigid ; and this, in giving a strength
 “ and manliness, gave at times too, an intemperance to his satire. His taste for ridicule was
 “ strong but indelicate ; which made him not
 “ over curious in the choice of his topics ; and
 “ lastly, his style in picturing characters, though
 “ masterly, was without that elegance of hand,
 “ which is required to correct and allay the
 “ force of so bold a colouring. Thus the bias
 “ of his nature leading him to Plautus rather
 “ than Terence for his model, it is not to be
 “ wondered at that his wit is too frequently
 “ caustic,

caustic, his raillery coarse, and his humour excessive." But it is here to be observed, that humour, which Jonson particularly aimed to express, is principally to be found in the inferior stations and lower classes of mankind; for as it is the excess of a prevailing passion, its influence will be there exerted with less confinement and controul from the restraints of education. The civility and politeness of good-breeding will keep within its due bounds that ebullition of temper, which would be apt to flow out to the annoyance and disgust of others. So that Jonson in exposing those follies, and lesser kinds of vices, which render men contemptible, was necessarily led to picture what was inordinate in a character, that he might give the fullest and strongest image of the original.

To enter completely into the humour and propriety of Jonson's characters, we should as it were drop the intervening period, and image to ourselves the manners and customs of the times wherein he lived, that so we may more perfectly comprehend his various references and allusions to them. But as this is a matter of great difficulty, the representation of many of his comedies must fail to produce the same delight in the spectator, as they naturally did when first acted; and therefore a correct edition, with explanatory notes, will give that

satisfaction in the reading, which cannot be so well attained, from their performance on the stage. It is greatly to be wished indeed, that Jonson had possessed that poetic passion, and power to touch the heart, which would have made his dramas universal; equally felt and understood in all ages. But as in this point he must indisputably yield to Shakespear, so few of his characters can receive the same advantages from the best action and expression that ever added grace and energy to the stage. And in thus wanting Mr. Garrick's performance, he wants that living explanation, which no comment of the most learned critic can possibly give.

But what the author was incapable of receiving, hath been largely made up to his editor, for the public benefit, and the service of this edition. Mr. Garrick hath a very large and valuable collection of old quarto plays: and from that he supplied me with *Every Man in his Humour*, published in 1601, which hath been taken notice of above; and which enabled me distinctly to point out the alterations, introduced by Jonson in the structure of the Drama. I am likewise obliged to him for the use of the quartos, which contain the entertainment of King James in passing to his coronation, the panegyric on holding his first parliament, and

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the entertainment of the queen and prince at Althorp: as also for Decker's Supplement to the coronation entertainment, and his Satiromastix, in answer to the Poetaster of Jonson. But mine and the public thanks are more particularly due to Mr. Garrick, for enriching this edition with a comedy, unquestionably written by Jonson, and which was never published in any collection of his works. That comedy is called, *The Case is Altered*, and with corrections and emendations is annexed to the end of the seventh volume. This was really reviving a lost or forgotten play: for it was hardly known, and what I could nowhere find but in his treasury of our antient dramatic wit. The edition with which he favoured me is a quarto, printed in 1609, and perhaps the only edition that was ever printed. And it seemeth like many of the old quartos, to have been printed from the playhouse copy, without the knowledge of the author. Mr. Garrick hath always shewn great taste and judgment in doing justice to the genius of our old dramatists; by the revival of such pieces, from which the elegance of the present times could receive an agreeable entertainment. And Jonson is obliged to him for giving new life to *Every Man in his Humour*, in which by the proper cast of the several parts, and his own per-

performance of a principal character, he hath displayed the excellencies of our old comic bard in their fullest and fairest glory. But it is not on the stage only, that this gentleman hath a title to our thanks and our esteem: and in acknowledging the services in which the publick and myself are equal sharers, I must not forget many personal civilities which I have received from him; nor to add, to his ready concurrence in furnishing whatever would adorn this work, his kindness in procuring some names, the most distinguished for quality and taste, to honour my subscription.

Some other gentlemen, who were occasional contributors in the course of this work, deserve an honourable mention; and the grateful acknowledgment of my sincere thanks. The late ingenious Mr. Sympson and Mr. Seward have both favoured me with their conjectures and remarks on some passages of Jonson. It is unnecessary to say, they are conceived with the same felicity and judgment, which distinguish their conjectures and corrections in their edition of Beaumont and Fletcher. I am likewise obliged to the learned Dr. Zachary Grey, who communicated to me some classical imitations he had observed in Jonson, and who hath pointed out some allusions to the times, with that exact knowledge

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knowledge which he hath shewn in clearing up the various references of a like kind, which abound in Hudibras. The remarks of these ingenious gentlemen, which will be known by the addition of their names, are, indeed, but few in number; but their excellence will induce the reader to set a proper value on them, and to wish they had found leisure to have favoured me with more. The late learned Dr. Rawlinson, who was always ready to encourage and promote every polite and literary exercitation, expressed his usual humanity upon this occasion. From him I received a copy of the warrant by which Jonson was created Poet Laureat, the *Catiline* in 4to, and the first edition of *Sejanus* in 4to, printed in 1605. This last was a very fine copy, and had been a presentation-book from the poet to his friend. In a blank leaf, at the beginning, was the following inscription, written in Jonson's own hand: "To my perfect
" friend Mr. Francis Crane, I erect this pillar
" of friendship, and leave it as the eternal wit-
" nesse of my love.

" BEN. JONSON."

It

It was thus the poet spelt his name, as appears from this, and from other instances which we have seen, of his hand-writing. It is so spelt in the quarto copies, and in the folio edition of his poems published in 1616. We have thought it necessary to mention this, in order to justify our departure from the common way of spelling it, in later editions, by an insertion of the letter *H*: that if the reader should think it a singularity, he will see it is not our own, but the poet's.

About the time that I was digesting and preparing the notes for the public view, an anonymous pamphlet was published, containing remarks upon the *Volpone*, the *Silent Woman*, and the *Alchemist*. In this the learning and critical penetration of Mr. Upton, are so apparent, as to leave no room for doubting who is the real author of it. I had here the satisfaction to find the generality of the notes confirmed, which I had made before; and there were observations on some passages which had escaped me, as there were others omitted, which I thought deserving a remark. Of this pamphlet I have made some use; and have faithfully given the most material observations it contains, having sometimes expressed my own sentiments and thoughts in his words; and sometimes affixed his name to remarks in which we mutually concurred.

When

When this edition went to the press, I received the 4to impression of the *Poetaster*, the first copy of the *New Inn* in 1631, 8vo, and the last edition of Jonson's works, which formerly belonged to Mr. Theobald. In the margin of that copy are corrections and various readings, which Mr. Theobald had noted from a collation of the older copies, with some conjectural emendations of his own. Yet these were of no great use; for the old copies had been collated by me before, and his conjectures were rather fanciful than just. I have taken notice, however, of the most material in their proper places; so that the reader will be able to judge and determine of them, as to himself shall seem good.

But although the advantages of this copy were not so many as I at first expected, it was a satisfaction to me to find that had Mr. Theobald published an edition of Jonson's works he would have proposed the same plan, and executed in the manner that I have done. For most of the passages which I have illustrated with notes, were underlined and scored by him, as wanting the assistance of an explanatory remark.

The method I have observed in the distribution of the plays and poems, is different from what hath been observed in preceding editions. I have here given the plays in the order of time,
accord-

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according to which they were first performed: the Masques are likewise placed in the same order. The Epigrams follow next, with the Forrest and Underwoods, in the same succession as the poet himself had ranked them. The *Discoveries*, and the *English Grammar*, succeed to these, and the *Case is Altered*, as a kind of post-humous piece, is added in conclusion of the whole. I have found it necessary upon some occasions, to dissent from the observations and remarks advanced by others; but I have been careful to do it upon reasonable grounds; and I have always proposed my own judgment with a proper deference and respect, that I may at least have some pretension to pardon, for the mistakes committed by myself. A positive and dogmatizing manner, must be greatly offensive in so fallible a science as conjectural criticism; and when accompanied with injuries, and insults on those who differ from us, it should seem that the critic neither desires nor deserves excuse, for the errors he may possibly be guilty of. The design itself requires no apology: to promote the interests of good letters, and to instruct, or to amuse with innocence, can be inconsistent with no character in life; and the objection, if it should ever be made, will be found to proceed from those who condemn what they do not understand; but should the

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performance stand in need of an excuse, I would apologize for its defects, as defects it undoubtedly hath, in the words of one, who had long laboured in the province of editorial drudgery; and who thus appeals to the judgment and benevolence of his reader: " If thou ever wert
" an editor of such books, thou wilt have some
" compassion on my failings, being sensible of
" the toil of such sort of creatures; and if thou
" art not yet an editor, I beg truce of thee till
" thou art one, before thou censurest my
" endeavours."

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BENJAMIN JONSON.

THE life of a poet is his works; the author of genius, which cannot die, still continueth to flourish, and to survive in them. But as curiosity inclines us to be equally acquainted with the man, as well as with the writer; and as custom hath made it necessary to prefix some history of his life and person, we shall endeavour to gratify the reader, by presenting him with such particulars as we have been able to collect, relating to the author of the following poems.

Benjamin Jonson was descended from an antient family in Scotland: his grandfather was originally of Annandale in that kingdom, and removed from thence to Carlisle in the reign of Henry VIII. under whom he enjoyed some post or office. The father of Jonson was a sufferer in the time of Queen Mary, and probably on the account of religion. He was not only imprisoned, but lost his estate, and afterwards entered into holy orders. It should seem that he did not

enter into orders, till after the death of Mary, and when Queen Elizabeth was in possession of the crown. Whether he then lived at Carlisle, or at what time he left it with his family, is uncertain. But we find that he resided in Westminster at the time of his death. This happened in the year 1574, about a month before the birth of Benjamin his son. It is no where said on what day, or in what month of that year, nor in what part of Westminster, Jonson was born. Conjecture would lead us to imagine that he was born in the parish of St. Martin in the Fields. There was then a private school in that church, and to that he was first sent for education. He was afterwards removed from thence, and sent to Westminster school, where Camden was his master. Whilst he continued there, his mother married a second husband, by trade a bricklayer. As her son grew up, and was fit to be employed, his mother took him home, and obliged him to work at his father-in-law's business.

There is some little difference in the relations given us, with regard to the earlier part of Jonson's life, and the time he continued to work at the trade of a bricklayer. Dr. Fuller saith, that he soon left his father, and went to the university of Cambridge; but being unable to continue there for want of a proper maintenance, he returned to his father in a few weeks, and was employed in the new structure of Lincoln's Inn, with a trowel in his hand, and a book in his pocket. Mr. Wood tells us, that when he worked with his father, he was pitied by some generous gentlemen, and received assistance from them: and that he was recommended by Camden to Sir Walter Raleigh, whose son he attended in his travels abroad. On his return to England, he and his pupil parted, not in cold blood; that Jonson then went to Cambridge, and was statutably elected into St. John's College. But this account by Mr. Wood hath great difficulties

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not to be reconciled with the age of either of Sir Walter's sons, nor with the incidents of Jonson's life. The account we follow is given by himself.

Disliking his father's business, he went into the Low Countries as a soldier; there he distinguished himself by his valour, killing and despoiling one of the enemies in the view of both armies. Poets have been seldom memorable for their military achievements, or actions in the field; we may the less wonder therefore, that Jonson hath touched on this incident of his life, with some elation of heart, in an epigram addressed to true soldiers. After his return home, he resumed his former studies; and then became a member of the university of Cambridge; but his name doth not occur, either in the public or private registers of that place. It hath been a constant tradition, that he was a sizar of St. John's college; but as no account was then taken in that college of those who were admitted, but of those only who received a scholarship, there is no mention of him in their books; neither doth his name occur in the list of those who were matriculated: for it appeared, on consulting the university register, that there was an omission or neglect for about ten or twelve years together; in which time it is supposed that Jonson was admitted. There are, however, several books in the library of St. John's college, with his name in them, and which were given by him to that college; and these books were probably given in his life time, for we do not find that he left a will, although a diligent search hath been made for that purpose. It is not easy to determine how long a time he continued at Cambridge; it was undoubtedly but short, his fortune not supplying him with the decent conveniencies of a learned ease.

When he left the university, he betook himself to the play-house: a transition not peculiar to Jonson, nor uncommon in the present age. The play-house

he entered in was an obscure one, in the skirts of the town, and called the Green Curtain, in the neighbourhood of Shoreditch or Clerkenwell. At this time likewise he turned his thoughts to compositions for the stage; yet at first, his talents for writing, as well as those for acting, were far from being excellent; and the success in both was answerable. Most of his earlier pieces are said to have miscarried in the representation or were afterwards neglected by him, when his genius and his judgment improved. His attempts in acting could neither procure him a subsistence, nor recommend him to a share in any of the companies or theatres which in that age were numerous in the town. His inabilities as a player were a topic of satire to Jonson's adversaries; and they have mentioned some characters in which he appeared with no great credit or applause. Decker reproacheth him "with leaving his former occupation of mortar-treader to turn actor;" and informs us particularly, "that he performed the part of Zuliman at Paris-garden: that he ambled by play-waggon in the highway, and took mad Jeremy's part to get service among the mimics; that in this service he would have continued, but could not set a good face on the matter, and so was cashiered." It is ungenerous to reproach a man with imperfections he cannot prevent; but Decker had no wit nor humour, and made up what was wanting in both by contumely and abuse. Happy was it for Jonson, that his poverty was his chief crime: and that his adversaries could accuse him rather of the lowness of his fortunes, than the ignominy of his misdeeds or manners.

Whilst he was thus a retainer to the stage, he had the misfortune to be engaged in a duel; but Jonson was not the aggressor. In this encounter he killed his opponent, who had challenged him; and he himself was wounded in the arm, by his adversary's sword, to the depth of

inches

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inches longer than his own. Decker hath casually told us, this antagonist was a player. For this offence he was committed to prison; and during his confinement, he was visited by a popish priest, who taking the advantage of his melancholy and dejection of spirits, made him a convert to the church of Rome. He continued twelve years in the Romish communion, but afterwards recanted, and was reconciled to the church of England. It is unknown how long he was kept in prison, and equally uncertain by what method he obtained a releasement from it.

We have now brought Jonson to about the twenty-fourth year of his age, from whence we are to date the rise of his reputation as a dramatic writer. About this time his acquaintance commenced with Shakespear, who began it, as we are told, with a remarkable piece of service and good nature; nor is Jonson to be taxed with want of gratitude, or esteem for his friend. He had wrote a play or two which neither added to his reputation or his profit. He was now offering another to the public, and had put it into the hands of a person, who running it over in a careless supercilious manner, was returning it to him with answer, that it would be of no service to their company. Shakespear happened luckily to cast his eye upon it; and found something so well in it as to engage him to read it through, and afterwards to recommend the poet and his writings to the public. The name of the play is no where mentioned; and I do not imagine it to have been any of those we now have; for he omitted some plays, unquestionably his own, when he published a volume of his works in folio; and one of those plays we have here reprinted from an old quarto, and placed at the end of the seventh volume.

In the year 1598, his comedy intituled *Every Man in his Humour*, was acted by the lord chamberlain's servants. Their theatre was called the Globe, and situated on the bank side in Southwark. Shakespear be-

longed to it, and was a performer in this comedy of Jonson. The principal comedians belonging to the house, were Shakespear, Burbage, Hemings, Condel, and several others, all eminent in the profession of acting. Hemings and Condel were the first editors of Shakespear's plays in folio, about seven years after his decease. The edition is incorrect and faulty, but their intention was good; and it was but fitting that he who had given life to them and others, should himself live in the fame and memory of admiring posterity.

Every Man in his Humour is the first dramatic performance, in the several editions of Jonson's works. After this he produced a play regularly every year, for some years successively. *Every Man out of his Humour*, his second comedy, was represented in 1599, at the same place, and by the same performers as the former play. There is much less design and action in this than in the preceding piece; but the characters are very strongly marked, and some of them have been thought to glance at particular persons of the author's acquaintance.

Cynthia's Revels was acted in the year 1600, and the performers were the children of queen Elizabeth's Chappel. Jonson hath called this not a comedy, but a comical satire. This too hath little or no plot, and the persons of the play are rather vices or passions personized, than characters copied from real life; his principal intention seemeth to have been, a desire to compliment the Queen, under the allegorical personage of the goddess Cynthia.

His next performance was the *Poetaster*, which had also the title of a comical satire, and was represented by the same performers in 1601. There was at this time a quarrel between Jonson and Decker; possibly they were contending heroes for the poetic crown, but certainly the competition between them was very unequal. Decker was personally alluded to in this play, under the character of Crispinus; and Jonson was further taxed

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particularly reflecting in it on some professors of the law, and on some military men, who were both well known in that age. The popular clamours against him upon this occasion ran very high; and to these he replied, in vindication of himself, by an apologetical dialogue, which was once spoke upon the stage; and which he annexed on the publication of his works, to the end of this play. But Decker was bent upon revenge, and resolved if possible to conquer Jonson at his own weapons; for immediately after he wrote a play, intitled *Satiro-mastix, or the untrussing the Humorous Poet*; and in this Jonson is introduced, under the character of Horace junior. Of Decker's performance we may say, it has much malice mingled with no wit: the *Poetaster* of Jonson hath indeed some merit; but it was abusing his talents, and his time, and paying no great compliment to an audience, in presenting them with the idle quarrels of himself and his rival; and whatever it might cost his adversary, part of the entertainment was undoubtedly at his own expence. As we have said so much of these plays, we shall take leave to say something of the performers in them. Jonson's was presented by the children of the chapel, and Decker's by the children of Saint Paul's. These children were the choristers belonging to both those places: and their reputation for acting, enabled them to vie with the most celebrated players of that age: and it should seem from what Shakespear hath hinted in *Hamlet*, in relation to this matter, that the public suffrage was divided between them. There is an Epitaph in Jonson on the death of one of these children, which I omitted to take notice of in its proper place. His name, as we conjecture from the initial letters S. P. was Sal. Pavy, who had a part in *Cynthia's Revels*, and the *Poetaster*. The epitaph informs us he had acted with applause for three years; that he was remarkable for playing the character of an old man, and was but

in the thirteenth year of his age when he died. It is the 120th of his Epigrams.

The tragedy of *Sejanus* succeeds the *Postaster*. It was acted in 1603, and the players were the king's servants. These were the company belonging to the Globe, and were at first the servants of the Lord Chamberlain. But in the beginning of this year, they had a patent or licence for playing, granted them by James the First, who at the same time honoured them with the title of his servants. It appears from the preface to this play, that Shakespear, who was an actor in it, wrote also, as we suppose, some parts of the tragedy; but when Jonson published it in 1605, those parts or speeches were omitted by him.

After an intermission of two years, he wrote his comedy of *Volpone or the Fox*, which was acted in 1605, by the same performers as the tragedy of *Sejanus*; only we may observe, that as Shakespear's name is not in the list of the principal comedians, it is probable he had now left the stage, to close his life in an easy and honourable retirement. The enemies of Jonson industriously gave out, that all he wrote was produced with extreme pains and labour, and that he was not less than a year about every play. This objection, had it been true, was really no disgrace to him; for the best authors know by experience, that what appeareth to be the most natural and easy writing, is frequently the effect of study, and the closest application; but their design was to insinuate, that Jonson had no parts, and a poor unfruitful imagination. To this objection, he hath retorted in the prologue to this play: and from thence we learn, that the whole was finished by him in five weeks. About this time he joined with Chapman and Marston, in writing a comedy called *Eastward-Hoe*, wherein they were accused of reflecting on the Scots. For this they were committed to prison, and were in danger of losing their ears and noses: however,

however, they received a pardon; and Jonson, on his release from prison, gave an entertainment to his friends, amongst whom were Camden and Selden. In the midst of the entertainment, his mother, more an antique Roman than a Briton, drank to him, and shewed him a paper of poison, which she intended to have given him in his liquor, having first taken a potion of it herself, if the sentence for his punishment had passed.

A longer interval succeeded before the appearance of his next play; and it was not till the year 1609, that *Epicæne, or the Silent Woman* was first acted; but in these intervals his muse did not enjoy a perfect leisure, or cessation from business.

In the reigns of James the First, and his successor Charles, the exhibition of *Masques* became a principal diversion of the court. The queens to both these princes, not being natives of England, could not perhaps at first so readily understand the language; so that the musick and dancing and decorations of a masque, were to them a higher entertainment than what they could receive from any other dramatic composition; and their pleasure was increased, as they often condescended themselves to take a part in the performance. But Jonson was the chief factor for the court; most of these Masques and Entertainments were written by him; and there seldom passed a year in which he did not furnish one or two poetical pieces of this kind. In March 1603 he composed a part of the *De-wice*, intended to entertain king James, as he passed thro' the city, from the Tower, to his coronation in Westminster-abbey; and in the month of June in the same year, a particular entertainment of his was performed at the lord Spencer's house at Althorp in Northamptonshire, for the diversion of the queen and prince, who rested there some days, as they came first into the kingdom. In 1604 there was a private entertainment

of

of the king and queen, on May-day morning, at fir William Cornwallis's house at Highgate, and of this likewise Jonson was the author. His first masque, which he hath called *Of Blacknefs*, was performed at court on the twelfth-night in 1605; and this masque, as all the others, was exhibited with the utmost magnificence and splendor, which the luxuriant elegance of a court could supply. In 1606, a marriage was solemnized between the earl of Essex, and the lady Frances, second daughter to the earl of Suffolk. This marriage had a much more auspicious beginning, than it proved in the issue. It was celebrated by a masque on one day, and by barriers on the day following. Jonson was the author of both. No expence was wanting on this occasion; and the poet hath lavished the profusions of his art and learning, to dignify the subject. In the same year the king of Denmark came into England, on a visit to his sister, consort to James the First: they were entertained on the 24th of July, by the earl of Salisbury at Theobalds, and Jonson contributed his share of the festival, in Epigrams and Verses which were affixed to the walls of the house. The situation of Theobalds was particularly agreeable to the king, who in the next year exchanged his palace at Hatfield for this seat. Accordingly on the 22d of May 1607, the house with possession was delivered up by the earl of Salisbury to the queen. At this ceremony the king himself was present, with some foreign princes, and the chief nobility of his court. Jonson again solicited his muse, who supplied him with a compliment becoming the appearance. A second masque, which he hath stiled *Of Beauty*, was presented in 1608: this was a counterpart to the first, and had the queen and her ladies for the performers, as that also had. On Shrove-tuesday in the same year, the lord Haddington was married, and Jonson was entrusted with the honour of adorning the solemnity

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by the celebration of a masque. The entrance of the following year gave him an employment of the like kind: when the queen called upon him for the third time, to serve her in the representation of another masque; and this he hath intitled the *Masque of Queens*, celebrated from the house of Fame. In the scenical decoration of these several entertainments, Jonson had Inigo Jones for an associate; and the necessary devices for each seem to have been designed and ordered by him with delicacy, and grandeur of taste. But these servants of the muses could not preserve an harmony with each other, and Discord subsisted between them during the greater part of thirty years, in which they administered to the pleasures of two successive sovereigns and their court.

But these lighter efforts were only the recreations of his muse; and we now return to those weightier labours which he dignified with the title of works. The *Alchemist*, a comedy, was acted in 1610; and though seemingly the freest from personal censure and reflection, it could not secure him the general applauses of the people. A contemporary author, and a friend to Jonson, hath told us, that on some account or other, they expressed a dislike either to the poet, or his play. The scriblers of the age, had indeed a loud and numerous party at their call; and they were constantly let loose on Jonson, whenever he brought a new play upon the stage. But their censure was his fame, whilst he was loved and respected by genius, wit, and candour; and could number in the list of his friends, the prodigies of poetry, and miracles of learning and science. Shakespear had cherished his infant muse, Beaumont and Fletcher esteemed and revered him, Donne had commended his merit, and Camden, the Strabo of Britain, and Selden a living library, knew how to prize his literature and judgment.

Mr.

Mr. Dryden hath supposed that the *Alchemist* of Jonson was wrote in imitation of the comedy intituled *Albumazer*. I can oppose nothing certain to this tradition. The author of *Albumazer* is unknown; but the earliest edition of that play is several years later than the *Alchemist*; and as the silence of Jonson's enemies is a presumption in his favour, it is possible that Dryden might be misinformed or mistaken.

The tragedy of *Catiline* was his next labour, which appeared in 1611. The long and frequent translations in this play, from Sallust and Tully, were fresh matter of calumny and malice to his railing adversaries; but the manner in which he appears to have received these attacks, sheweth us that he thought himself in no great danger of being hurt by them. There was now an intermission of three years, before the performance of his next play: but he had full employment for his muse at court, though he denied her labours to the people. The annual custom of a masque at Christmases, and some intervening marriages of the nobility, contributed to keep his hand in use: so that we have a succession of these pieces, though some of them indeed without date, from the year 1609 to 1615. Two of them were written for the entertainment of prince Henry; and the rest were presented by the queen and her ladies, or by the lords and others, servants of the king.

It appears that in 1613 Jonson was in France; but the occasion of his going, and the stay he made, are alike uncertain. During his continuance there, he was admitted to an interview and conversation with cardinal Perron: their discourse, we may imagine, turned chiefly upon literary subjects; the cardinal shewed him his translation of Virgil; and Jonson, with his usual openness and freedom, told him it was a bad one.

His next play was the comedy called *Bartholomew Fair*, acted in 1614; and that was succeeded by the *Devil is an Ass*, in 1616. In this year he

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published his works in a fair volume in folio, many of which had been separately printed before in quarto. In this volume were inserted all the plays excepting the two last, with his Masques and Entertainments; and to these were added a book of Epigrams, and a collection of longer Poems, which he entitled *The Forest*.

The pompous title of works, which Jonson gave to his Plays and Poems, was immediately carped at by those who had a mind to cavil; and we meet with this Epigram addressed to him upon that occasion:

“ Pray tell me, Ben, where does the myst’ry lurk ?

“ What others call a Play, you call a work.”

And the following answer was returned, in behalf of Jonson;

“ The author’s friend thus for the author says ;

“ Ben’s plays are works, when others works are
“ plays.”

We are now to look for him in the bosom of the muses; and we find that soon after this, he resided in Christ-church college, in Oxford, to which place he had been invited by some members of the university, and particularly by Dr. Corbet, a poet, and an admirer of Jonson. Mr. Wood saith, that whilst he continued there he wrote some of his plays; but that matter is not very certain. This however is unquestionable, that there he received a very ample and honourable testimony to his merit; being created in a full house of convocation, a master of arts of that university, in July 1619. On the death of Samuel Daniel in October following, he succeeded to the vacant laurel. It is something strange, that when Daniel was laureat, his province for many years should have been discharged by Jonson: although Daniel wanted not for genius, and was honoured with the good opinion of the queen.

queen. The laureat's pay was originally a pension of one hundred marks *per annum*; but in 1630, Jonson presented a petition to king Charles, requesting him to make those marks as many pounds. His petition was granted; and accordingly on the surrendry of his former letters patent, new ones were issued, appointing him the annual pension of one hundred pounds, and a tierce of Spanish wine. The same salary is continued to this day. At the latter end of this year, he went on foot into Scotland, on purpose to visit Drummond of Hawthornden. His adventures in this journey, he wrought into a poem; but that copy, with many other pieces, was accidentally burned. During his stay with Drummond he gave him an account of his family, and several particulars relating to his life; nor was he less communicative of his sentiments with regard to the authors, and poets of his own times. Drummond committed the heads of their conversation to writing; and they are published in a folio edition of his works, printed at Edinburgh. From these minutes we learn several circumstances concerning Jonson, which do not occur in any other relation, and the account is authentic, as it was taken from his own mouth.

His opinion and censure of the poets will be entertaining to the reader; and we shall give it him in Mr. Drummond's words, with some necessary remarks and observations. He said that Sidney did not keep a decorum, in making every one speak as well as himself. Spenser's stanzas pleased him not, nor his matter: the meaning of the allegory of his *Fairy Queen*, he had delivered in writing to Sir Walter Raleigh; which was, that by the bleating beast he understood the puritans, and by the false Dueffa the queen of Scots. Spenser's goods, he said, were robbed by the Irish, and his house, and a little child burnt; he and his wife escaped, and after died for want of bread in King-street: he refused twenty pieces sent him by my lord Essex,
and

and said he was sure he had no time to spend them. Samuel Daniel was a good honest man, had no children, and was no poet: he wrote the civil wars, and yet hath not one battle in all his book. Michael Drayton's *Poly-Olbion*, if he had performed what he promised, to write the deeds of all the worthies, had been excellent; that he was challenged for intitling one book *Mortimeriades*. Sir John Davis played on Drayton in an Epigram, who in a sonnet, concluded his mistress might have been the ninth worthy; and said, he used a phrase like Dametas in *Arcadia*, who said his mistress for wit might be a giant. Silvester's translation of *Du Bartas*, was not well done, and that he wrote his verses before he understood to confer; and those of Fairfax were not good. He thought that the translation of Homer and Virgil in long alexandrines, were but prose: that Sir John Harrington's *Ariosto*, under all translations, was the worst. When Sir John Harrington desired him to tell the truth of his Epigrams, he answered him, that he loved not the truth; for they were Narrations not Epigrams; he said, Donne was originally a poet, his grandfather on the mother's side was Heywood the epigrammatist; that Donne for not being understood would perish. He esteemed him the first poet in the world for some things; his verses of *The lost Oebadine* he had by heart; and that passage of *The Calm*, that dust and feathers did not stir, all was so quiet. He affirmed that Donne wrote all his best pieces, before he was twenty-five years of age. The conceit of Donne's Transformation or Metempsychosis was, that he sought the soul of that apple which Eve pulled; and hereafter made it the soul of a bitch, then of a she wolf, and so of a woman: his general purpose was to have brought it into all the bodies of the heretics, from the soul of Cain, and at last left it in the body of Calvin. He only wrote one sheet of this, and since he was made doctor repented hugely, and

resolved to destroy all his poems. He told Donne that his *Anniversary* was prophane and full of blasphemies; that if it had been written on the Virgin Mary it had been tolerable; to which Donne answered, that he described the idea of a woman, and not as she was, and we may add, from Donne's Letters, that he never saw the lady, whom he had made the subject of his poem. It is to the honour of Jonson's judgment, that the greatest part of our nation had the same opinion of Donne's genius and wit; and hath preserved part of him from perishing, by putting his thoughts and satire into modern verse. Jonson's objections to the verse of Fairfax, must have proceeded from the same principle as his objections to Spenser; and that is, his dislike to the stanza form in Epic poetry. He said further to Drummond, Shakespear wanted art, and sometimes sense; for in one of his plays he brought in a number of men saying they had suffered shipwreck in Bohemia, where is no sea near by an hundred miles. What Jonson alluded to, is in the 6th and 7th scenes of the third act of the *Winter's Tale*. But Shakespear, we may suppose, copied implicitly the novel from whence he took the plot. Sir Walter Raleigh, he said, esteemed fame more than conscience: the best wits in England were employed in making his history; and he himself had written a piece to him of the Punic War, which he altered, and set in his Book. He said, there was no such ground for a Heroic poem as king Arthur's fiction; and that Sir P. Sidney had an intention to have transferred all his *Arcadia* to the stories of king Arthur. Owen was a poor pedantic schoolmaster, sweeping his living from the posteriors of little children, and has nothing good in him, his epigrams being bare narrations. Francis Beaumont died before he was thirty years of age; who, he said, was a good poet, as were Fletcher and Chapman, whom he loved. That Sir William Alexander

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was not half kind to him, and neglected him, because a friend to Drayton; that sir R. Ayton loved him dearly. He fought several times with Marston, and said that Marston wrote his father-in-law's preachings, and his father-in-law his comedies. His judgment of stranger poets was, that he thought not Bartas a poet, but a verser, because he wrote no fiction. He cursed Petrarch for redacting verses into sonnets, which he said was like that tyrant's bed, where some who were too short were racked, others too long cut short. That Guadagni, in his *Pastor Fido*, kept no decorum, in making shepherds speak as well as himself; that the best pieces of Ronsard were his Odes. But all this was to no purpose, says Drummond, for he never understood the French or Italian languages. It is true, that Jonson was ignorant of French, but I think there are plain proofs, that he was a competent master of the Italian language; and as to his judgment of Ronsard, it is probable that he took it from cardinal Perron, whom he conversed with in France in 1613: for Ronsard was the favourite poet of his eminence, who, as it appears, professed an uncommon admiration of his odes. Petronius, Plinius Secundus, and Plautus, as he said, spoke best Latin, and Tacitus wrote the secrets of the council and senate, as Suetonius did those of the cabinet and court; that Lucan taken in parts was excellent, but altogether naught; that Quintilian's 6th, 7th and 8th books were not only to be read, but altogether digested. That Juvenal, Horace, and Martial were to be read for delight, and so was Pindar, but Hippocrates for health. Of the English nation, he said, that Hooker's *Ecclesiastical Polity* was best for church-matters, and Selden's titles of honour for antiquities. Such was Jonson's opinion of authors ancient and modern; and if we except an instance or two, where he seemeth to have been influenced by per-

sonal prejudices, we may safely trust his integrity and judgment.

Jonson's office as poet laureat enjoined him to provide the Christmas diversion of a masque; and we have accordingly a series of these, and other entertainments of a like kind, most of which were presented at court, from 1615 to 1625. In this last year was exhibited his comedy called *The Staple of News*; and from thence to the year 1629, the writing of masques was the chief employment of his pen, excepting possibly some shorter pieces, to which there is no date. In that year his comedy intitled *The New Inn, or the Light Heart*, was attempted to be acted; but a strong opposition was formed against it, and some of the players were negligent and careless in their parts. Jonson resented with indignation the ill treatment which his play received, and wrote an ode to himself, as a dissuasive to leave the stage. *The New Inn*, with the ode annexed, was printed in 1631, and a very severe reply was soon after written by Owen Feltham, in verse and in the same measure with Jonson's ode. He was at that time ill, and lived in an obscure necessitous condition, and there is a printed story which tells us that the king, who heard of it, sent him a benevolence of ten pounds, and that Jonson when he received the money, returned the following answer: "His majesty hath sent me ten pounds, because I am old and poor, and live in an alley; go, and tell him that his soul lives in an alley." The bluntness of Jonson's temper might easily afford occasion for such a story to be made; and there is an expression not unlike it, occurring in his works; but the fact is otherwise. It is true, that he was poor and ill; but the king relieved him with a bounty of one hundred pounds, which he hath expressly acknowledged, by an epigram written in that very year, and on the particular occasion.

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Jonson continued for some time in this low state; and in 1631 he solicited the lord treasurer for relief, in a short poem addressed to him, which he called an *Epistle Mendicant*, and in which he complains that he had laboured under sickness and want for five years. Superfluous wealth hath been seldom a part of the muse's dowry; and but few of her train have been able to boast the splendor and the gifts of fortune. But the frequency of distress hath been their mutual relief; and with this thought Cowley alleviates his misfortunes, when he so feelingly complains, that such

“ Were all th’ inspired tuneful men,

“ Such all his great forefathers were, from Homer
“ down to Ben.”

The want of success attending the preceding play, did not discourage him from taking the field again. There are two comedies subsequent, in point of time, to the *New Inn*, but both are without a date. Of these, the *Tale of a Tub* was probably his last performance, and is undoubtedly one of those later compositions which Dryden hath called his dotages; but yet they are the dotages of Jonson. The *Magnetic Lady* succeeded the *New Inn*, though the time of its being first acted is uncertain. The malevolence of criticism, which had marked him for its prey in his younger years, could not be persuaded to reverence his age, but pursued him with unwearied steps, nor left him as long as he could hold a pen; and if we adopt the maxim of a celebrated wit, Jonson must have been certainly a genius, from the confederacy of the dunces against him. Alexander Gill, a Poetaster of the times, attacked him with a brutal fury, on account of this last play; but Gill was a bad man, as well as a wretched poet; and Jonson with both these advantages,

revenged himself by a short but cutting reply. There are two other pieces which are left unfinished, the *Shepherd*, a pastoral tragedy, and the *Fall of Mortimer*. Of this last, there is only the plan of the drama, and one or two scenes; but the other is carried on almost to the conclusion of the third act; and it is a doubt whether he left it so by design, or whether he was prevented by death.

The Masques and Entertainments go on in the same successive order as before; and the last of these was personated in July 1634. His smaller poems were most of them occasional; the greatest part are without date, nor is there any thing in the subject that leads us to determine the precise time of their composition. Besides the plays which are entirely his own, Jonson joined with Fletcher and Middleton in writing a comedy called the *Widow*; and he assisted Dr. Hacket, afterwards bishop of Lichfield and Coventry, in translating the *Essays* of lord Bacon into Latin.

After the year 1634, we do not find that he wrote any thing, or at least, not any thing designed for the stage. He made indeed a translation of *Horace's Art of Poetry*, an *English Grammar*, and *Observations on Men and Things*, which he hath called *Discoveries*. But the *Art of Poetry* was translated by him very early; for he mentions it in the preface to *Sejanus*, as what he proposed shortly to publish, illustrated with notes; but it doth not appear to have been published, till after he was dead: and much of what was probably intended for the notes, is inserted in the *Discoveries*. These are a very excellent piece, the fruits of mature and judicious age; valuable not only for the sentiments and observations, but as a pattern of a nervous and concise style. His grammar was also written by him when advanced in years, and in the judgment of Mr. Wotton, Jonson was the first who did any thing considerable, with regard to the grammar of the English Language.

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Language ; but as that author observeth, Lilly's Grammar was his pattern ; and for want of reflecting upon the grounds of a language, which he understood as well as any man of his age, he drew it by violence to a dead language, that was of a quite different make, and so left his book imperfect.

In the decline of his life, Jonson was seized with the palsy, which we suppose afflicted him till the time of his death. He died on the sixth of August 1637, in the sixty-third of his age, and three days after he was interred in Westminster-Abbey, at the north west end near the belfry, under the escutcheon of Robert de Ros or Roos. Over his grave is a common pavement stone, given, saith Anthony Wood, by Jack Young of great Milton in Oxfordshire, afterwards knighted by king Charles the Second, and on it are engraven these words :
ORARE BEN JONSON! in the beginning of the year following, a collection of Elegies, and Poems on his death, was published, under the title of *Jonsonius Virbius; or the Memory of Ben. Jonson revived by the friends of the Muses*. In this collection are poems by most of the men of genius in that age : by the lord Falkland, the lord Buckhurst, sir John Beaumont, sir Thomas Hawkins, Mr. Waller, by Waring, Mayne, and Cartwright, of Oxford, with many others ; and among the rest is Owen Feltham, who attacked him so severely in answer to his Ode on the *New Inn*. This piece was published by Dr. Duppa, bishop of Chichester, and tutor to Charles the Second, then prince of Wales. What is there so desirable, as to be loved in life, and lamented after death by wise and good men ; or what more honourable to a poet, than to have his memory embalmed by the tears of the muses ? Soon after, a design was set on foot to erect a monument and a statue to him, and a considerable sum of money was collected for that purpose : but the rebellion breaking out, the design was never executed, and the money was returned. The

monument now erected to him in the abbey, was placed there at the expence of that great encourager of learning the second earl of Oxford of the Harley family. It is said that in 1616 Jonson lived in Black-friars, where there was then a play-house; and from thence he removed to a house in Aldersgate-street, at the corner of Jewin-street, where it is reported he died. Mr. Wood acquaints us, Dr. Morley, bishop of Winchester, informed him, that Jonson had a pension from the city, from several of the nobility and gentry, and particularly from Mr. Sutton, the founder of the Charitieux hospital in London; and Mr. Wood insinuates, that these pensions were paid him, to prevent being made objects of his satire; as if Jonson, like another Aretine, was the scourge of the great, who refused to become tributaries to his muse. The prelate above-mentioned, when master of arts, had been acquainted with Jonson, and often visited him in his last illness. And at those times, he expressed great uneasiness and sorrow for profaning the scripture in his plays. He had undoubtedly a sense, and was under the influence of religion; and it may be offered in his favour, that his offences against piety and good manners are very few. Were authority or example an excuse for vice, there are more indecencies in a single play of the poet's contemporaries, than in all the comedies which he wrote; and even Shakespear, whose modesty is remarkable, hath his peccant redundancies, not less in number than those of Jonson; and something must be allowed to the rudeness and indelicacy of the age, when grosser language was permitted, than the chaste ears of more polished times will bear.

It appears that Jonson was married, and had several children; but none survived him: and we know nothing of his wife, or her descent. His eldest son was Benjamin, which was probably the name of Jonson's father, and his eldest daughter Mary. His twenty

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second epigram is on the loss of this daughter, who died when six months old; and the forty-fifth is on the decease of his son, at the age of seven years.

His person was corpulent and large; and his face, if we may believe his admirers, resembled Menander's, as the head of that poet is represented upon antient gems and medals: in like manner Vida is said to have resembled Virgil. His disposition was reserved, and saturnine; and sometimes not a little oppressed with the gloom of a splenetic imagination. He told Drummond, as an instance of this, that he had lain a whole night fancying he saw the Carthaginians and Romans, Turks, and Tartars, fighting on his great toe. He hath been often represented as of an envious, arrogant, over-bearing temper, and insolent and haughty in his converse: but these ungracious drawings were the performance of his enemies; who certainly were not solicitous to give a flattering likeness in their portraits of the original. But considering the provocations he received, with the mean and contemptible talents of those who opposed him, what we condemn as vanity or conceit, might be only the exertions of conscious and insulted merit. He was laborious and indefatigable in his studies, his reading was copious and extensive; his memory so tenacious and strong, that when turned of forty, he could have repeated all that he had ever wrote: his judgment accurate and solid; and often consulted by those who knew him well, in branches of very curious learning, and far remote from the flowery paths loved and frequented by the muses. The lord Falkland, in his elegy, celebrates him as an admirable scholar; and saith, that the extracts he took, and the observations which he made on the books he read, were themselves a treasure of learning, though the originals should happen to be lost. In his friendships he was cautious and sincere, yet accused of levity and ingratitude to his friends: but his accusers were the criminals; in-

sensible of the charms, and strangers to the privileges of friendship. For the powers of friendship, not the least of virtues, can be only experienced by the virtuous and good; and with these Jonson was happily connected in the bonds of intimacy and affection. Randolph and Cartwright revered him as the great reformer, and as the father of the British stage; and gloried in the honorary title of his adopted sons: and Selden hath acknowledged the good offices which Jonson did him by his interest at court, when he had incurred the royal displeasure by publishing his *History of Tithes*. Stern and rigid as his virtue was, this Cato of poets was easy and social in the convivial meetings of his friends; and the laws of his Symposia, inscribed over the chimney of the Apollo, a room in the Devil-Tavern near Temple-Bar, where he kept his club, shew us that he was neither averse to the pleasures of conversation, nor ignorant of what would render it agreeable and improving. It is true that he was sparing in his commendations of the works of others, which probably gave occasion to accuse him of envy, and ill nature; but when he commends, he commends with sincerity and warmth. A man of sense is always cautious in giving characters; nor will an honest man applaud where he cannot approve; and Jonson well knew the people may admire, but to praise is an act of knowledge and of judgment.

In 1640 the volume of plays and poems, which was published in his life-time, was reprinted; and there was added to it another volume in folio, containing the rest of his Plays, Masques, and Entertainments, with a translation of *Horace's Art of Poetry*, his *English Grammar*, and the *Discoveries*. But besides what is contained in these two volumes, there are copies of Verses written by Jonson, prefixed to the plays and compositions of his friends. To what I could find most considerable of these, I have here given a place among the Epigrams, where I have inserted likewise a satire upon

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upon Inigo Jones, which is now first printed from a manuscript; and I would have added his commendatory Verses prefixed to May's *Translation of Lucan*, had I been possessed of the book in proper time. At the end of this life, is a copy of the warrant for creating him Poet Laureat, which I was favoured with by the late Dr. Rawlinson, who was possessed of the original: and to that is subjoined the licence for acting, granted by James the First, to the company at the Globe, where many of Jonson's plays were performed, which is extracted from *Rymer's Fædera*. Mr. Wood in the catalogue of Jonson's writings, mentions a piece, which he calls his *Motives* in 1622, 8vo. I have not been able to meet with it; and as Mr. Wood is the only person who ascribes this piece to him, it is possible he hath mistaken the real author: since he also assigns to Jonson the tragedy of *Tbierry King of France*, which was written by Beaumont and Fletcher.

By the death of Jonson his family itself became extinct, the only issue he left being his Plays and Poems; and their fate hath in some measure resembled his. Yet such is the felicity of their better fortunes, that surviving the attacks of envious contemporary rivals, they have received from the justice of discerning unprejudiced posterity, a fair, and an increasing fame. With those, whose taste for simple and striking copies of nature, is yet uncorrupted by the fastidious delicacy of fashionable refinements, the works of Jonson stand high in esteem: and as they are read from age to age, they will perpetuate his name with all the honours which his genius and his learning deserve.

CHARLES

CHARLES, R.

CHARLES, by the grace of God, Kinge of England, Scotland, Fraunce, and Ireland, defender of the faith, &c. to the Theasurer, Chancellour under Theasurer, Chamberlens, and Barons of the Exchequer of vs, our heirs and successours, now beinge, and that hereafter shall be, and to all other the officers and ministers of the said court, and of the receipt there now beinge, and that hereafter shall be, and to all others to whom these presents shall come, or to whom it shall or may apperteyn, greeting. Whereas our late most deare father King James of happy memorie, by his letters pattents under the great seale of England, bearing date at Westminster, the first day of February, in the thirteenth year of his reign of England (for the considerations therein expressed) did give and graunt unto our well beloved servaunt, Benjamin Johnson, one annuitie or yearly pension of one hundred marks of lawful money of Englande, during his life, to be paid out of the said Exchequer, at the feast of the Anunciation of the blessed Virgin Mary, the Nativity of St. John Baptist, St. Michael the Archangel, and the birth of our Lord God, quarterly, as by the said letters patents more at large may appear. Which annuity or pension, together with the said letters patents, the said Benjamin Johnson hath lately surrendred vnto vs. Know ye now, that wee, for divers good considerations vs at this present especially movinge, and in consideration of the good and acceptable service, done vnto vs and our said father by the said Benjamin Johnson, and especially to encourage him to proceede in those services of his witt and penn, which wee have enjoined vnto him, and which we expect from him, are graciously

BENJAMIN JONSON. lix

clously pleased to augment and encrease the said annuitie or pension of one hundred marks, vnto an annuitie of one hundred pounds of lawful money of England for his life. And for the better effecting thereof of our especial grace, cer.en knowledge and meer motion, we have given and graunted, and by these presents for us, our heirs and successors, upon the surrender aforesaid, do give and graunt unto the said Benjamin Johnson, one annuitie or yearly pension of one hundred pounds of England by the year, to have, hold, and yearly to receive the said annuitie or yearly pension of one hundred pounds of lawful money of England by the year, unto the said Benjamin Johnson or his assignes, from the feast of our Lord God last past, before the date hereof, for and during the natural life of him the said Benjamin Johnson, at the receipt of the Exchequer of vs, our heirs, and successors, out of the treasure of vs, our heirs and successors, from time to time there remayning, by the Theasurer and Chamberlens of vs, our heirs, and successors there, for the time beinge, at the foresaid foure usual terms of the year (that is to say) at the feast of the Annuntiation of the blessed Virgin Mary, the Nativity of St. John the Baptist, St. Michael the Archangel, and the Birth of our Lord God, by even and equal portions quarterly to be paid. The first payment thereof to begin at the feast of the Annuntiation of the blessed Virgin Mary, next before the date of these presents. Wherefore our will and pleasure is, and we do by these presents for vs, our heirs and successors, require, command, and authorise the said Theasurer, Chancellour, under Theasurer, Chamberlens, and Barons, and other officers and ministers of the said Exchequer, now and for the time being, not only to paie or cause to be paide vnto the said Benjamin Johnson, or his assignes the said annuitie or yearly pension of one hundred pounds of lawful money of Eng-

England according to our pleasure before expressed: and also from time to time to give full allowance of the same, according to the true meaning of these presents. And these presents, and the enrollment thereof, shall be unto all men whom it shall concern, sufficient warrant and discharge for the payinge and allowinge of the same accordingly, without any farther or other warrant to be in that behalf procured or obtained. And further know yee, that wee of our more especial grace, certen knowledge and meer motion, have given and granted, and by these presents for us, our heires and successors, do give and graunt unto the said Benjamin Johnson and his assigns, one terte of Canary Spanish wine yearly: to have, hold, perceive, receive, and take the said terte of Canary Spanish wine unto the said Benjamin Johnson and his assigns during the terme of his natural life out of our store of wines yearly, and from time to time remayninge at or in our cellars within or belonging to our palace of Whitehall. And for the better effecting of our will and pleasure herein we do hereby require and command all and singular officers and ministers whom it shall or may concerne or who shall have the care or charge of our said wines that they or some one of them do deliver or cause to be delivered the said terte of wine yearly, and once in every year vnto the said Benjamin Johnson or his assignes during the terme of his natural life, at such time and times as he or they shall demand or desire the same. And these presents or the inrollment thereof shall be unto all men whom it shall concerne a sufficient warrant and discharge in that behalf, although expresse mention &c. In witness, &c.

Ex per Ro. HEATH

Witness, &c.

BENJAMIN JONSON. lxi

Maie it please your most excellent Majestie,

This conteyneth your majestie's graunte unto Benjamin Johnson, your majestie's servaunte, during his life, of a pension of 100*l. per annum*, and of a terse of Spanish wine yearly out of your majestie's store remaining at White-hall.

And is done upon surrender of a former letters patents granted unto him by your late royal father, of a pension of 100 marks *per annum*.

Signified to be your Majestie's pleasure by the Lord Theasurer.

R O. H E A T H.

Endorsed thus.

March 1630.

*Expl. apud Westm' vicefimo sexto die Martii anno
R Ris Caroli quinto.*

per WINDEBANK.

Pro.

PRO LAURENTIO FLETCHER & WILLIELMO
SHAKESPEARE & aliis.

A. D. 1603. Pat. 1 Jac. P. 2. m 4. **J**AMES, by the Grace of God, &c.
to all justices, maiors, sheriffs, constables, headboroughs, and other our officers and loving subjects, greeting. Know ye that wee, of our special grace certeine knowledge and meer motion have licensed and authorized, and by these presents doe licence and authorize theise our servants, Laurence Fletcher, William Shakespeare, Richard Burbage, Augustine Philippes, John Hemings, Henrie Condel, William Sly, Robert Armin, Richard Cowley, and the rest of their associates, freely to use and exercise the arte and faculty, of playing comedies, tragedies, histories, interludes, morals, pastorals, stage-plaies, and such like others as theie have alreadie studied or hereafter shall use or studie, as well for the recreation of our lovinge subjects, as for our solace and pleasure, when we shall thincke good to see them; during our pleasure: and the said comedies, tragedies, histories, enterludes, morals, pastorals, stage-plaies, and such like, to shew and exercise publiquely to their best commoditie, when the infection of the plague shall decrease, as well within their nowe usuall house called the Globe, within our county of Surrey, as also within anie toun halls, or moute halls, or other convenient places within the liberties and freedom of any other citie, universitie, toun, or boroughe whatsoever within our said realmes and dominions. Willing and commanding you and everie of you, as you tender our pleasure, not onlie to permit and suffer them herein, without anie your letts, hindrances, or molestations, during our said pleasure, but also to be aiding or assistinge

BENJAMIN JONSON. lxiii

inge to them if any wrong be to them offered, and to
allow them such former curtesies as hathe bene given to
men of their place and quallitie, and also what further
favour you shall shew to theise our servaunts for our
sake, we shall take kindlie at your handes.

In witness whereof, &c.

Witness our selfe at Westminster, the nynteenth
daye of Maye.

Per Breve de Privato Sigillo.

B

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hi

THE

WORKS

OF

BEN. JONSON.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

CONTAINING,

EVERY MAN in his
HUMOUR.
EVERY MAN out of
his HUMOUR.

CYNTHIA'S REVELS;
or, The Fountain of
Self-love.



Ad V. CL.

BEN. JONSONIUM,

Carmen protrepticon.

R Aptam Threicii lyram Neanthus
 Pulset ; carmina circulis Palæmon
 Scribat ; qui manibus facit deabus
 Illotis, metuat Probum. Placere
 Te doctis juvat auribus, placere
 Te raris juvat auribus. Camænas
 Cùm totus legerem tuas (Camænæ
 Nam totum rogitant tuæ, nec ullam
 Qui pigrè trahat oscitationem,
 Lectorem) & numeros, acumen, artem,
 Mirum judicium, quod ipse censor,
 Jonsoni, nimium licet malignus,
 Si doctus simul, exigat, viderem,
 Sermonem & nitidum, facetiâsque
 Dignas Mercurio, novâsque gnomas
 Morum sed veterum, tuique juris
 Quicquid dramaticum tui legebam,
 Tam semper fore, tamque te loquutum,
 Ut nec Lemnia notior sigillo
 Tellus, nec maculâ sacrandus Apis,
 Non cesto Venus, aut comis Apollo,
 Quàm musâ fueris sciente notus,
 Quàm musâ fueris tuâ notatus,
 Illâ, quæ unica, fidus ut refulgens,
 Striaturas, superat comis, minorum :
 In mentem subiit Stolonis illud,
 Lingua Pieridas fuisse Plauti
 Usuras, Ciceronis atque dictum,
 Saturno genitum phrasi Platonis,
 Musæ si Latio, Jovisque Athenis

Dixissent. Fore jam sed hunc & illas
 Ionsoni numeros puto loquutos,
 Anglis si fuerint utrique sati.
 Tam, mi, tu sophilam doces amænè
 Sparsim tamque sophos amæna sternis!
 Sed, tot delicias, minùs placebat,
 Sparsis distraherent tot in libellis
 Cerdoi caculæ. Volumen unum,
 Quod feri Britonum terant nepotes,
 Optabam, & thyasus chorùsque amantum
 Musas hoc cupiunt, tui laborum
 Et quicquid reliquum est, adhuc tuisque
 Servatum pluteis. Tibi at videmur
 Non tam quærere quàm parare nobis
 Laudem, dum volumus palàm merentis
 Tot laurus cupidi reposta scripta ;
 Dum secernere te tuasque musas
 Audemus numero unguulæ liquorem
 Gustante, ut veteres novem sorores
 Et Sirenibus & solent cicadis ;
 Dum & secernere posse te videmur,
 Efflictim petimus novùmque librum,
 Qui nullo sacer haut petatur ævo,
 Qui nullo sacer exoleseat ævo,
 Qui curis niteat tuis secundis ;
 Ut nos scire aliquid simul putetur.
 Atqui hoc macte fies, velutque calpar,
 Quod diis inferium, tibi sacremus,
 Ut nobis benè sit ; tuàmque frontem
 Perfundant ederæ recentiores
 Et splendor novus. Invident coronam
 Hanc tantam patriæ tibi (quantâ
 Æternùm à merito tuo superbum
 Anglorum genus esse possit olim)
 Tantùm qui penitùs volunt amænas
 Sublatas literas, timéntve lucem
 Ionsoni nimiam tenebriones.

J. SELDEN *Juris-Consultus*

T O

BEN. JONSON, on his Works.

MA Y I subscribe a name? dares my bold quill
 Write that or good or ill,
 Whose frame is of that height, that, to mine eye,
 Its head is in the sky?
 Yes. Since the most censures, believes, and faith
 By an implicit faith:
 Lest their misfortune make them chance amiss,
 I'll waist them right by this.
 Of all I know thou only art the man
 That dares but what he can:
 Yet by performance shows he can do more
 Than hath been done before,
 Or will be after; (such assurance gives
 Perfection where it lives.)
 Words speak thy matter; matter fills thy words;
 And choice that grace affords,
 That both are best: and both most fitly plac'd,
 Are with new Venus grac'd
 From artful method. All in this point meet,
 With good to mingle sweet.
 These are thy lower parts. What stands above
 Who sees not yet must love,
 When on the base he reads Ben Jonson's name,
 And hears the rest from fame.
 This from my love of truth: Which pays this due
 To your just worth, not you.

ED. HEYWARD¹.

¹ This gentleman was by profession a lawyer, and an intimate friend of our author, and of the great Selden. The regard, which the latter had for him, appears from his addressing to him his book on the *Titles of Honour*.

ON THE
AUTHOR,

The Poet-Laureat, BEN. JONSON.

HERE is a poet! whose unmuddled strains
Show that he held all Helicon in's brains.
What here is writ, is sterling; every line
Was well allow'd of by the muses nine.
When for the stage a drama he did lay,
Tragic or comic, he still bore away
The sock and buskin; clearer notes than his
No swan e'er sung upon our Thamesis;
For lyric sweetness in an ode, or sonnet,
To BEN the best of wits might veil their bonnet.
His genius justly, in an entheat rage,
Oft lasht the dull-sworn factors for the stage:
For alchymy, though't make a glorious gloss,
Compar'd with Gold is bullion and base dross.

WILL. HODGSON.

On his elaborated art-contrived PLAYS,

An EPIGRAM.

EACH like an Indian ship or hull appears,
That took a voyage for some certain years,
To plow the sea, and furrow up the main,
And brought rich ingot from his loaden brain.
His art the sun; his labours were the lines;
His solid stuff the treasure of his lines.

WILL. HODGSON.

Upon S E J A N U S.

SO brings the wealth-contracting jeweller
 Pearls and dear stones from richest stores and
 As thy accomplish'd travail doth confer [streams,
 From skill-enriched souls their wealthier gems ;
 So doth his hand enchase in ammel'd gold,
 Cut, and adorn'd beyond their native merits,
 His solid flames, as thine hath here inrol'd
 In more than golden verse, those better'd spirits ;
 So he entreasures princes cabinets,
 As thy wealth will their wished libraries ;
 So, on the throat of the rude sea, he sets
 His vent'rous foot, for his illustrious prize ;
 And through wild desarts, arm'd with wilder beasts ;
 As thou adventur'st on the multitude,
 Upon the boggy, and engulfed breasts
 Of hirelings, sworn to find most right, most rude :
 And he, in storms at sea, doth not endure,
 Nor in vast desarts, amongst wolves, more danger ;
 Than we, that would with virtue live secure,
 Sustain for her in every vice's anger.
 Nor is this Allegory unjustly rackt
 To this strange length : Only, that jewels are,
 In estimation merely, so exact :
 And thy work, in itself, is dear and rare ;
 Wherein Minerva had been vanquished,
 Had she, by it, her sacred looms advanc'd,
 And through thy subject woven her graphick thred,
 Contending therein, to be more entranc'd ;
 For, though thy hand was scarce addrest to draw
 The semi-circle of Sejanus' life,
 Thy muse yet makes it the whole sphere, and law
 To all state-lives ; and bounds ambition's strife.
 And as a little brook creeps from his spring,
 With shallow tremblings, through the lowest vales,

As if he fear'd his stream abroad to bring,
 Lest prophane feet should wrong it, and rude gales;
 But finding happy channels, and supplies
 Of other fords mixt with his modest course,
 He grows a goodly river, and descrys
 The strength that mann'd him, since he left his source;
 Then takes he in delightful meads and groves,
 And, with his two-edg'd waters, flourishes
 Before great palaces, and all mens loves
 Build by his shores, to greet his passages:
 So thy chaste muse, by virtuous self-mistrust,
 Which is a true mark of the truest merit;
 In virgin fear of mens illiterate lust,
 Shut her soft wings, and durst not shew her spirit;
 Till, nobly cherisht, now thou let'st her fly,
 Singing the fable Orgies of the Muses,
 And in the highest pitch of Tragedy,
 Mak'st her command, all things thy ground produces.
 Besides, thy poem hath this due respect,
 That it lets nothing pass, without observing
 Worthy instruction; or that might correct
 Rude manners, and renown the well deserving:
 Performing such a lively evidence
 In thy narrations, that thy hearers still
 Thou turn'st to thy spectators; and the sense
 That thy spectators have of good or ill,
 Thou inject'st jointly to thy readers souls.
 So dear is held, so deckt thy numerous task,
 As thou putt'st handles to the Thespian bowls,
 Or stuck'st rich plumes in the Palladian cask.
 All thy worth, yet, thyself must patronise,
 By quaffing more of the Castalian head;
 In expiscation of whose mysteries,
 Our nets must still be clogg'd with heavy lead,
 To make them sink, and catch: for chearful gold
 Was never found in the Pierian streams,
 But wants, and scorns, and shames for silver sold.
 What? what shall we elect in these extremes?

Now

Now by the shafts of the great Cyrrhan poet,
 That bear all light, that is, about the world;
 I would have all dull poet-haters know it,
 They shall be soul-bound, and in darkness hurl'd,
 A thousand years (as Satan was their fire)
 Ere any, worthy the poetic name,
 (Might I, that warm but at the muses fire,
 Presume to guard it) should let deathless Fame
 Light half a beam of all her hundred eyes,
 At his dim taper, in their memories.
 Fly, fly, you are too near; so, odorous flowers
 Being held too near the sensor of our sense,
 Render not pure, nor so sincere their powers,
 As being held a little distance thence.
 O could the world but feel how sweet a touch
 The knowledge hath, which is in love with goodness,
 (If Poesie were not ravished so much,
 And her compos'd rage, held the simplest woodness,
 Though of all heats, that temper human brains,
 Hers ever was most subtil, high and holy,
 First binding savage lives in civil chains;
 Solely religious, and adored solely:
 If men felt this, they would not think a love,
 That gives itself, in her, did vanities give;
 Who is (in earth, though low) in worth above,
 Most able t'honour life, though least to live.
 And so, good friend, safe passage to thy freight,
 To thee a long peace, through a virtuous strife,
 In which let's both contend to virtue's height,
 Not making fame our object, but good life.

GEOR. CHAPMAN ².

² He was contemporary with our poet, and the author of several plays, which at that time were favourably received, and is famous likewise for his translations of Musæus, Hesiod, and Homer into English verse.

To his worthy Friend, BEN. JONSON,
upon his SEJANUS.

IN that this book doth deign Sejanus name,
Him unto more than Cæsar's love it brings :
For where he could not with ambition's wings,
One quill doth heave him to the height of fame.
Ye great ones though (whose ends may be the same)
Know, that, however we do flatter kings,
Their favours (like themselves) are fading things,
With no less envy had, than lost with shame.
Nor make yourselves less honest than you are,
To make our author wiser than he is :
Ne of such crimes accuse him, which I dare
By all his muses swear be none of his.
The men are not, some faults may be these times :
He acts those men, and they did act these crimes.

HUGH HOLLAND.

Amicissimo, & meritissimo BEN. JONSON,
in Vulponem.

QUOD arte ausus es hic tuâ, poeta,
Si auderent hominum deque juris
Consulti, veteres sequi æmulariæque,
O omnes saperemus ad salutem.

His

* He was bred at Westminster-School, under Cambden, and from thence elected fellow of Trinity college in Cambridge. He is said by Dr. Fuller to have been no bad English, but an excellent Latin poet. He wrote several things, amongst which is the life of Cambden, but none of them, I believe, have been ever published.

His sed sunt veteres araneosi;
 Tam nemo veterum est sequutor, ut tu,
 Illos quòd sequeris novator audis.
 Fac tamen quod agis; tuique primâ
 Libri canitie induantur horâ:
 Nam chartis pueritia est neganda,
 Nascunturque senes, oportet, illi
 Libri, queis dare vis perennitatem.
 Priscis, ingenium facit, laborque
 Te parem; hos superes, ut & futuros,
 Ex nostrâ vitiositate sumas,
 Quâ priscos superamus, & futuros.

J. DONNE⁴.

To my Friend BEN. JONSON,
 upon his ALCHEMIST.

A Master, read in flattery's great skill,
 Could not pass truth, tho' he would force his will,
 By praising this too much, to get more praise
 In his art, than you out of yours do raise.
 Nor can full truth be utter'd of your worth,
 Unless you your own praises do set forth:
 None else can write so skilfully, to shew
 Your praise: Ages shall pay, yet still must owe.
 All I dare say, is, you have written well;
 In what exceeding height, I dare not tell.

GEORGE LUCY:

⁴ In former editions we have only the initial Letters J. D. affixed to this copy of verses; I have wrote the author's name at length, and on his own authority, because the verses are printed in the collection of Dr. Donne's poems.

Ad utramque Academiam,
De BENJAMIN IONSONIO,
in Vulponem.

HIC ille est primus, qui doctum drama Britannis,
Graiorum antiqua, & Latii monumenta theatri,
Tanquam explorator versans, scelicibus ausis
Præbebit : Magnis cœptis, geminaast ra, favete.
Alterutrâ veteres contenti laude : Cothurnum hic,
Atque pari foccum tractat Sol scenicus arte ;
Das Volpone jocos, fletus Sejane dedisti.
At si Jonsonias multatas limite musas
Angusto plangent quiquam : Vos, dicite, contra,
O nimium miseros quibus Anglis Anglica lingua,
Aut non sat nota est ; aut queis (seu trans mare natis)
Haud nota omnino : Vegetet cum tempore vates ,
Mutabit patriam, fiêtque ipse Anglus Apollo.

E. BOLTON.

To my dear Friend Mr. BEN. JONSON,
upon his FOX.

IF it might stand with justice, to allow
The swift conversion of all follies ; now,
Such is my mercy, that I could admit
All sorts should equally approve the wit
Of this thy even work : whose growing fame
Shall raise thee high, and thou it, with thy name.
And did not manners, and my love command
Me to forbear to make those understand,

^s This author appears to no great advantage in the preceding lines ; but we may see him in his proper splendour, in a book intitled *Nero Caesar, or Monarchy depraved*, which he published in 1624. and is a work containing much good sense, and curious learning.

Whom

Whom thou, perhaps, hast in thy wiser doom
 Long since, firmly resolv'd, shall never come
 To know more than they do; I would have shown
 To all the world, the art, which thou alone
 Hast taught our tongue, the rules of time, of place,
 And other rites, deliver'd with the grace
 Of comick stile, which only, is far more,
 Than any English stage hath known before.
 But since our subtile gallants think it good
 To like of nought that may be understood,
 Lest they should be disprov'd; or have, at best,
 Stomachs so raw, that nothing can digest
 But what's obscene, or barks: let us desire
 They may continue, simply, to admire
 Fine cloaths, and strange words; and may live, in age,
 To see themselves ill brought upon the stage,
 And like it. Whilst thy bold, and knowing muse
 Contemns all praise, but such as thou wouldst chuse.

FRANC. BEAUMONT

Upon the SILENT WOMAN.

HEAR you bad writers, and though you not see,
 I will inform you where you happy be:
 Provide the most malicious thoughts you can,
 And bend them all against some private man,
 To bring him, not his vices, on the stage;
 Your envy shall be clad in some poor rage,
 And your expressing of him shall be such,
 That he himself shall think he hath no touch.
 Where he that strongly writes, although he mean
 To scourge but vices in a labour'd scene,
 Yet private faults shall be so well exprest,
 As men do act 'em, that each private breast,
 That finds these errors in itself, shall say,
 He meant me, not my vices, in the play.

FRANC. BEAUMONT.

To my Friend BEN. JONSON,
upon his CATILINE.

IF thou hadst itch'd after the wild applause
Of common people, and hadst made thy laws
In writing, such, as catch'd at present voice,
I should commend the thing, but not thy choice.
But thou hast squar'd thy rules by what is good,
And art three ages, yet, from understood:
And (I dare say) in it there lies much wit
Lost, till the readers can grow up to it.
Which they can ne'er out-grow, to find it ill,
But must fall back again, or like it still.

FRANC. BEAUMONT⁶.

⁶ Beaumont, who was a sincere admirer and friend of Jonson, seems to have gratified the poet's temper in the preceding copies, by a generous contempt of the vulgar judgment and applause, resulting from conscious worth.





Ld. Du Guernier inv. et sculp.

Every Man in his Humour.

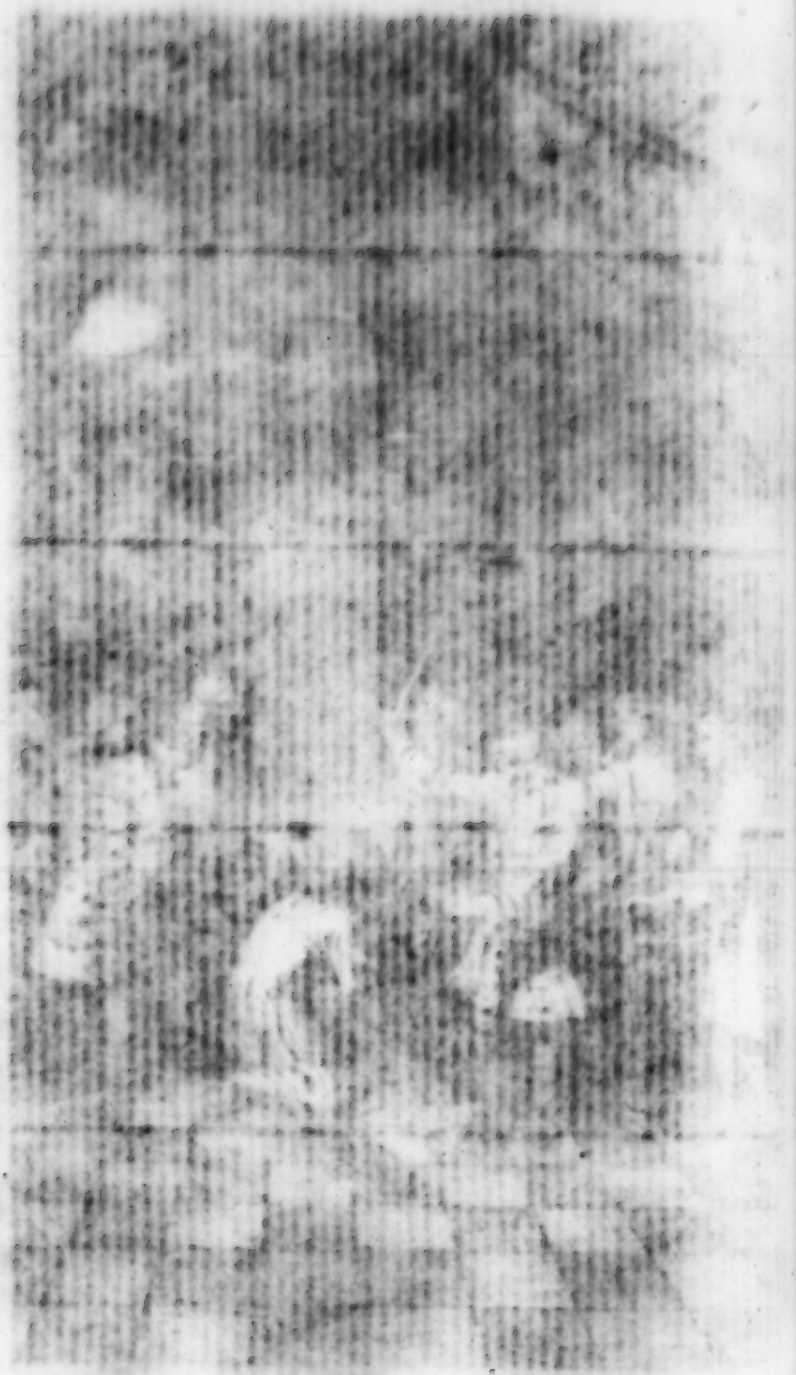
EVERY MAN
IN HIS
HUMOUR.
A
COMEDY.

Acted in the Year 1598.

By the then Lord CHAMBERLAIN'S SERVANTS.

Hand totum iridens vultu, quæ palpitans pascunt.

JUVEN.



Every Day in the Hamlet

EVERY MAN
IN HIS
HUMOUR:
A
COMEDY.

Acted in the Year 1598,

By the then Lord CHAMBERLAIN's Servants.

Haud tamen invidias vati, quem pulpita pascunt.
JUVEN.

VERMONT

U. S. R.

O. M. I. D. Y.

April 1st 1872

John H. Smith, Clerk of the Court



Witness my hand and seal this 1st day of April 1872.

TO THE

Most Learned, and my Honoured Friend,

Mr. C A M D E N,
CLARENCIAUX.

S I R,

TH E R E are, no doubt, a supercilious race in the world, who will esteem all office, done you in this kind, an injury; so solemn a vice it is with them to use the authority of their ignorance, to the crying down of POETRY, or the professors: But my gratitude must not leave to correct their error; since I am none of those that can suffer the benefits conferred upon my youth to perish with my age. It is a frail memory that remembers but present things: and, had the favour of the times so conspired with my disposition, as it could have brought forth other, or better, you had had the same proportion, and number of the fruits, the first. Now I pray you to accept this; such wherein neither the confession of my manners shall make you blush; nor of my studies, repent you to have been the instructor: And for the profession of my thankfulness, I am sure it will, with good men, find either praise or excuse.

Your True Lover,

BEN. JONSON.

PROLOGUE.

THough need make many poets, and some such
 As art and nature have not better'd much,
 Yet ours for want, hath not so lov'd the stage,
 As he dare serve th' ill customs of the age,
 Or purchase your delight at such a rate,
 As, for it, he himself must justly hate:
 To make a child now swaddled, to proceed
 Man, and then shoot up, in one beard and weed,
 Past threescore years: or, with three rusty swords,
 And help of some few foot and half-foot words,
 Fight over York and Lancaster's long jars,¹
 And in the tyring-house bring wounds to scars.

¹ — — — *With three rusty swords,*

And help of some few FOOT AND HALF-FOOT WORDS,

Fight over York and Lancaster's long jars.] The author takes

occasion in this prologue to ridicule the common practice of the stage-writers; their deficiency in plot, their ignorance of the dramatic unities, with their several imperfections both in sentiment and style. Possibly Shakespear himself, by the help of a proper application, was designed to be included in this censure. The "foot and half-foot words," a translation of Horace's *Sesquipedia Verba*, allude to expressions of a most unmeasurable length, which were commonly made use of by the authors of that age; and were supposed to give magnificence and sublimity to their diction. It was about this time, that compound epithets were first introduced into our poetry: and to what licentiousness of style they were perverted, appears from the following lines of bishop Hall, who is drawing the character of the Poetaster Labeo.

"He knows the grace of that new elegance,
 "Which sweet Philisides fetch'd of late from France;
 "(That well becom'd his high-styl'd Arcady,
 "Though others mar it with much liberty)
 "In epithets to join two words in one,
 "Forsooth, for adjectives cannot stand alone:
 "As a great poet cou'd of Bacchus say,
 "That he was *Semel's femori-gena*."

VIRGIDEM IARUM Lib. VI. Sat. 1.

He

PROLOGUE.

19

He rather prays you will be pleas'd to see
 One such to-day, as other plays shou'd be ;
 Where neither chorus wafts you o'er the seas,
 Nor creaking throne comes down the boys to please :
 Nor nimble squib is seen to make afeard
 The gentlewomen ; nor roul'd bullet heard
 To say, it thunders ; nor tempestuous drum
 Rumbles, to tell you when the storm doth come ;
 But deeds, and language, such as men do use,
 And persons, such as comedy would chuse,
 When she would shew an image of the times,
 And sport with human follies, not with crimes ^a.
 Except we make 'em such, by loving still
 Our popular errors, when we know th' are ill.
 I mean such errors as you'll all confess,
 By laughing at them, they deserve no less :
 Which when you heartily do, there's hope left then,
 You, that have so grac'd monsters, may like men.

^a *And sport with human follies, not with crimes.*] This distinction is made expressly from the precept of Aristotle ; who assigns the τὸ γαλοῖον or the ridiculous, as the immediate subject of comedy. Poetic. Sect. 5. but makes the crimes of men, as being of a more serious nature, the particular object of the tragic poet.

Dramatis Personæ.

KNO'WELL, an old Gentleman.
ED. KNO'WELL, his Son.
BRAIN-WORM, the Father's Man.
Mr. STEPHEN, a Country Gull.
DOWN-RIGHT, a plain Squire.
WELL-BRED, his half Brother.
JUSTICE CLEMENT, an old merry Magistrate.
ROGER FORMAL, his Clerk.
KITELY, a Merchant.
DAME KITELY, his Wife.
Mrs. BRIDGET, his Sister.
Mr. MATTHEW, the Town-Gull.
CASH, Kitely's Man.
COB, a Water-bearer.
TIB, his Wife.
CAPT. BOBADILL, a Paul's Man.

The SCENE, L O N D O N.

Every

Every Man in his Humour.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Kno'well, Brain-worm, Mr. Stephen.

Kno'well.

A Goodly day toward ! and a fresh morning !
Brain-worm,
Call up your young master : Bid him rise, fir'.
Tell him, I have some business to employ him.

Brai. I will, fir, presently.

Know. But hear you, firrah,
If he be at his book, disturb him not.

Brai. Well, fir^a.

Know. How happy yet, should I esteem my self,
Could I (by any practice) wean the boy

From

^a *A goodly day toward ! and a fresh morning ! Brain-worm,
Call up your young master : bid him rise, fir.]* Thus are these lines printed in the common editions of this poet, without any regard to the measure or quantity of the verse. It must be owned that the metre of the comic poets, in the age of Jonson, was extremely loose and irregular, often requiring to be helped out by the speaker. The voice, as it was necessary, must either slur over, or lengthen out a syllable to preserve the numbers. An elision in the word *your*, by marking it in this manner *y'r*, wou'd guide the pronunciation in the reading. There is, however, an expletive, that might easily be omitted, and might probably have been the player's insertion : and the verse wou'd be better, if we read it thus :

Brain-worm, call your young master : bid him rise, fir.

Mr. SEWARD.
These

From one vain course of study, he affects.
 He is a scholar, if a man may trust
 The liberal voice of fame, in her report,
 Of good account in both our universities,
 Either of which hath favour'd him with graces :
 But their indulgence must not spring in me
 A fond opinion, that he cannot err.
 My self was once a student, and, indeed,
 Fed with the self-same humour he is now,
 Dreaming on nought but idle poetry,
 That fruitless and unprofitable art,
 Good unto none, but least to the professors ;
 Which, then, I thought the mistress of all knowledge :
 But since, time and the truth have wak'd my judgment,
 And reason taught me better to distinguish
 The vain from th' useful learnings. Cousin Stephen !
 What news with you, that you are here so early ?

Step. Nothing, but e'en come to see how you do, uncle.

Kno. That's kindly done ; you are welcome, couz.

Step. ³ I, I know that, sir, I would not ha' come else.
 How does my cousin Edward, uncle ?

Kno. O, well couz, go in and see : I doubt he be scarce stirring yet.

These observations are equally ingenious and just ; but I have still ventured to retain the old reading, principally on the authority of the first folio, which was printed in the poet's life-time, and under his own inspection. The defect in measure is probably in the first line ; which becomes a perfect verse by contracting the word *toward* into one syllable, and which undoubtedly must be so pronounced.

² *Brain. WELL, SIR.*] An elliptical expression ; *It is well, sir* ; probably borrowed from the Latin form of speaking usual on such occasions.

Rogo nunquid velit ; RECTE, inquit, abeo.

TEREN. Eun. Act. II. Sc. 3.

³ *I, I know that, sir !*] *Ay, &c.* The antient way of writing this affirmative particle was only with the vowel I, and a comma after it. This is followed in the old and last edition likewise, and I have conformed to it in the present.

Step.

Step. Uncle, afore I go in, can you tell me, an' he have e're a book of the sciences of hawking and hunting; I would fain borrow it.

Kno. Why, I hope you will not a hawking now, will you?

Step. No, wusse, but I'll practice against next year, uncle: I have bought me a hawk, and a hood, and bells, and all; I lack nothing but a book to keep it by*.

Kno. O, most ridiculous.

Step. Nay, look you now, you are angry, uncle; why you know an' a man have not skill in the hawking and hunting-languages now-a-days, I'll not give a rush for him. They are more studied than the Greek, or the Latin. He is for no gallants company without 'em: And by gads-lid I scorn it, I, so I do, to be a consort for every hum-drum; hang 'em, scroyles! there's nothing in 'em i' the world. What do you talk on it? Because I dwell at Hogsden, I shall keep company with none but the archers of Finsbury, or the citizens that come a ducking to Islington ponds? A fine jest i' faith! Slid, a gentleman mun show himself like a gentleman: Uncle, I pray you be not angry, I know what I have to do, I trow, I am no novice.

Kno. You are a prodigal absurd cockscomb, go to. Nay, never look at me, it's I that speak.

Take't as you will, sir, I'll not flatter you.

Ha' you not yet found means enow to waste

That which your friends have left you, but you must

* *I lack nothing but a book to keep it by.*] Falconry was a favourite diversion of this age. Mr. Stephen having purchased a hawk with all its furniture, is ignorant how to keep it *secundum artem*. For the service of connoisseurs like himself, books were then wrote upon this subject. A treatise of this kind by one George Turberville is yet to be found, and may perhaps be of infinite service to the curious in this science. In the same manner they fought duels by the book.

Go cast away your money on a kite,
 And know not how to keep it, when you ha' done ?
 O it's comely ! this will make you a gentleman !
 Well, cousin, well ! I see you are e'en past hope
 Of all reclaim : I, so, now you are told on it,
 You look another way.

Step. What would you ha' me do ?

Kno. What would I have you do ? I'll tell you,
 kinsman ;

“ Learn to be wise, and practice how to thrive,
 “ That would I have you do : And not to spend
 “ Your coin on every bauble that you fancy,
 “ Or every foolish brain that humors you.
 “ I would not have you to invade each place,
 “ Nor thrust yourself on all societies,
 “ Till mens affections, or your own desert,
 “ Should worthily invite you to your rank.
 “ He that is so disrespectful in his courses,
 “ Oft sells his reputation at cheap market.
 “ Nor would I, you should melt away yourself
 “ In flashing bravery, lest while you affect
 “ To make a blaze of gentry to the world,
 “ A little puff of scorn extinguish it,
 “ And you be left like an unsav'ry snuff,
 “ Whose property is only to offend.
 “ I'd ha' you sober, and contain yourself ;
 “ Not that your sail be bigger than your boat ;
 “ But moderate your expences now (at first)

• *Go cast away your money on a kite,*

And know not how to keep it, when you ha' done ?] The great
 number of hawks or falcons kept in that age, and the manner of
 their food, will appear from the following passage : “ I would our
 “ falcons might be satisfied with the division of their prey. as the
 “ falcons in Thracia were, that they needed not to devour the hens
 “ of this realm in such number, that unless it be shortly consider'd,
 “ our familiar poultry shall be as scarce, as be now partridge and
 “ pheasant. I speak not this in dispraise of the falcons, but of them
 “ which keepeth them like cockneyes.”

Sir THO. ELIOT's Governour, L. i. C. 18. Lond. 1580,

“ As

- " As you may keep the same proportion still.
" Nor stand so much on your gentility,
" Which is an airy, and meer borrow'd thing,
" From dead mens dust, and bones ; and none of yours,
" Except you make, or hold it. Who comes here ?

S C E N E II.

Servant, Mr. Stephen, Kno'well, Brain-worm.

Serv. Save you, gentlemen.

Step. Nay, we do not stand much on our gentility, friend ; yet you are welcome, and I assure you mine uncle here is a man of a thousand a year, Middlesex land : He has but one son in all the world, I am his next heir (at the common law) Master Stephen, as simple as I stand here, if my cousin dye (as there's hoped he will) I have a pretty living o' mine own too, beside, hard by here.

Serv. In good time, sir.

Step. In good time, sir ? why ! and in very good time, sir : You do not flout, friend, do you ?

Serv. Not I, sir.

Step. Not you, sir ? you were not best, sir ; an' you should, here be them can perceive it, and that quickly too ; go to : And they can give it again soundly too, an' need be.

Serv. Why, sir, let this satisfy you ; good faith, I had no such intent.

Step. Sir, an' I thought you had, I would talk with you, and that presently.

[*We do not stand much on our gentility, friend.*] This answer is made with exquisite humour. Stephen piques himself on being a gentleman ; Kno'well had just reproved him for a rough illiberal behaviour, and cautions him not to presume upon his birth and fortune. Master Stephen doth not seem to relish this advice, but at the entrance of the servant, he discovers his regard for what his uncle had been saying, by the repetition of his last words.

Serv.

Serv. Good master Stephen, so you may, sir, at your pleasure.

Step. And so I would, sir, good my saucy companion! an' you were out o' mine uncle's ground, I can tell you; though I do not stand upon my gentility neither in't.

Kno. Cousin! cousin! will this ne'er be left?

Step. Whorson base fellow! a mechanical serving-man! By this cudgel, an' 'twere not for shame, I would ———

Kno. What would you do, you peremptory gull? If you cannot be quiet, get you hence. You see, the honest man demeans himself Modestly towards you, giving no reply To your unseason'd, quarrelling, rude fashion: And still you huff it, with a kind of carriage As void of wit, as of humanity.

Go get you in; 'fore heaven, I am asham'd Thou hast a kinsman's interest in me. [*Exit Stephen.*]

Serv. I pray, sir, is this master Kno'well's house?

Kno. Yes, marry is it, sir.

Serv. I should enquire for a gentleman here, one master Edward Kno'well; do you know any such, sir, I pray you?

Kno. I should forget my self else, sir.

Serv. Are you the gentleman? cry you mercy, sir: I was requir'd by a gentleman i' the city, as I rode out at this end o' the town, to deliver you this letter, sir.

Kno. To me, sir! What do you mean? pray you remember your court'sie. (*To his most selected friend master Edward Kno'well.*) What might the gentleman's name be, sir, that sent it? nay, pray you be cover'd.

Serv. One master Well-bred, sir.

Kno. Master Well-bred! A young gentleman? is he not?

Serv.

Serv. The same, sir, master Kitely married his sister ;
the rich merchant i' the Old Jewry.

Kno. You say very true. Brain-worm.

Brai. Sir.

Kno. Make this honest friend drink here : pray you
go in.

This letter is directed to my son :

Yet I am Edward Kno'well too, and may,
With the safe conscience of good manners, use
The fellow's error to my satisfaction.

Well, I will break it ope (old Men are curious)

Be it but for the stile's sake, and the phrase,

To see if both do answer my son's praises,

Who is almost grown the idolater

Of this young Well-bred : what have we here ? what's
this ?

The L E T T E R.

WH Y, Ned, I beseech thee, hast thou forsworn
all thy friends i' the Old Jewry ? or dost thou
think us all Jews that inhabit there ? yet if thou dost,
come over, and but see our frippery ; change an old
shirt for a whole smock with us : do not conceive that
antipathy between us and Hogsdon, as was between
Jews and hogs-flesh. Leave thy vigilant father alone,
to number over his green apricots, evening and morn-
ing, o' the north-west wall : an' I had been his son,
I had fav'd him the labour long since, if taking in all
the young wenches that pass by at the back-door, and
codling every kernel of the fruit for 'em, would ha'
serv'd. But pr'y thee come over to me quickly, this
morning ; I have such a present for thee (our Turkey
company never sent the like to the Grand-Signior).
One is a rimer, sir, o' your own batch, your own lea-
ven ; but doth think himself poet-major o' the town, wil-
ling to be shown, and worthy to be seen. The other—
I will not venture his description with you, till you
come,

come, because I would ha' you make hither with an appetite. If the worst of 'em be not worth your journey, draw your bill of charges, as unconscionable as any Guild-hall verdict will give it you, and you shall be allow'd your viaticum.

⁶ From the Wind-mill.

From the Bordello, it might come as well,
The Spittle, or Piſt-hatch. Is this the man
My ſon hath ſung ſo, for the happieſt wit,
The choiceſt brain, the times have ſent us forth ?
I know not what he may be in the arts,
Nor what in ſchools ; but ſurely, for his manners,
I judge him a prophane and diſſolute wretch :
Worſe by poſſeſſion of ſuch great good gifts,
Being the maſter of ſo looſe a ſpirit.
Why, what unhallow'd ruſſian would have writ
In ſuch a ſcurrilous manner, to a friend !
Why ſhould he think, I tell my apricots,
Or play th' Heſperian dragon with my fruit,
To watch it ? Well, my ſon, I had thought, you
Had had more judgment to have made election
Of your companions, than t' have ta'en on truſt
Such petulant, jeering gameſters, that can ſpare
No argument, or ſubject from their jeſt.
But I perceive affection makes a fool
Of any man, too much the father. Brain-worm.
Brai. Sir.

⁶ *From the WIND-MILL.*] This houſe then ſtood at the corner of the Old Jewry, towards Lothbury ; and was remarkable for the various changes it had ſucceſſively undergone. The Jews uſed it at firſt for a Synagogue : afterwards it came into the poſſeſſion of a certain order of friars called *de Penitentia Jeſu*, or *Fratres de Sacco*, from their being clothed in ſackcloth. In proceſs of time, it was converted to a private houſe, wherein ſeveral mayors had reſided, and kept their mayoralty. In the days of *Stow*, from whom this account is taken, it was a wine-tavern, and had for the ſign a wind-mill.

See *Stow's Survey* by *STRYPE*, L. III. p. 54.
K¹².

Kno. Is the fellow gone that brought this letter?

Brai. Yes, sir, a pretty while since.

Kno. And where's your young master?

Brai. In his chamber, sir.

Kno. He spake not with the fellow, did he?

Brai. No, sir, he saw him not.

Kno. Take you this letter, and deliver it my son;
But with no notice that I have open'd it, on your life.

Brai. O lord, sir, that were a jest indeed!

Kno. I am resolv'd I will not stop his journey,
Nor practise any violent means to stay
Th' unbridled course of youth in him; for that
Restrain'd, grows more impatient; and in kind
Like to the eager, but the generous grey-hound,
Who ne'er so little from his game with-held,
Turn's head, and leaps up at his holder's throat.
"There is a way of winning more by love,
"And urging of the modesty, than fear:
"Force works on servile natures, not the free.
"He that's compell'd to goodness, may be good;
"But 'tis but for that fit: where others, drawn
"By softness and example, get a habit.
"Then, if they stray, but warn 'em; and the same
"They should for virtue have done, they'll do for
"shame."

There is a way of winning more by love,

And urging of the modesty, than fear, &c.] TERENCE is the
author of these sentiments, which are adapted with the utmost pro-
priety of character to the temper of the speaker.

Pudore, & liberalitate liberos

Retinere, satius esse credo, quam metu.

Malo coactus qui suum officium facit,

Dum id rescitum iri credit, tantisper caret.

Hoc patrium est, potius consuefacere filium

Sua sponte recte facere, quam alieno metu.

Adelp. Act. I. Sc. I.

SCENE

S C E N E III.

Edw. Know'ell, Brain-worm, Mr. Stephen.

E. Kn. Did he open it, say'st thou?

Brai. Yes, o' my word, sir, and read the contents.

E. Kn. That scarce contents me. What countenance (pr'y thee) made he, i'th' reading of it? was he angry, or pleas'd?

Brai. Nay, sir, I saw him not read it, nor open it, I assure your worship.

E. Kn. No? how know'st thou, then, that he did either?

Brai. Marry, sir, because he charg'd me, on my life, to tell no body that he open'd it; which unless he had done, he would never fear to have it reveal'd.

E. Kn. That's true: well I thank thee, Brain-worm.

Step. O, Brain-worm, did'st thou not see a fellow here in a what'sha'-call-him doublet? he brought mine uncle a letter e'en now.

Brai. Yes, master Stephen; what of him?

Step. O, I ha' such a mind to beat him ———
Where is he? canst thou tell?

Brai. Faith, he is not of that mind: he is gone, master Stephen.

Step. Gone! which way? when went he? how long since?

Brai. He is rid hence: he took horse at the street-door.

Step. And I staid i' the fields! horson Scander-bag rogue! O that I had but a horse to fetch him back again:

Brai. Why, you may ha' my master's gelding, to save your longing, sir.

Step. But I ha' no boots, that's the spight on't.

Brai. Why, a fine whisp of hay, rould hard, master Stephen.

Step.

Step. No faith, it's no boot to follow him, now : let him e'en go and hang. Pr'y thee, help to truss me a little. He does so vex me—

Brai. You'll be worse vex'd when you are truss'd, master Stephen. Best keep unbrac'd, and walk your self 'till you be cold ; your choler may founder you else.

Step. By my faith, and so I will ; now thou tell'st me on't : How do'st thou like my leg, Brain-worm ?

Brai. A very good leg, master Stephen ; but the woollen stocking does not commend it so well.

Step. Foh, the stockings be good enough, now summer is coming on, for the dust : I'll have a pair of silk against winter, that I go to dwell i' th' town. I think my leg would shew in a silk hose—^{*}

Brai. Believe me, master Stephen, rarely well.

Step. In sadness, I think it would : I have a reasonable good leg.

Brai. You have an excellent good leg, master Stephen ; but I cannot stay to praise it longer now, and I am very sorry for't.

Step. Another time will serve, Brain-worm. Gramercy for this.

Ed. Know. Ha, ha, ha.

[*Kno'well laughs, having read the letter.*

Step. 'Slid, I hope he laughs not at me ; an he do—

E. Kno. Here was a letter indeed, to be intercepted by a man's father, and do him good with him ! He cannot but think most virtuously, both of me, and

^{*} *I think my leg would shew in a silk hose.]* The humour of these half-witted gallants, with relation to their dress, and particularly the furniture of their legs, is frequently taken notice of by our old comedians.

" Sir Tob. I did think by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was formed under the star of a galliard.

" Sir And. Aye, 'tis strong ; and it does indifferent well in a flame-coloured stocking.

SHAKESPEAR'S Twelfth-Night, Act I. Sc. 4.
the

the sender, sure; that make the careful costar' monger of him in our familiar epistles. Well, if he read this with patience I'll be gelt, and troll⁹ ballads for Mr. John Trundle yonder, the rest of my mortality. It is true, and likely, my father may have as much patience as another man; for he takes much physick: and oft taking physick makes a man very patient. But would your packet, master Well-bred, had arrived at him in such a minute of his patience; then we had known the end of it, which now is doubtful, and threatens——What! my wise cousin! nay, then I'll furnish our feast with one gull more toward the mess. He writes to me of a brace, and here's one, that's three: Oh for a fourth! fortune, if ever thou'lt use thine eyes, I entreat thee——

Step. Oh, now I see who he laught at. He laught at some body in that letter. By this good light, an' he had laught at me——

E. Kn. How now, cousin Stephen, melancholy?

Step. Yes, a little. I thought you had laught at me, cousin.

E. Kn. Why, what an' I had, couz? what would you ha' done?

Step. By this light, I would ha' told mine uncle.

E. Kn. Nay, if you would ha' told your uncle, I did laugh at you, couz.

Step. Did you, indeed?

E. Kn. Yes, indeed:

Step. Why then——

E. Kn. What then?

⁹ *And TROLL ballads*] Cry, and sing ballads. The expression common at that time;

"—— Will you *troll* the catch

" You taught me but while e'er.

SHAKESPEAR'S *Tempest*.

And Milton in the *Paradise Lost*,

" To dress, to *troll* the tongue, and roll the eye."

Step.

Step. I am satisfied, it is sufficient.

E. Kn. Why, be so, gentle couz. And, I pray you, let me intreat a courtesie of you. I am sent for, this morning, by a friend i' th' Old Jewry, to come to him; It's but crossing over the fields to Moor-gate: will you bear me company? I protest, it is not to draw you into bond, or any plot against the state, couz.

Step. Sir, that's all one, an' 'twere; you shall command me twice so far as Moorgate, to do you good in such a matter. Do you think I would leave you? I protest—

E. Know. No, no, you shall not protest, couz.

Step. By my sackings, but I will, by your leave; I'll protest more to my friend, than I'll speak of at this time.

E. Kn. You speak very well, couz.

Step. Nay, not so neither, you shall pardon me: but I speak to serve my turn.

E. Kn. Your turn, couz? Do you know what you say? A gentleman of your sort, parts, carriage, and estimation, to talk o' your turn i' this company, and to me alone, like a tankard-bearer at a conduit! fie! A wight that (hitherto) his every step hath left the stamp of a great foot behind him, as every word the favour of a strong spirit! and he! this man! so graced, gilded, or (to use a more fit metaphor) so tin-foiled by nature, as not ten housewives pewter (again a good time) shews more bright to the world than he! and he (as I said last, so I say again, and still shall say it) this man! to conceal such real ornaments as these, and shadow their glory, as a milliner's wife does her wrought stomacher, with a smoaky lawn, or a black cyprus! O couz! it cannot be answered, go not about it. Drake's old ship at Deptford may sooner circle the world again. Come, wrong not the quality of your desert, with looking down-

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ward, couz ; but hold up your head, so : and let the idea of what you are be pourtrayed i' your face, that men may read i' your physnomy, Here within this place is to be seen the true, rare, and accomplished monster, or miracle of nature, which is all one. What think you of this, couz ?

Step. Why, I do think of it ; and I will be more proud, and melancholy, and gentleman-like, than I have been ; I'll insure you.

E. Kn. Why, that's resolute, master Stephen ! Now, if I can but hold him up to his height, as it is happily begun, it will do well for a suburb-humour : we may hap have a match with the city, and play him for forty pound. Come, couz.

Step. I'll follow you.

E. Kn. Follow me ? you must go before.

Step. Nay, an' I must, I will. Pray you, shew me, good cousin.

S C E N E IV.

Mr. Mathew, Cob.

Mat. I think this be the house : what, hough ?

Cob. Who's there ? O, master Mathew ! gi' your worship good morrow.

Mat. What ! Cob ! how dost thou, good Cob ? dost thou inhabit here, Cob ?

Cob. I, sir, I and my lineage ha' kept a poor house here, in our days.

Mat. Thy lineage, Monsieur Cob, what lineage ? what lineage ?

Cob. Why sir, an ancient lineage, and a princely. Mine ance'try came from a king's belly, no worse man : and yet no man neither (by your worship's leave, I did lie in that) but Herring the king of fish (from his belly I proceed) one o' the monarchs o' the world, I assure you. The first red herring that was broiled in

in Adam and Eve's kitchen, do I fetch my pedigree from, by the harrot's book. His, Cob, was my great great-mighty-great grand-father.

Mat. Why mighty, why mighty? I pray thee.

Cob. O, it was a mighty while ago, sir, and a mighty great Cob.

Mat. How know'st thou that?

Cob. How know I? why, I smell his ghost, ever and anon.

Mat. Smell a ghost! O unsavory jest! and the ghost of a herring, Cob.

Cob. I sir, with favour of your worship's nose, Mr. Mathew, why not the ghost of a herring Cob, as well as the ghost of Rasher-Bacon?

Mat. Roger Bacon, thou would'st say.

Cob. I, say Rasher-Bacon. They were both broiled o' th' coles; and a man may smell broil'd meat, I hope? you are a scholar, upsolve me that, now.

Mat. O raw ignorance! Cob, canst thou shew me of a gentleman, one captain Bobadill, where his lodging is?

Cob. O, my guest, sir! you mean.

Mat. Thy guest! alas! ha, ha.

Cob. Why do you laugh, sir! do you not mean Captain Bobadill?

Mat. Cob, 'pray thee advise thyself well: do not wrong the gentleman, and thyself too. I dare be sworn, he scorns thy house, he! he lodge in such a base obscure place, as thy house! Tut, I know his disposition so well, he would not lye in thy bed, if thou'dst gi't him.

Cob. I will not give it him, though, sir. Mafs, I thought somewhat was in't, we could not get him to bed all night: Well, sir, though he lye not o' my bed, he lyes o' my bench: an't please you to go up, sir, you shall find him with two cushions under his head, and his cloke wrapt about him, as though he

had neither won nor lost, and yet (I warrant) he ne'er cast better in his life, than he has done to night.

Mat. Why? was he drunk?

Cob. Drunk, sir? you hear not me say so. Perhaps he swallow'd a tavern token, or some such device, sir, I have nothing to do withal. I deal with water and not with wine. Gi' me my tankard there, hough. God b' w' you, sir. It's six a clock: I shou'd ha' carried two turns, by this. What hough? my stopple, come.

Mat. Lye in a Water-bearer's house! A gentleman of his havings! Well, I'll tell him my mind.

Cob. What, Tib, shew this gentleman up to the captain. Oh, an' my house were the brazen-head now! faith it would e'en speak "Mo fools yet." You should ha' some now would take this Mr. Mathew to be a gentleman, at the least. His father's an honest man, a worshipful fishmonger, and so forth; and now does he creep, and wriggle into acquaintance with all the brave gallants about the town, such as my guest is: (O, my guest is a fine man) and they flout him invincibly. He useth every day to a merchant's house (where I serve water) one master Kitley's i' the Old Jewry; and here's the jest, he is in love with my master's sister, (Mrs. Bridget) and calls her mistress: and there he will sit you a whole afternoon sometimes, reading o' these same abominable, vile, (a pox on 'em, I cannot abide them) ¹⁰ rascally verses, Poyetry,

¹⁰ *Rascally verses, Poyetry, Poyetry, &c.*] The number of small wits and pretenders to poetry in this age, was very great. Gascoin and Lodge, with some others, had wrote madrigals and pastoral sonnets in a pretty natural and easy strain. This produced a herd of imitators, who by degrees brought the fashion into contempt. The severer poets, therefore, took occasion to ridicule this affectation, by making it the object of mirth, even to the vulgar themselves. Mr. Mathew indeed might be very reasonably excused, as being both a gentleman and a lover.

Poyetry, and speaking of interludes; 'twill make a man burst to hear him. And the wenches, they do so geer, and ti-he at him——well, should they do so much to me, I'd forswear them all, by the foot of Pharaoh. There's an oath! How many water-bearers shall you hear swear such an oath? O, I have a guest (he teaches me) he does swear the legiblest of any man christned: By St. George, the foot of Pharaoh, the body of me, as I am a gentleman and a soldier: such dainty oaths! and withal, he does take this same filthy roguish tobacco, the finest and cleanliest! it would do a man good to see the fume come forth at's tonnels! Well, he owes me forty shillings (my wife lent him out of her purse, by six-pence at a time) besides his lodging: I would I had it. I shall ha't, he says, the next action. Helter skelter, hang sorrow, care 'll kill a cat, up-tails all, and a louse for the hangman.

S C E N E V.

Bobadill, Tib, Mathew.

Bob. Hostess, hostess.

[*Bobad. is discovered lying on his bench.* "]

Tib. What say you, sir?

Bob. A cup o' thy small beer, sweet hostess.

Tib. Sir, there's a gentleman below would speak with you.

Bob. A gentleman! odds so, I am not within.

Tib. My husband told him you were, sir.

Bob. What a plague——what meant he?

Mat. Captain Bobadill!

" *Bobadill is discovered lying on his BENCH.*] The same attitude is given to a brother of the society, by Sir Thomas Overbury; "Three large bavins set up his trade, *with a bench*; which in the vacation of the afternoon, he uses for his day-bed."

Character of an ordinary Fencer.

Bob. Who's there? (take away the bason, good hostess) come up, sir.

Tib. He would desire you to come up, sir. You come into a cleanly house, here.

Mat. 'Save you, Sir; save you, captain.

Bob. Gentle master Matthew! Is it you, sir? please you to sit down.

Mat. Thank you, good captain, you may see I am somewhat audacious.

Bob. Not so, sir. I was requested to supper, last night, by a sort of gallants, where you were wish'd for, and drunk to, I assure you.

Mat. Vouchsafe me, by whom, good captain?

Bob. Marry, by young Well-bred, and others: Why, hostess, a stool here for this gentleman.

Mat. No haste, sir, 'tis very well.

Bob. Body o' me! it was so late e're we parted last night, I can scarce open my eyes yet; I was but new risen, as you came: how passes the day abroad, sir? you can tell.

Mat. Faith, some half hour to seven: now trust me, you have an exceeding fine lodging here, very neat and private!

Bob. I, sir: sit down, I pray you. Mr. Matthew (in any case) possess no gentlemen of our acquaintance with notice of my lodging.

Mat. Who! I sir? no.

Bob. Not that I need to care who know it, for the cabbin is convenient, but in regard I would not be too popular, and generally visited as some are.

Mat. True, captain, I conceive you.

Bob. For do you see, sir, by the heart of valour in me, (except it be to some peculiar and choice spirits, to whom I am extraordinarily ingag'd, as your self, or so) I could not extend thus far.

Mat. O Lord, sir, I resolve so.

Bob. I confess I love a cleanly and quiet privacy,
above

above all the tumult and roar of fortune. What new book ha' you there? What! Go by, Hieronymo¹²!

Mat. I, did you ever see it acted? Is't not well pen'd?

Bob. Well-pen'd! I would fain see all the poets, of these times, pen such another play as that was? they'll prate and swagger, and keep a stir of art and devices, when (as I am a gentleman) read 'em, they are the most shallow, pitiful, barren fellows, that live upon the face of the earth again.

Mat. Indeed here are a number of fine speeches in this book¹³. "O eyes, no eyes, but fountains fraught with tears!" There's a conceit! fountains fraught with tears! "O life, no life, but lively form of death!" Another! "O world, no world, but mass of publick wrongs!" A third! "Confus'd and fill'd with murder, and misdeeds!" A fourth! O, the muses! Is't not excellent? Is't not simply the

¹². *What new book ha' you got there? What! go by, HIERONYMO.]* The piece referred to is a play, much admired by the populace in that age, and as much derided by our old comedians. The speech above became a by-word, and is to be met with as such both in Shakespear and Fletcher.

¹³ *Here are a number of fine speeches in this book; O eyes, no eyes, but fountains fraught with tears.]* We have here another instance from HIERONYMO, which may serve the reader as a specimen of that poetry and nature, which reign throughout the whole. In the comedy call'd ALBUMAZAR, these verses are ridiculed by the following parody:

"O lips, no lips, but leaves besmear'd with mel-dew!

"O dew, no dew, but drops of honey-combs!

"O combs, no combs, but fountains full of tears!

"O Tears, no tears, but——"

Act II.

I would beg leave to remark, that this kind of satire, tho' now grown into disuse, was frequently practis'd by the poets of this age, upon the dramatic compositions of each other. It found a place, likewise, in the earliest productions of the stage. The old comedy of the Greeks abounded with railleries of this nature: and numerous examples might be produced from Aristophanes, in which Euripides is treated by him in the same manner.

best that ever you heard, captain? Ha! how do you like it?

Bob. 'Tis good.

Mat. "To thee, the purest object to my sense,
 "The most refined essence heaven covers,
 "Send I these lines, wherein I do commence
 "The happy state of turtle-billing lovers.
 "If they prove rough, unpolish'd, harsh, and rude,
 "Haste made the waste. Thus mildly, I conclude."

Bob. Nay proceed, proceed. Where's this?

[Bobadill is making him ready all this while.]

Mat. This, sir? a toy o' mine own, in my nonage; the infancy of my muses! but when will you come and see my study? good faith, I can shew you some very good things, I have done of late—That boot becomes your leg, passing well, captain, methinks!

Bob. So, so, it's the fashion gentlemen now use.

Mat. Troth captain, and now you speak o' the fashion, master Well-bred's elder brother and I are fain out exceedingly; this other day, I happened to enter into some discourse of a hanger, which, I assure you, both for fashion and workmanship, was most peremptory-beautiful, and gentleman-like! yet he condemn'd, and cry'd it down for the most pyed and ridiculous that ever he saw.

Bob. Squire Downright, the half-brother, wasn't not?

Mat. I, sir, he.

Bob. Hang him, rook, he! why he has no more judgment than a malt-horse: By St. George, I wonder you'd lose a thought upon such an animal; the most peremptory absurd clown of Christendom, this day, he is holden. I protest to you, as I am a gentleman and a soldier, I ne'er chang'd words with his like. By his discourse, he should eat nothing but hay: he was born for the manger, pannier, or pack-saddle! He has not so much as a good phrase in his belly, but all old iron,
 and

and rusty proverbs ! a good commodity for some smith to make hob-nails of.

Mat. I, and he thinks to carry it away with his manhood still, where he comes : he brags he will gi' me the bastinado, as I hear.

Bob. How ! he the bastinado ! how came he by that word, trow ?

Mat. Nay, indeed, he said cudgel me ; I term'd it so, for my more grace.

Bob. That may be ; for I was sure it was none of his word : but when ? when said he so ?

Mat. Faith, yesterday, they say ; a young gallant, a friend of mine told me so.

Bob. By the foot of Pharaoh, and 'twere my case now, I should send him a chartel presently : the bastinado ! ¹⁴ A most proper and sufficient dependance, warranted by the great Caranza : come hither : you shall chartel him ; I'll shew you a trick or two, you shall kill him with at pleasure ; the first stoccata, if you will, by this air.

Mat. Indeed, you have absolute knowledge i' the mystery, I have heard, sir.

Bob. Of whom ? of whom ha'you heard it, I beseech you ?

Mat. Troth I have heard it spoken of divers, that you have very rare, and un-in-one-breath-utter-able skill, sir.

Bob. By heav'n, no not I ; no skill i' the earth ; some small rudiments i' the science, as to know my time, distance, or so : I have profest it more for noblemen and gentlemens use, than mine own practice,

¹⁴ *A most proper and sufficient* DEPENDANCE, warranted by the great CARANZA.] DEPENDANCE, when the fighting system was in vogue, signified the ground or cause of quarrel. The reader may find the doctrine humorously explain'd in *The devil is an ass*, Act 3. Caranza was an author who wrote a treatise on the *Duello* : he is often mention'd by Fletcher with ridicule, and by Jonson in his *New Inn*.

I assure you : hostess, accommodate us with another bed-staff here quickly : lend us another bed-staff : the woman does not understand the words of action¹⁵. Look you, sir : exalt not your point above this state, at any hand, and let your poynard maintain your defence, thus ; (give it the gentleman, and leave us) so, sir. Come on : O, twine your body more about, that you may fall to a more sweet, comely, gentleman-like guard, so, indifferent : hollow your body more, sir, thus : now, stand fast o' your left leg, note your distance, keep your due proportion of time¹⁶—Oh, you disorder your point, most irregularly !

Mat. How is the bearing of it now, sir ?

Bob. O, out of measure ill ! a well experienc'd hand would pass upon you at pleasure.

Mat. How mean you, sir, pass upon me ?

Bob. Why, thus, sir, (make a thrust at me) come in upon the answer, controul your point, and make a full

¹⁵ *Hostess, ACCOMMODATE us with another bed-staff here quickly ; lend us another bed-staff : the woman does not understand the WORDS OF ACTION.*] Corporal Bardolph will explain to us what the captain means by the words of action. “ *Bard.* Pardon me, sir, I have heard the word. Phrase, call you it ? By this day, I know not the phrase : but I will maintain the word with my sword to be a soldier-like word, and a word of exceeding good command. Accommodated, that is, when a man is, as they say, accommodated ; or when a man is, being whereby he may be thought to be accommodated, which is an excellent thing.”

2d Part. Hen. 4th, Act III. Sc. 4.

The word accommodation, as the poet tells us in his Discoveries, was at this time a modish expression, and what he calls, one of the perfumed terms of the age.

¹⁶ *Note your distance, keep your due proportion of time.*] This exposes with much life and humour the affected fashion of duelling, which then so universally prevailed. Bare fighting was not enough ; but it must be managed according to rule, and the directions of the masters in the science. We have the same kind of satire in Shakespear's *Romeo and Juliet*. “ He fights as you sing prick-songs, keeps time, distance and proportion : Ah, the immortal passado, the punto reverso.”

Act. II. Sc. 4.

career

career at the body : The best practis'd gallants of the time name it the passado ; a most desperate thrust, believe it !

Mat. Well, come, sir.

Bob. Why, you do not manage your weapon with any facility or grace to invite me ! I have no spirit to play with you : your dearth of judgment renders you tedious.

Mat. But one venue, sir.

Bob. Venue ! fie ; most gross denomination, as ever I heard : O, the stoccata, while you live, sir, note that ; come, put on your cloke, and we'll go to some private place, where you are acquainted, some tavern, or so—and have a bit—I'll send for one of these fencers, and he shall breathe you, by my direction ; and then I will teach you your trick : you shall kill him with it at the first, if you please. Why, I will learn you by the true judgment of the eye, hand, and foot, to controul any enemy's point i' the world. Should your adversary confront you with a pistol, 'twere nothing, by this hand ; you should by the same rule, controul his bullet, in a line, except it were hail shot, and spread. What money ha' you about you, master Matthew ?

Mat. Faith, I ha' not past a two shillings, or so.

Bob. 'Tis somewhat with the least ; but come ; we will have a bunch of radish, and salt, to taste our wine, and a pipe of tobacco, to close the orifice of the stomach ; and then we'll call upon young Well-bred : perhaps we shall meet the ¹⁷ Coridon, his brother there, and put him to the question.

¹⁷ *The Coridon his brother.*] Meaning Downright, who was half-brother to Well-bred.

A C T II. S C E N E I.

*Kitely, Cash, Downright.**Kit.* **T**Homas, come hither.

There lyes a note within upon my desk,
 Here take my key : it is no matter neither.
 Where is the boy ?

Cash. Within, sir, i' the warehouse.

Kit. Let him tell over straight, that Spanish gold,
 And weigh it, with the pieces of eight. Do you
 See the delivery of those silver-stuffs
 To master Lucar : tell him, if he will,
 He shall ha' the grograns, at the rate I told him,
 And I will meet him on the Exchange anon.

Cash. Good, sir.*Kit.* Do you see that fellow, brother Downright ?*Dow.* I, what of him ?*Kit.* He is a jewel, brother.

I took him of a child, up at my door,
 And christen'd him, gave him mine own name Thomas,
 Since bred him at the hospital ; where proving
 A toward imp, I call'd him home, and taught him
 So much, as I have made him my cashier,
 And giv'n him, who had none, a surname, Cash ;
 And find him in his place so full of faith,
 That I durst trust my life into his hands.

Dow. So would not I in any bastard's, brother,
 As it is like he is ; although I knew
 Myself his father. But you said yo' had somewhat
 To tell me, gentle brother, what is't ? what is't ?

Kit. Faith, I am very loth to utter it,
 As fearing it may hurt your patience :
 But that I know your judgment is of strength,
 Against the nearness of affection —

Dow.

Dow. What need this circumstance? Pray you be direct.

Kit. I will not say, how much I do ascribe
Unto your friendship, nor in what regard
I hold your love; but let my past behaviour,
And usage of your sister, but confirm
How well I have been affected to your ———

Dow. You are too tedious, come to the matter, the matter.

Kit. Then (without further ceremony) thus:
My Brother Well-bred, sir, (I know not how)
Of late, is much declin'd in what he was,
And greatly alter'd in his disposition.
When he came first to lodge here in my house,
Ne'er trust me if I were not proud of him:
Methought he bare himself in such a fashion,
So full of man, and sweetness in his carriage,
" And (what was chief) it shew'd not borrow'd in
him,
" But all he did became him as his own,
" And seem'd as perfect, proper, and posselt,
" As breath with life, or colour with the blood.
But now his course is so irregular,
So loose, affected, and depriv'd of grace,
And he himself withal so far faln off
From that first place, as scarce no note remains,
To tell mens judgments where he lately stood.
He's grown a stranger to all due respect,
Forgetful of his friends; and not content
To stale himself in all societies,
He makes my house here common as a mart,
A theater, a publick receptacle
For giddy humour, and diseased riot;
And here (as in a tavern, or a stews)
He and his wild associates, spend their hours,
In repetition of lascivious jests,

Swear

Swear, leap, drink, dance, and revel night by night,
Controul my servants ; and indeed what not ?

Dow. 'Sdeyns, I know not what I should say to him, i' the whole world ! He values me at a crackt three-farthings, for ought I see.* It will never out of the flesh that's bred i' the bone ! I have told him enough one would think, if that would serve : But counsel to him, is as good as a shoulder of mutton to a sick horse. Well ! he knows what to trust to, for George : let him spend, and spend, and domineer, 'till his heart ake ; an' he think to be believ'd by me, when he is got into one o' your city-pounds, the counters, he has the wrong sow by the ear i' faith ; and claps his dish at the wrong man's door : I'll lay my hand o' my half-peny, e're I part with't to fetch him out, I'll assure him.

Kit. Nay, good brother, let it not trouble you thus.

Dow. 'Sdeath, he mads me, I could eat my very spur-leathers for anger ! But, why are you so tame ? Why do not you speak to him, and tell him how he disquiets your house ?

Kit. O, there are divers reasons to dissuade, brother. But, would yourself vouchsafe to travail in it, (Though but with plain and easie circumstance) It would both come much better to his sense, And favour less of stomach, or of passion. You are his elder brother, and that title

* *He values me at a crackt three farthings, for ought I see.* The three-farthing pieces current in the reign of Queen Elizabeth were made of silver ; and consequently very thin, and much crackt by public use.

“ My face so thin,
“ That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose,
“ Lest men should say, look where three-farthings goes.

SHAKESPEAR'S King John, Act 1. Sc. 2.
Both

Both gives, and warrants your authority,
Which (by your presence seconded) must breed
A kind of duty in him, and regard :
Whereas, if I should intimate the least,
It would but add contempt to his neglect,
Heap worse on ill, make up a pile of hatred,
That in the rearing would come tott'ring down,
And in the ruin bury all our love.
Nay more than this, brother, if I should speak,
He would be ready from his heat of humour,
And over-flowing of the vapour in him,
To blow the ears of his familiars,
With the false breath of telling, what disgraces,
And low disparagements, I had put upon him.
Whilst they, sir, to relieve him in the fable,
Make their loose comments upon every word,
Gesture, or look, I use ; mock me all over,
From my flat cap, unto my shining shoes ;
And, out of their impetuous rioting phant'sies,
Beget some slander that shall dwell with me.
And what would that be, think you ? marry this,
They would give out (because my wife is fair,
My self but lately married, and my sister
Here sojourning a virgin in my house)
That I were jealous ! nay as sure as death,
That they would say. And how that I had quarrell'd
My brother purposely, thereby to find,
An apt pretext, to banish them my house.
Dow. Mass, perhaps so : they're like enough to do it.
Kit. Brother, they would, believe it ; so should I
Like one of these penurious quack-salvers)
Set the bills up to mine own disgrace,
And try experiments upon my self ;
Send scorn and envy opportunity,
To stab my reputation, and good name —

SCENE

S C E N E II.

*Mathew, Bobadill, Down-right, Kitely.**Mat.* I will speak to him——*Bob.* Speak to him? away, by the foot of Pharaoh you shall not, you shall not do him that grace. The time of day, to you gentleman o' the house. Is Mr. Well-bred stirring?*Dow.* How then? what should he do?*Bob.* Gentleman of the house, it is to you; is he within, sir?*Kit.* He came not to his lodging to night, sir, I assure you.*Dow.* Why, do you hear? you!*Bob.* The gentleman-citizen hath satisfied me, I'll talk to no scavenger.*Dow.* How, scavenger? stay, sir, stay.*Kit.* Nay, brother Down-right.*Dow.* 'Heart! stand you away, an' you love me.*Kit.* You shall not follow him now, I pray you, brother, good faith you shall not; I will over-rule you.*Dow.* Ha! scavenger? well, go to, I say little but by this good day, (God forgive me I should swear) if I put it up so, say I am the rankest cow that ever pift. 'Sdeyns, and I swallow this, I'll ne'er draw my sword in the sight of fleet-street again while I live. I'll sit in a barn with madge-howlet, and catch mice first. Scavenger? 'heart, and I'll go near to fill that huge tumbrel-slop of yours, with somewhat, an' have good luck: your Garagantua breech cannot carry it away so.

^a *Why, do you hear you?*] This is the reading of the last edition and is evidently corrupt. I corrected it as it stands above; and turning to the first folio, found my conjecture confirmed by it.

Kit. Oh do not fret your self thus, never think on't.

Dow. These are my brother's consorts, these! these are his cam'rades, his walking mates! he's a gallant, a Cavaliero too, right hang-man cut! Let me not live, an' I could not find in my heart to swinge the whole gang of 'em, one after another, and begin with him first. I am griev'd, it should be said he is my brother, and take these courses: Well, ^b as he brews, so shall he drink, for George, again. Yet he shall hear on't, and that tightly too, an' I live, i' faith.

Kit. But, brother, let your reprehension (then)
Run in an easie current, not o'er-high
Carried with rashness, or devouring choler;
But rather use the soft persuading way,
Whose powers will work more gently, and compose
Th' imperfect thoughts you labour to reclaim;
More winning, than enforcing the consent.

Dow. I, I, let me alone for that, I warrant you.

Kit. How now? oh, the bell rings to breakfast.

[*Bell rings.*]

Brother, I pray you go in, and bear my wife
Company till I come; I'll but give order
For some dispatch of business to my servants——

S C E N E III.

[*To them.*] *Kitely, Cob, Dame Kitely.*

Kit. What, Cob? our maids will have you by the
back i' faith,

For coming so late this morning.

Cob. Perhaps so, sir; take heed some body have not
them by the belly, for walking so late in the evening.

[*He passes by with his tankard.*]

^b *As he brews, so shall he drink*] The poet had given us a hint of
ownright's character before, where he makes Bobadill say of him,
that he has nothing but old iron, and rusty proverbs. The reader
may just observe, how consistently the whole is drawn, and this was
a piece of art, which Jonson learnt from conversing with his classic
master.

Kit. Well, yet my troubled spirit's somewhat eas'd,
 Though not repos'd in that security
 As I could wish: but I must be content.
 How e'er I set a face on't to the world,
 Would I had lost this finger at a venture,
 So Well-bred had ne'er lodg'd within my house.
 Why 't cannot be, where there is such resort
 Of wanton gallants, and young revellers,
 That any woman should be honest long.
 " Is't like, that factious beauty will preserve
 " The publick weal of chastity unshaken,
 " When such strong motives muster, and make head
 " Against her single peace? No, no: beware
 " When mutual appetite doth meet to treat,
 " And spirits of one kind and quality
 " Come once to parley in the pride of blood,
 " It is no slow conspiracy that follows.
 Well, (to be plain) if I but thought the time
 Had answer'd their affections, all the world
 Should not persuade me but I were a cuckold.
 Marry, I hope they ha' not got that start;
 For opportunity hath baulkt 'em yet,
 And shall do still, while I have eyes and ears,
 T' attend the impositions of my heart.
 My presence shall be as an iron bar,
 'Twixt the conspiring motions of desire:
 Yea every look, or glance mine eye ejects,
 Shall check occasion, as one doth his slave,
 When he forgets the limits of prescription.

Dame. Sister Bridget, pray you fetch down the rose-water above in the closet. Sweet-heart, will you come in to breakfast?

Kit. An' she have over-heard me now?

Dame. I pray thee (good Mufs) we stay for you.

Kit. By heav'n I would not for a thousand angels.

Dame. What ail you, sweet-heart? are you not well? speak good Mufs.

Kit. Troth my head akes extremely, on a sudden.¹

Dame. O, the lord!

Kit. How now? what?

Dame. Alas, how it burns? Mufs, keep you warm, good troth it is this *New Disease*, there's a number are troubled withal! for love's sake, sweet-heart, come in, out of the air.

Kit. How simple, and how subtil are her answers? A *New Disease*, and many troubled with it!

Why true; she heard me, all the world to nothing.

Dame. I pray thee, good sweet-heart, come in; the air will do you harm, in troth.

Kit. The air! she has me i' the wind! sweet-heart, I'll come to you presently; 'twill away I hope.

Dame. Pray heaven it do.

Kit. A *New Disease*! I know not, new or old,

But it may well be call'd poor mortals plague;

For, like a pestilence, it doth infect

The houses of the brain. "First it begins

"Solely to work upon the phantasie,

"Filling her seat with such pestiferous air,

"As soon corrupts the judgment; and from thence,

"Sends like contagion to the memory:

"Still each to other giving the infection.

"Which as a subtil vapour spreads itself

"Confusedly, through every sensitive part,

"Till not a thought or motion in the mind

"Be free from the black poison of suspect.

"Ah, but what misery is it to know this?

¹ Troth, my head akes extremely—keep you warm, it is this *NEW DISEASE*] Jonson is exact in his description. Violent pains in the head were the diagnostics of a disorder, which made its first appearance about this time, and bore the appellation the poet gives it. So the author of *Aulicus Coquinarius*, &c. mentioning the illness of which Prince Henry died; "Returned to Richmond in the fall of the leaf, he complained afresh of his pain in the head, with increase of a meagre complexion, inclining to feverish; and then for the rareness thereof called the *NEW DISEASE*."

“ Or knowing it, to want the mind's erection
 “ In such extremes ?” Well, I will once more strive
 (In spite of this black cloud) my self to be,
 And shake the fever off, that thus shakes me.

S C E N E IV.

Brain-worm, Ed. Kno'well, Mr. Stephen.

Brai. 'Slid, I cannot chuse but laugh to see my self translated thus, from a poor creature to a creator ; for now must I create an intolerable sort of lies, or my present profession loses the grace : And yet the lie to a man of my coat, is as ominous a fruit, as the Fico. O sir, it holds for good polity ever, to have that outwardly in vilest estimation, that inwardly is most dear to us. So much for my borrowed shape. Well, the troth is, my old master intends to follow my young, dry-foot, over Moorfields to London, this morning ; now I knowing of this hunting-match, or rather conspiracy, and to insinuate with my young master, (for so must we that are blue-waiters, and men of hope and service do, or perhaps we may wear Motley at the year's end, and who wears Motley, you know) have got me afore in this disguise, determining here to lie in Ambusca-do, and intercept him in the mid-way. If I can but get his cloke, his purse, his hat, nay, any thing to cut him off, that is, to stay his journey, *Veni, vidi, vici*, I may say with Captain Cæsar, I am made forever i' faith. Well, now must I practise to get the true garb of one of these Lance-Knights, my arm here, and my —— young master ! and his cousin, mr. Stephen, as I am true counterfeit man of war, and no foldier !

E. Kno. So sir ; and how then couz ?

Step. 'Sfoot, I have lost my purse, I think.

E. Kno.

E. Kno. How? lost your purse? where? when had you it?

Step. I cannot tell, stay.

Brai. 'Slid! I am afraid they will know me: would I could get by them.

E. Kno. What? ha' you it?

Step. No, I think I was bewicht, I——

E. Kno. Nay, do not weep the loss, hang it, let it go.

Step. Oh, it's here: No, an' it had been lost, I had not car'd, but for a jet ring mrs. Mary sent me.

E. Kno. A jet ring? O the poesie, the poesie?

Step. Fine, i'faith: "Though Fancy sleep, my love
"is deep." Meaning that though I did not fanfie her,
yet she loved me dearly.

E. Kno. Most excellent!

Step. And then I sent her another, and my poesie was,
"The deeper the sweeter, I'll be judg'd by St. Peter."

E. Kno. How, by St. Peter? I do not conceive that.

Step. Marry, St. Peter, to make up the meter.

E. Kno. Well, there the saint was your good patron,
he helpt you at your need; thank him, thank him.

Brai. I cannot take leave on 'em so; I will venture,
come what will. [*he comes back.*] Gentlemen, please you
change a few crowns for a very excellent good blade
here? I am a poor gentleman, a soldier, one that (in
the better state of my fortunes) scorned so mean a re-
fuge; but now it is the humour of necessity to have it
so. You seem to be gentlemen well affected to mar-
tial men, else should I rather die with silence, than
live with shame. However, vouchsafe to remember
it is my want speaks, not myself: This condition
agrees not with my spirit—

E. Kno. Where hast thou served?

Brai. May it please you sir, in all the late wars of
Bohemia, Hungaria, Dalmatia, Poland, where not,
sir? I have been a poor servitor by sea and land, any

time this fourteen years, and followed the fortunes of the best commanders in Christendom. I was twice shot at the taking of Aleppo, once at the relief of Vienna⁴; I have been at Marseilles, Naples, and the Adriatick gulf, a gentleman-slave in the gallies thrice, where I was most dangerously shot in the head, thro' both the thighs, and yet being thus maim'd, I am void of maintenance, nothing left me but my scars, the noted marks of my resolution.

Step. How will you sell this rapier, friend?

Brai. Generous sir, I refer it to your own judgment; you are a gentleman, give me what you please.

Step. True, I am a gentleman, I know that friend: But what though? I pray you say, what would you ask?

Brai. I assure you, the blade may become the side or thigh of the best prince in Europe.

E. Kno. I, with a velvet scabbard, I think.

Step. Nay an't be mine, it shall have a velvet scabbard couz, that's flat: I'd not wear it as 'tis, an' you would give me an angel.

Brai. At your worship's pleasure, sir, nay 'tis a most pure Toledo.

Step. I had rather it were a *Spaniard*. But tell me, what shall I give you for it? An' it had a silver hilt—

E. Kno. Come, come, you shall not buy it; hold, there's a shilling, fellow, take thy rapier.

Step. Why, but I will buy it now, because you say so; and there's another shilling, fellow, I scorn to

⁴ *Twice shot at the taking of Aleppo, once at the relief of VIENNA.* The siege of Vienna, which makes so considerable a figure in the German annals, was begun by Sultan Solyman in April 1529, as it is commonly said, with an incredible multitude of soldiers; but being vigorously opposed by the besieged, he retired from the town in October following. But Leunclavius, who has wrote a history of the siege, tells us that he marched from Constantinople in April, and did not sit down before Vienna till the September afterwards.

be out-bidden. What, shall I walk with a cudgel, like Higgin-bottom, and may have a rapier for money?

E. Kno. You may buy one in the city.

Step. Tut, I'll buy this i' the field, so I will; I have a mind to't, because 'tis a field rapier. Tell me your lowest price.

E. Kno. You shall not buy it, I say.

Step. By this money, but I will, though I give more than 'tis worth.

E. Kno. Come away, you are a fool.

Step. Friend, I am a fool, that's granted; but I'll have it, for that word's sake. Follow me for your money.

Brai. At your service, sir.

S C E N E V.

Kno'well, Brain-worm.

Kno. I cannot lose the thought, yet, of this letter,
Sent to my son; nor leave t'admire the change
Of manners, and the breeding of our youth
Within the kingdom, since myself was one.
When I was young, he liv'd not in the stews
Durst have conceiv'd a scorn, and utter'd it,
On a grey head; "Age was authority
" Against a buffoon, and a man had then
" A certain reverence paid unto his years,
" That had none due unto his life." So much
The sanctity of some prevail'd, for others'.
" But now we all are fall'n; youth, from their fear;
" And age, from that which bred it, good example."
Nay, would ourselves were not the first, even parents,

So much

The sanctity of some prevail'd, for others.] Mr. Theobald would here read *fore others*; and has clapt an *L. T.* to his conjecture, the usual mark of his favourite corrections; but the present reading conveys the same sense, and, bordering upon the Latin idiom, is more likely to be Jonson's.

That did destroy the hopes in our own children,
 Or they not learn'd our vices in their cradles ;
 And suck'd in our ill customs with their milk.
 E're all their teeth be born, or they can speak,
 We make their pallats cunning : the first words
 We form their tongues with, are licentious jests :
 Can it call whore ? cry bastard ? O then kiss it !
 A witty child ! can't swear ? the father's darling !
 Give it two plumbs. Nay, rather than't shall learn
 No bawdy song, the mother herself will teach it !
 But this is in the infancy, the days
 Of the long coat ; when it puts on the breeches,
 It will put off all this. I, it is like,
 When it is gone into the bone already.
 No, no ; this dye goes deeper than the coat,
 Or shirt, or skin : it stains unto the liver,
 And heart, in some : and, rather than it should not,
 Note what we fathers do ! look how we live !
 What mistresses we keep ! at what expence,
 In our sons eyes ! where they may handle our gifts,
 Hear our lascivious courtships, see our dalliance,
 Taste of the same provoking meats with us,
 To ruin of our states ! Nay, when our own
 Portion is fled, to prey on their remainder,
 We call them into fellowship of vice ;
 Bait 'em with the young chamber-maid, to seal ;
 And teach 'em all bad ways to buy affection.
 This is one path : but there are millions more,
 In which we spoil our own, with leading them.
 Well, I thank heav'n, I never yet was he
 That travell'd with my son, before sixteen,
 To shew him the Venetian courtezans ;
 Nor read the grammar of cheating, I had made,

*3 Bait 'em with the young chambermaid to seal.] That is, tempt
 them by this means to give up under their hands a part of their fu-
 ture fortune, for the present enjoyment of the rest.*

To my sharp boy, at twelve ; repeating still
 The rule, " Get money ; still, get money, boy ;
 " No matter by what means ; money will do
 " More, boy, than my lord's letter." Neither have I⁶
 Drest snails or mushrooms curiously before him,
 Perfum'd my sauces, and taught him to make 'em ;
 Preceding still, with my grey gluttony,
 At all the ord'naries, and only fear'd
 His palate should degenerate, not his manners.
 These are the trade of fathers now ; however,
 My son, I hope, hath met within my threshold
 None of these household precedents, which are strong,
 And swift, to rape youth to their precipice.
 But let the house at home be ne'er so clean ⁷—
 Swept, or kept sweet from filth, nay dust and cobwebs,
 If he will live abroad with his companions,
 In dung and leystals, it is worth a fear.
 Nor is the danger of conversing less
 Than all that I have mention'd of example.

Brai. My master ? nay, faith have at you ; I am
 flesht now, I have sped so well. Worshipful sir, I be-
 seech you, respect the estate of a poor soldier ; I am
 ashamed of this base course of life (God's my com-
 fort) but extremity provokes me to't, what remedy ?

Kno. I have not for you, now.

⁶ ————— Neither have I

*Drest snails or mushrooms curiously before him,
 Perfum'd my sauces, and taught him to make 'em ;
 Preceding still with my grey gluttony.]* The poet has adhered

as closely to the sentiments of Juvenal, as the difference of manners
 would admit.

*Nec de se melius cuiquam sperare propinquo
 Concedet juvenis, qui radere tubera terra,
 Boletum condire, & eodem jure natantes
 Mergere fœdulas didicit, nebulone parente,
 Et canâ monstrante gulâ.*

Sat. xiv. ver. 6. & seq.

⁷ But let the house at home be ne'er so clean.]

*Illud non agitas ut sanctam filius omni
 Aspiciat sine labe domum, vitiisque carentem.* Ibid. ver. 68.

Brai.

Brai. By the faith I bear unto truth, gentleman, it is no ordinary custom in me, but only to preserve manhood. I protest to you, a man I have been, a man I may be, by your sweet bounty.

Kno. 'Pray thee, good friend, be satisfied.

Brai. Good sir, by that hand, you may do the part of a kind gentleman, in lending a poor soldier the price of two cans of beer, (a matter of small value) the king of heav'n shall pay you, and I shall rest thankful: sweet worship——

Kno. Nay, an' you be so importunate——

Brai. Oh, tender sir, need will have its course: I was not made to this vile use! well, the edge of the enemy could not have abated me so much: It's hard when a man hath serv'd in his prince's cause, and be thus—[*He weeps.*] Honourable worship, let me derive a small piece of silver from you,^a it shall not be given in the course of time; by this good ground, I was fain to pawn my rapier last night for a poor supper; I had suck'd the hilts long before, I am a pagan else: sweet honour.

Kno. Believe me, I am taken with some wonder, To think a fellow of thy outward presence, Should (in the frame and fashion of his mind) Be so degenerate, and sordid-base! Art thou a man? and sham'st thou not to beg? To practise such a servile kind of life? Why, were thy education ne'er so mean, Having thy limbs, a thousand fairer courses Offer themselves to thy election. Either the wars might still supply thy wants, Or service of some vertuous gentleman, Or honest labour: nay, what can I name, But would become thee better than to beg?

^a *It shall not be given in the course of time,*] The meaning is, that in the course of time he should receive some recompense or other for his gift. It should not be given without any hope of return.

But men of thy condition feed on sloth,
As doth the beetle on the dung she breeds in,
Not caring how the mettall of your minds
Is eaten with the rust of idleness.

Now, afore me, whate'er he be, that should
Relieve a person of thy quality,
While thou insists in this loose desperate course,
I would esteem the sin, not thine, but his.

Brai. Faith, sir, I would gladly find some other
course, if so——

Kno. I, you'd gladly find it, but you will not seek it.

Brai. Alas, sir, where should a man seek? in the
wars, there's no ascent by desert in these days; but
——and for service, would it were as soon purchast,
as wisht for (the air's my comfort) I know what I
would say——

Kno. What's thy name?

Brai. Please you, Fitz-Sword, sir.

Kno. Fitz-Sword?

Say that a man should entertain thee now,
Wouldst thou be honest, humble, just, and true?

Brai. Sir, by the place and honour of a soldier——

Kno. Nay, nay, I like not these affected oaths;
Speak plainly man: what think'st thou of my words?

Brai. Nothing, sir, but wish my fortunes were as
happy, as my service should be honest.

Kno. Well, follow me, I'll prove thee, if thy deeds
Will carry a proportion to thy words.

Brai. Yes, sir, straight, I'll but garter my hose.
Oh that my belly were hoopt now, for I am ready to
burst with laughing! never was bottle or bagpipe fuller.
'Slid, was there ever seen a fox in years to betray
himself thus? now shall I be possesst of all his counsels:
and by that conduit, my young master. Well, he is
resolv'd to prove my honesty; faith, and I'm resolv'd
to prove his patience: Oh, I shall abuse him intol-
erably. This small piece of service will bring him clean
out

out of love with the soldier for ever. He will never come within the sign of it, the sight of a cassock, or a ^s musket-rest again. He will hate the musters at Mile-end for it, to his dying day. It's no matter, let the world think me a bad counterfeit, if I cannot give him the slip, at an instant: why, this is better than to have staid his journey! well, I'll follow him: Oh, how I long to be employed!

ACT III. SCENE I.

Matthew, Well-bred, Bobadill, Ed. Kno'well, Stephen.

Mat. **Y**ES faith, sir, we were at your lodging to seek you too.

Wel. Oh, I came not there to-night.

Bob. Your brother delivered us as much.

Wel. Who? my brother Downright?

Bob. He! Mr. Well-bred, I know not in what kind you hold me; but let me say to you this: as sure as honour, I esteem it so much out of the sun-shine of reputation, to throw the least beam of regard upon such a ———

Wel. Sir, I must hear no ill words of my brother.

Bob. I protest to you, as I have a thing to be sav'd about me, I never saw any gentleman-like-part——

^s *The sight of a CASSOCK, or MUSKET-REST again.*] Cassock, in the sense it is here used, is not to be met with in our common dictionaries: it signifies a soldier's loose outward coat, and is taken in that acceptation by the writers of Jonson's times. Thus Shakespear in *All's well that ends well*; "Half of the which dare not shake the snow from their cassocks." A *musket-rest* was a support stuck before the soldiers into the ground to lay their guns on; for at the first invention of gun-powder, their fire-arms were extremely long, and could not be easily supported without this assistance.

Wel.

Wel. Good ' captain, faces about ——— to some other discourse.

Bob. With your leave, Sir, an' there were no more men living upon the face of the earth, I should not fancy him, by St. George.

Mat. Troth, nor I, he is of a rustical cut, I know not how; he doth not carry himself like a gentleman of fashion. ———

Wel. Oh, mr. Matthew, that's a grace peculiar but to a few; *quos æquus amavit Jupiter.*

Mat. I understand you, Sir,

Wel. No question, you do, or you do not, sir.

Enter young Kno'well.

Ned Kno'well! by my soul, welcome; how dost thou sweet spirit, my Genius? 'Slid I shall love Apollo, and the mad Thespian girls the better, while I live, for this; my dear Fury: now, I see there's some love in thee! Sirrah, these be the two I writ to thee of (nay, what a drowsy humour is this now? why dost thou not speak?)

E. Kno. Oh, you are a fine gallant, you sent me a rare letter!

Wel. Why, was't not rare?

E. Kno. Yes, I'll be sworn, I was ne'er guilty of

¹ *Good captain (FACES ABOUT) to some other discourse.]* The last editor seems to have been extremely puzzled with the two words he hath put in a parenthesis; which were submitted, I suppose, to the reader, to be used or dropt at pleasure; but they are neither without a meaning, nor destitute of humour. Bobadill, in the presence of Well-bred, begins to disparage Downright: to this he answers, that he must hear no ill words of his brother. The other persists in his discourse; and Well-bred, willing to change the subject, addresses the captain in the true military stile, *Good captain, faces about, — to some other discourse.* The reader now sees, that these words are quite in character, when applied to Bobadill; and that they are of the same import with our modern phrase, which, by the dropping of a letter, is corrupted to *Face about.* We meet with the expression in Fletcher's *Knight of the burning pestle*, where Ralph is exercising his men; "Double your files: as you were; *faces about.*"

read-

reading the like ; match it in all Pliny, or Symmachus' epistles, and I'll have my judgment burn'd in the ear for a rogue : make much of thy vein, for it is inimitable. But I marvel what camel it was, that had the carriage of it : for, doubtless, he was no ordinary beast that brought it !

Wel. Why ?

E. Kno. Why, say'st thou ? why dost thou think that any reasonable creature, especially in the morning (the sober time of the day too) could have mista'en my father for me ?

Wel. 'Slid, you jest, I hope.

E. Kno. Indeed, the best use we can turn it to, is to make a jest on't, now : but I'll assure you, my father had the full view o' your flourishing stile, some hour before I saw it.

Wel. What a dull slave was this ? But, firrah, what said he to it, i'faith ?

E. Kno. Nay, I know not what he said : but I have a shrewd guess what he thought.

Wel. What ? what ?

E. Kno. Marry, that thou art some strange dissolute young fellow, and I a grain or two better, for keeping thee company.

Wel. Tut, that thought is like the moon in her last quarter, 'twill change shortly : but, firrah, I pray thee be acquainted with my two hang-by's here ; thou wilt take exceeding pleasure in 'em, if thou hear'st 'em once go : my wind-instruments. I'll wind them up——but what strange piece of silence is this ? the sign of the dumb man ?

E. Kno. Oh, fir, a kinsman of mine, one that may make your musick the fuller, an' he please ; he has his humour, fir.

Wel. Oh, what is't ? what is't ?

E. Kno. Nay, I'll neither do your judgment, nor his folly that wrong, as to prepare your apprehension : I'll leave

leave him to the mercy o' your search, if you can take him, so.

Wel. Well, captain Bobadill, mr. Matthew 'pray you know this gentleman here, he is a friend of mine, and one that will deserve your affection. I know not your name, sir, but I shall be glad of any occasion, to render me more familiar to you. [*To master Stephen.*]

Step. My name is mr. Stephen, sir, I am this gentleman's own cousin, sir, his father is mine uncle, sir: I am somewhat melancholy, but you shall command me, sir, in whatsoever is incident to a gentleman.

Bob. Sir, I must tell you this, I am no general man, but for mr. Well-bred's sake (you may embrace it at what height of favour you please) I do communicate with you, and conceive you to be a gentleman of some parts; I love few words. [*To Kno'well.*]

E. Kno. And I fewer, sir, I have scarce enough to thank you.

Mat. But are you indeed, sir, so given to it?

[*To master Stephen.*]

Step. I, truly, sir, I am mightily given to melancholy.

Mat. Oh, it's your only fine humour, sir, your true melancholy breeds your perfect fine wit, sir²: I am melancholy my self, divers times, sir, and then do I nomore but take pen and paper presently, and overflow you half a score, or a dozen of sonnets at a sitting,

E. Kno. (Sure he utters them then by the gross.)

Step. Truly, sir, and I love such things out of measure.

² *Your true melancholy breeds your perfect fine wit, sir.*] Designed as a sneer upon the fantastic behaviour of the gallants in that age, who affected the appearing melancholy, and abstracted from common objects. The reason assigned, as its being the physical cause of wit, which, I believe, is as old as Aristotle himself, was likewise generally received by those who had no other pretence to genius to boast of.

E. Kno:

E. Kno. I'faith, better than in measure, I'll undertake.

Mat. Why, I pray you, sir, make use of my study, it's at your service.

Step. I thank you, sir, I shall be bold I warrant you; have you a stool there, to be melancholy upon?

Mat. That I have, sir, and some papers there of mine own doing, at idle hours, that you'll say there's some sparks of wit in 'em, when you see them.

Wel. Would the sparks would kindle once, and become a fire amongst 'em, I might see self-love burnt for her heresie.

Step. Cousin, is it well? am I melancholy enough?

E. Kno. Oh I, excellent!

Wel. Captain Bobadill, why muse you so?

E. Kno. He is melancholy too.

Bob. Faith, sir, I was thinking of a most honourable piece of service, was perform'd to-morrow, being St. Mark's day, shall be some ten years, now.

E. Kno. In what place, captain?

Bob. Why, at the beleag'ring of Strigonium¹, where, in less than two hours, seven hundred resolute gentlemen, as any were in Europe, lost their lives upon the breach. I'll tell you, gentlemen, it was the first, but the best leaguer that ever I beheld with these eyes, except the taking in of—what do you call it, last year,

¹ *Why, at the beleag'ring of Strigonium;*] Or, the city Graan in Hungary, which was retaken from the Turks in the year 1597. Busbequius describes the situation of it, in the following words: *Sic deducor Strigonium; quo nomine Arx in colle sita, cujus pedem Danubius alluit, & oppidum vicinum quod in planitie jacet, designatur.* Epist. 1. It should be observed, that the inroads, which the Turks made in the emperor's dominions, had made it fashionable to go a volunteering in his service; and we find that Thomas Lord Arundel of Wardour was created at this very time a count of the Empire, as a reward of his signal valour; and because in forcing the Water-tower near Strigonium, he took from the Turks their banner with his own hand.

by the Genoways, but that (of all other) was the most fatal and dangerous exploit that ever I was rang'd in, since I first bore arms before the face of the enemy, as I am a gentleman and a soldier.

Step. 'So, I had as lief as an angel I could swear as well as that gentleman.

E. Kno. Then, you were a servitor at both, it seems ; at Strigonium, and what do you call't ?

Bob. O lord, sir, by St. George, I was the first man that entred the breach : and, had I not effected it with resolution, I had been slain if I had had a million of lives.

E. Kno. 'Twas pity you had not ten ; a cat's and your own, i'faith. But, was it possible ?

Mat. (Pray you, mark this discourse, sir.

Step. So I do)

Bob. I assure you (upon my reputation) 'tis true, and your self shall confess.

E. Kno. You must bring me to the rack, first.

Bob. Observe me judicially, sweet sir ; they had planted me three demi-culverins just in the mouth of the breach ; now, sir, (as we were to give on) their master-gunner, (a man of no mean skill and mark, you must think) confronts me with his lin-stock, ready to give fire ; I spying his intendment, discharg'd my petriovel in his bosom, and with these single arms, my poor rapier, ran violently upon the Moors that guarded the ordinance, and put 'em pell-mell to the sword.

Wel. To the sword ? to the rapier, captain ?

E. Kno. Oh, it was a good figure observ'd, sir ! but did you all this, captain, without hurting your blade ?

Bob. Without any impeach o' the earth ; you shall perceive, sir. It is the most fortunate weapon that ever rid on poor gentleman's thigh ; shall I tell you,

VOL. I.

E

fir ?

fir? you talk of *morglay*, *excalibur*, *durindana*, or so⁴?
 Tut, I lend no credit to that is fabled of 'em, I know
 the vertue of mine own, and therefore I dare the bold-
 lier maintain it.

Step. I mar'l whether it be a Toledo or no?

Bob. A most perfect Toledo, I assure you, fir.

Step. I have a countryman of his here.

Mat. Pray you, let's see, fir; yes faith, it is!

Bob. This a Toledo? pish.

Step. Why do you pish, captain?

Bob. A Fleming, by heav'n: I'll buy them for a
 guilder apiece, an' I would have a thousand of them.

E. Kno. How say you, cousin? I told you thus
 much.

Wel. Where bought you it, master Stephen?

Step. Of a scurvy rogue soldier (a hundred of lice go
 with him) he swore it was a Toledo.

Bob. A poor provant rapier, no better.

Mat. Mafs, I think it be indeed, now I look on't
 better.

E. Kno. Nay the longer you look on't, the worse.
 Put it up, put it up.

Step. Well, I will put it up; but by—(I ha' for-
 got the captain's oath, I thought to ha' sworn by it)
 an' e'er I meet him——

Wel. O, it is past help now, fir, you must have
 patience.

⁴ You talk of MORGLAY, EXCALIBUR, DURINDANA, or [s.]
 These blades make a figure in romance: *Morglay* was the sword
 of Bevis of Southampton; *Durindana* was the sword of Orlando.
 See *Don Quixot*, vol. III. chap. 26. *Excalibur* was the sword
 of the renowned king Arthur. It may not be impertinent to observe
 here, that Mr. Congreve, who was a great admirer and imitator of
 Jonson, has formed the character of Bluff in the *Old Batchelor*,
 upon this of Bobadill, as will easily appear by comparing them
 together.

Step. Horson! cunny-catching raskal! I could eat the very hilts for anger.

E. Kno. A sign of good digestion; you have an ostrich-stomach, cousin.

Step. A stomach? would I had him here, you should see an' I had a stomach.

Wel. It's better as 'tis; come gentlemen, shall we go?

S C E N E II.

E. Kno'well, Brain-worm, Stephen, Well-bred, Bobadill, Matthew.

E. Kno. A miracle, cousin, look here! look here!

Step. Oh gods lid, by your leave, do you know me, fir?

Brai. I, fir, I know you by sight.

Step. You sold me a rapier, did you not?

Brai. Yes mar-y did I, fir.

Step. You said it was a Toledo, ha?

Brai. True, I did so.

Step. But it is none.

Brai. No, fir, I confests it, it is none.

Step. Do you confests it? Gentlemen bear witness, he has confest it: by God's will an' you had not confest it—

E. Kno. Oh cousin, forbear, forbear.

Step. Nay, I have done, cousin.

Wel. Why, you have done like a gentleman; he has confest it, what would you more?

Step. Yet, by his leave, he is a raskal, under his favour, do you see.

E. Kno. I, by his leave, he is, and under favour; a pretty piece of civility! Sirrah, how dost thou like him?

Wel. Oh its a most precious fool, make much on him: I can compare him to nothing more happily,
E 2 than

than a drum ; for every one may play upon him.

E. Kno. No, no, a child's whistle were far the fitter.

Brai. Sir, shall I intreat a word with you ?

E. Kno. With me, sir ? you have not another Toledo to sell, ha' you ?

Brai. You are conceited, sir ; your name is master Kno'well, as I take it ?

E. Kno. You are i' the right ; you mean not to proceed in the catechism, do you ?

Brai. No, sir, I am none of that coat.

E. Kno. Of as bare a coat, though ; well, say sir.

Brai. Faith sir, I am but servant to the drum extraordinary, and indeed (this smoky varnish being washt off, and three or four patches remov'd) I appear your worship's in reversion, after the decease of your good father, Brain-worm.

E. Kno. Brain-worm ! 'Slight, what breath of a conjurer hath blown thee hither in this shape ?

Brai. The breath o' your letter, sir, this morning ; the same that blew you to the Wind-mill, and your father after you.

E. Kno. My father !

Brai. Nay, never start, 'tis true ; he has follow'd you over the fields by the foot, as you would do a hare i' the snow.

E. Kno. Sirrah Well-bred, what shall we do, sirrah ? my father is come over after me.

Wel. Thy father, where is he ?

Brai. At justice Clement's house, in Coleman-street, where he but stays my return ; and then—

Wel. Who's this ? Brain-worm ?

Brai. The same, sir.

Wel. Why how, in the name of wit, com'st thou transmuted thus ?

Brai. Faith, a device, a device ; nay, for the love of reason, gentlemen, and avoiding the danger, stand not here ; withdraw and I'll tell you all.

Wel.

Wel. But art thou sure he will stay thy return?

Brai. Do I live, sir? what a question is that?

Wel. We'll prorogue his expectation then, a little :
Brain-worm, thou shalt go with us. Come on, gentlemen ; nay, I pray thee, sweet Ned, droop not ;
heart, an' our wits be so wretchedly dull, that one
old plodding brain can out-strip us all, would we were
e'en prest to make porters of, and serve out the remnant
of our days in Thames-street, or at Custom-house
key in a civil war against the carmen.

Brai. Amen, Amen, Amen, say I.

S C E N E III.

Kitchy, Casb.

Kit. What says he, Thomas? Did you speak with him?

Casb. He will expect you, sir, within this half hour.

Kit. Has he the mony ready, can you tell?

Casb. Yes, sir, the money was brought in last night.

Kit. O, that is well ; fetch me my cloke, my cloke.

Stay, let me see, an hour to go and come ;

I, that will be the least ; and then 'twill be

An hour before I can dispatch with him,

Or very near ; well, I will say two hours.

Two hours ! ha ! things never dreamt of yet

May be contriv'd, I, and effected too,

In two hours absence ; well, I will not go.

Two hours ! " no, fleeing opportunity,

" I will not give your subtilty that scope.

" Who will not judge him worthy to be robb'd,

" That sets his doors wide open to a thief,

" And shews the felon where his treasure lies ?

" Again, what earthy spirit but will attempt

" To taste the fruit of beauty's golden tree,

" When leaden sleep seals up the dragon's eyes ?

E 3

I will

" I will not go. Business, go by for once.

" No, beauty, no ; you are of too good caract,

" To be left so, without a guard or open !

" Your lustre too'll inflame at any distance,

" Draw courtship to you, as a jet doth straws ;

" Put motion in a stone, strike fire from ice,

" Nay, make a porter leap you with his burden !

" You must be then kept up, close, and well watch'd,

" For, give you opportunity. no quick-sand

" Devours or swallows swifter !" He that lends

His wife (if she be fair) or time or place,

Compels her to be false. I will not go :

The dangers are too many. And then the dressing

Is a most main attractive ! Our great heads,

Within this city, never were in safety

Since our wives wore these little caps : I'll change 'em :

I'll change 'em straight in mine. Mine shall no more

Wear three-pil'd acorns, to make my horns ake.

Nor will I go : I am resolv'd for that.

Carry in my cloke again. Yet stay. Yet do too :

I will defer going on all occasions.

Cass. Sir, Snare your scrivener will be there with the bonds.

Kit. That's true ! fool on me ! I had clean forgot it ; I must go. What's a clock ?

^s *No, beauty, no ; you are of too good CARACT,*

To be left so, without a guard or open !] That is, you are of too intrinsic a value to be left thus exposed, and public, without any to preserve and guard you. The metaphor is taken from the finest gold, which hath the least mixture of alloy in it ; or from the value of pearls, which are most precious when they contain more caracts in weight. This is a way of speaking familiar to the best writers of that age : the author of *Nero Caesar*, speaking of the pomp in which the plays were acted under the patronage of the emperor, says, " That Nero studded their golden scepters, " staves, and vizards with oriental unions, and pearls, OF THE " MOST CARACTS." p. 262.

Cass.

Casb. Exchange-time, sir.

Kit. 'Heart, then will Well-bred presently be here too,
With one or other of his loose consorts.

I am a knave, if I know what to say,
What course to take, or which way to resolve.

" My brain methinks is like an hour-glass,

" Wherein m' Imaginations run like sands

" Filling up time; but then are turn'd and turn'd :

" So that I know not what to stay upon,

" And less to put in act." It shall be so.

Nay, I dare build upon his secrecie,

He knows not to deceive me. Thomas ?

Casb. Sir.

Kit. Yet now I have bethought me too, I will not.
Thomas, is Cob within ?

Casb. I think he be, sir.

Kit. But he'll prate too, there is no speech of him.

No, there were no man o' the earth to Thomas,

If I durst trust him; there is all the doubt.

But should he have a chink in him, I were gone,

Lost i' my fame for ever, talk for th' exchange.

The manner he hath stood with, 'till this present,

Doth promise no such change, what should I fear then ?

Well, come what will, I'll tempt my fortune once.

Thomas—you may deceive me, but, I hope—

Your love to me is more——

Casb. Sir, if a servant's

Duty, with faith, may be call'd love, you are

More than in hope, you are possess'd of it.

Kit. I thank you heartily Thomas : Gi' me your hand :

With all my heart, good Thomas. I have, Thomas,

A secret to impart unto you—but,

When once you have it, I must seal your lips up :

(So far I tell you Thomas.)

Casb. Sir, for that——

Kit. Nay, hear me out. Think I esteem you, Thomas, When I will let you in thus to my private. It is a thing fits nearer to my crest,⁶ Than thou art 'ware of, Thomas: if thou should'st Reveal it, but ———

Cash. How! I reveal it?

Kit. Nay,

I do not think thou would'st; but if thou should'st, 'Twere a great weakness.

Cash. A great treachery.

Give it no other name.

Kit. Thou wilt not do't, then?

Cash. Sir, if I do, mankind disclaim me ever.

Kit. He will not swear, he has some reservation, Some conceal'd purpose, and close meaning sure; Else (being urg'd so much) how should he chuse But lend an oath to all this protestation? He's no precisian, that I'm certain of, Nor rigid Roman Catholic. He'll play At Fayles, and Tick-tack; I have heard him swear.⁷ What should I think of it? urge him again, And by some other way: I will do so. Well Thomas, thou hast sworn not to disclose; Yes, you did swear?

Cash. Not yet, sir, but I will, Please you ———

⁶ *It fits nearer to my crest, than thou art 'ware of.]* It concerns my reputation nearer than you imagine.

⁷ ——— He'll play

At fayles, and tick-tack; I have heard him swear.] From these instances, he concludes that Cash is no precisian, or Puritan; as from some others, not indeed mentioned by the poet, tho' undoubtedly well known to Kitely, he is convinced that he is no Roman catholic. The Puritans were at that time remarkable for their scrupulous abstaining from diversions, and from affirmations of every kind, in their common discourse. *Tic tac*, or, what is the truer way of writing, *trac*, is a game at tables, but little understood, or played at, in the present age. Menage tells us, the word is formed from the sound

Kit. No, Thomas, I dare take thy word.
But, if thou wilt swear, do as thou think'st good;
I am resolv'd without it; at thy pleasure.

Casb. By my soul's safety then, sir, I protest
My tongue shall ne'er take knowledge of a word
Deliver'd me in nature of your trust.

Kit. It is too much, these ceremonies need not,
I know thy faith to be as firm as rock.
Thomas, come hither, near; we cannot be
Too private in this business. So it is,
(Now he has sworn, I dare the safelier venture)
I have of late, by divers observations
(But whether his oath can bind him, yea, or no,
Being not taken lawfully? ha? say you?
I will ask council e'er I do proceed:)
Thomas, it will be now too long to stay,
I'll spy some fitter time soon, or to morrow.

Casb. Sir, at your pleasure.

Kit. I will think. And Thomas,
I pray you search the books 'gainst my return,

which the dice make, when thrown upon the table. *Ce mot est formé par Onomatopée, du bruit que font les dez quand on les pousse sur le tablier. M. de Saumaise sur l'histoire Auguste, pag. 468. Quod ad hunc vero tabulæ lusum attinet, duodecim scriptorum, sciendum est omnino eundem esse, paucis mutatis, cum eo quem vulgo tric-tracum appellamus. On prononçoit anciennement tic tac; les Allemans prononcent encore de la sorte.* Menage Etymol. in voc.

* But whether his oath can bind him, yea or no.

Being not taken lawfully.] The character of Kiteley is extremely well imagined, and supported with great propriety. His jealousy is constantly returning, and creates him fresh scruples in every thing he sets about. It was a question in casuistry, whether an oath was of any force, unless taken in form before a legal magistrate: the poet therefore brings this to his imagination, to fill him with groundless objections and throw him into the greater perplexity. Within these few years, we have seen the part of a Suspicious Husband represented on the stage, and drawn with that life and nature as did the utmost credit to the author. Yet Jonson, I believe, will be allowed to have set the pattern; and to have been the most faithful copier, may be deemed a sufficient share of glory to a modern writer.

For

For the receipts 'twixt me and Traps.

Casb. I will, sir.

Kit. And hear you, if your mistress' brother Well-bred

Chance to bring hither any gentleman,
E're I come back, let one straight bring me word.

Casb. Very well, sir.

Kit. To the exchange; do you hear!
Or here in Coleman street, to justice Clement's.
Forget it not, nor be not out of the way.

Casb. I will not, sir.

Kit. I pray you have a care on't.
Or whether he come, or no, if any other
Stranger, or else, fail not to send me word.

Casb. I shall not, sir.

Kit. Be't your special business
Now to remember it.

Casb. Sir, I warrant you.

Kit. But Thomas, this is not the secret, Thomas,
I told you of.

Casb. No, sir: I do suppose it.

Kit. Believe me, it is not.

Casb. Sir, I do believe you.

Kit. By heav'n it is not, that's enough. But Thomas,
I would not you should utter it, do you see,
To any creature living; yet I care not.
Well, I must hence. Thomas, conceive thus much,
It was a trial of you, when I meant
So deep a secret to you, I mean not this,
But that I have to tell you; this is nothing, this.
But Thomas, keep this from my wife I charge you,
Lock'd up in silence, mid-night, buried here.
No greater hell than to be slave to fear.

Casb. Lock'd up in silence, mid-night, buried here!
Whence should this flood of passion (trow) take head?
ha!

Best dream no longer of this running humour,

For

For fear I sink ! the violence of the stream
Already hath transported me so far,
That I can feel no ground at all ! but soft,
Oh, 'tis our water-bearer ; somewhat has crost him now.

S C E N E IV.

Cob, Casb.

Cob. Fasting-days ? what tell you me of fasting days ?
'Slid, would they were all on a light fire for me : They
say the whole world shall be consum'd with fire one
day, but would I had these ember-weeks and villa-
nous fridays burnt in the mean time, and then——

Casb. Why, how now Cob ? what moves thee to
this choler ? ha ?

Cob. Collar, master Thomas ? I scorn your collar,
I sir, I am none o' your cart-horse, though I carry
and draw water. An' you offer to ride me with your
collar or halter either, I may hap shew you a jade's
trick, sir.

Casb. O, you'll slip your head out of the collar ?
why goodman Cob you mistake me.

Cob. Nay, I have my rheum, and I can be angry
as well as another, sir.

Casb. Thy rheum, Cob ? thy humour, thy humour ?
thou mistak'st.

Cob. Humour ? mack, I think it be so indeed ; what
is that humour ? some rare thing I warrant.

Casb. Marry I'll tell thee Cob : it is a gentleman-
like monster, bred in the special gallantry of our time,

What is that humour ? Every oddity a man affected, was then
called his humour, a word that seems to have been first used in that
sense, about the age of Jonson. But we shall have occasion to
say more of this, in the notes on the first act of *Every man out of
his humour*.

by

by affectation ; and fed by folly.

Cob. How ? must it be fed ?

Casb. Oh I, humour is nothing if it be not fed. Didst thou never hear that ? it's a common phrase, feed my humour.

Cob. I'll none on it : humour, avant, I know you not, be gone ; let who will make hungry meals for your monster-ship, it shall not be I. Feed you, quoth he ? 'slid, I ha' much ado to feed my self, especially on these lean rascally days too ; an't had been any other day but a fasting day (a plague on them all for me) by this light, one might have done the common-wealth good service, and have drown'd them all i' the flood two or three hundred thousand years ago. O, I do stomach them hugely ! I have a maw now, an' 'twere for sir Bevis his horse, against 'em¹⁰.

Casb. I pray thee, good Cob, what makes thee so out of love with fasting-days ?

Cob. Marry that which will make any man out of love with 'em, I think ; their bad conditions, an' you will needs know. First, they are of a Flemish breed I am sure on't, for they raven up more butter than all the days of the week beside : Next, they stink of fish and leek-porridge miserably : Thirdly, they'll keep a man devoutly hungry all day, and at night send him supperless to bed.

Casb. Indeed these are faults, Cob.

Cob. Nay, an' this were all, 'twere something ; but they are the only known enemies to my generation. A fasting day no sooner comes, but my lineage goes to wrack, poor Cobs, they smoak for it, they are

¹⁰ *I have a maw now, and 'twere for sir BEVIS his horse against 'em*] His horse's name Arundel. " 'Tis supposed (says sir Thomas Elyot, *Governour*, edit. 1580. p. 58.) That the castle of Arundel in Suffex was built by Beauvise earl of Southampton, as a monument for his horse Arundel, which in foreign countries had saved his master from several perils."

made martyrs o' the gridiron, they melt in passion :
And your maids too know this, and yet would have
me turn Hannibal, and eat my own flesh and blood.
[He pulls out a red-herring.] My princely couz, fear
nothing ; I have not the heart to devour you, an' I
might be made as rich as King Cophetua." O that
I had room for my tears, I could weep salt-water
enough now to preserve the lives of ten thousand
thousand of my kin. But I may curse none but these
filthy almanacks ; for an't were not for them, these
days of persecution would ne'er be known. " I'll be
hang'd an' some fishmonger's son do not make of 'em,
and puts in more fasting days than he should do, be-
cause he would utter his father's dried stock-fish and
stinking conger.

Cob. 'Slight, Peace, thou'lt be beaten like a stock-
fish else : here's mr. Mathew. Now must I look out
for a messenger to my master.

" I have not the heart to devour you, an' I might be made as rich as
King Cophetua.] King Cophetua is mentioned in Shakespear, not
as rich, but as marrying a beggar-maid ; in which he alludes to an
old ballad, intituled, *Cupid's revenge ; or, An account of a king who
sighted all women, and was constrained to marry a beggar at last.*

Old Ballads, 3d. edit. Vol. I. p. 141. Dr. GREY.

" I'll be hang'd an' some fishmonger's son do not make of 'em] For
the support and encouragement of the fishing towns in the time of
queen Elizabeth, Wednesdays and Fridays were constantly observ-
ed as fast-days, or days of abstinence from flesh. This was by the
advice of her minister Cecil ; and by the vulgar it was generally
called Cecil's Fast. See WARBURTON'S note on King Lear, Act, I:
Sc. 12. Cob, by an oblique satire, alludes to the same thing, and
supposes him the son of a fishmonger, as Virgil told Augustus, he
imagined he was the son of a baker, when, by way of reward, he
ordered his allowance of bread to be doubled.

S C E N E

S C E N E V.

Well-bred, E. Kno'well, Brain-worm, Bobadill, Matthew Stephen, Thomas, Cob.

Wel. Beshrew me, but it was an absolute good jest, and exceedingly well ca ried.

E. Kno. I, and our ignorance maintain'd it as well, did it not ?

Wel. Yes faith ; but was't possible thou shouldst not know him ? I forgive mr. Stephen, for he is stupidity itself.

E. Kno. 'Fore God, not I, an' I might ha' been join'd patten with one of the seven wise masters for knowing him. He had so writhen himself into the habit of one of your poor infantry, your decayed, ruinous, worm-eaten gentlemen of the round¹¹ ; such as have vowed to sit on the skirts of the city, let your provost, and his half-dozen of halberdiers, do what they can ; and have translated begging out of the old hackney-pace, to a fine easy amble, and made it run as smooth off the tongue as a shove-groat shilling^{*}. Into the likeness of one of these reformados had he mould.

¹¹ *Your decayed, ruinous, worm-eaten gentlemen of the round.*] Invalids, or disbanded men, who, to procure themselves a livelihood, had taken up the trade of begging. A gentleman of the round was a soldier of inferior rank, but in a station above that of a common man. This appears from a pamphlet published in that age, in which the several military degrees are thus enumerated: "The general, high marshall with his provosts, serjeant-general, serjeant of a regiment, coronel, captayne, lieutenant, auncient serjeant of a company, corporall, gentleman in a company or of the rounde, launce-passado. These, says the author, are special ; the other that remain, private or common soldiers." *The castle or picture of policy*, &c. 1581. The duty of these gentlemen was, to visit the centinels, watches, and advanced guards ; and from their office of going their rounds, they derive their name.

^{*} *A shove-groat shilling.*] This expression occurs too in *Shakespeare* ; "Quoit him down, Bardolph, like a shove-groat shilling." *First part of Henry IV.* The thing meant, I suppose, is the piece of metal made use of in the play of shovel-board.

ed himself so perfectly, observing every trick of their action, as, varying the accent, swearing with an emphasis, indeed, all with so special and exquisite a grace, that (hadst thou seen him) thou would'st have sworn, he might have been serjeant-major, if not lieutenant-coronel to the regiment.

Wel. Why Brain-worm, who would have thought thou hadst been such an artificer?

E. Kno. An artificer? an architect! Except a man had studied begging all his life-time, and been a weaver of language from his infancy for the cloathing of it, I never saw his rival.

Wel. Where got'st thou this coat, I mar'le?

Brai. Of a Houndsditch man, sir, one of the devil's near kinsmen, a broker.

Wel. That cannot be, if the proverb hold; for, A crafty knave needs no broker.

Brai. True, sir; but I did need a broker, *ergo*.

Wel. (Well put off.) No crafty knave, you'll say.

E. Kno. Tut, he has more of these shifts.

Brai. And yet where I have one, the broker has ten, sir.

Tbo. Francis, Martin: Ne'er a one to be found now? What a spite's this?

Wel. How now, Thomas? Is my brother Kately within?

Tbo. No sir, my master went forth e'en now; but master Downright is within. Cob, what Cob? Is he gone too?

Wel. Whither went your master, Thomas, canst thou tell?

Tbo. I know not; to justice Clement's, I think, sir. Cob.

E. Kno. Justice Clement! what's he?

Wel. Why, dost thou not know him? He is a city-magistrate, a justice here, an excellent good lawyer, and a great scholar; but the only mad, merry old fellow in Europe. I shewed him you the other day.

E. Kno.

E. Kno. Oh, is that he? I remember him now. Good faith, and he is a very strange presence, methinks it shews as if he stood out of the rank from other men: I have heard many of his jests i' th' university. They say he will commit a man for taking the wall of his horse ¹⁴.

Wel. I, or wearing his cloak on one shoulder, or serving of God; any thing indeed, if it come in the way of his humour.

Cash. Gasper, Martin, Cob: 'Heart, where should they be trow? [Cash goes in and out, calling.

Bob. Master Kitley's man, pray thee vouchsafe us the lighting of this match.

Cash. Fire on your match: No time but now to vouchsafe? Francis, Cob.

Bob. Body o' me! here's the remainder of seven pound since yesterday was seven-night. 'Tis your right *Trinidado*.¹⁵ Did you never take any, master Stephen?

Step. No truly, sir; but I'll learn to take it now, since you commend it so.

Bob. Sir, believe me (upon my relation) for what I tell you, the world shall not reprove. I have been in the Indies (where this herb grows) where neither myself, nor a dozen gentlemen more of my knowledge, have received the taste of any other nutriment in the world, for the space of one and twenty weeks, but the fume of this simple only. Therefore, it cannot be, but 'tis most divine. Further, take it in the nature, in the true kind, so, it makes an antidote, that had you taken

¹⁴ *They say he will commit a man for TAKING THE WALL of his horse.*] Of this cast was a celebrated lawyer in our times, who turned off his man-servant for taking the wall of his bag. Dr. Gerv.

¹⁵ *'Tis your right TRINIDADO.*] The product of that island was at this time much in request: our old cosmographer, no incompetent judge perhaps of this matter, tells us, it abounds with the best kind of tobacco, much celebrated formerly by the name of a *Pipe of Trinidado*.

HEYLIN'S *Cosmog.* L. iv. p. 114.

the most deadly poisonous plant in all Italy, it should expel it, and clarify you, with as much ease as I speak. And for your green wound, your Balsamum and your St. John's Wort are all meer gulleries and trash to it, especially your Trinidado; your Nicotian is good too¹⁶. I could say what I know of the virtue of it, for the expulsion of rheums, raw humours, crudities, obstructions, with a thousand of this kind; but I profess myself no quacksalver. Only thus much; by Hercules, I do hold it, and will affirm it (before any prince in Europe) to be the most sovereign and precious weed that ever the earth tendered to the use of man.

E. Kno. This speech would ha' done decently in a tobacco-trader's mouth.

Casb. At justice Clement's he is, in the middle of Coleman-street.

Cob. Oh, oh!

Bob. Where's the match I gave thee, master Kitley's man?

Casb. Would his match and he, and pipe and all were at Sancto Domingo. I had forgot it.

Cob. By Gods me, I marle what pleasure or felicity they have in taking this roguish tobacco! It's good for nothing but to choke a man, and fill him full of smoke and embers: there were four died out of one house last week with taking of it, and two more the bell went for yesternight; one of them (they say) will ne'er scape it; ¹⁷ he voided a bushel of foot yesterday, upward

¹⁶ Your NICOTIAN is good too, &c.] A species of tobacco taking its name from Monf. Nicot, who being embassador in Portugal, first sent it into France in the year 1560. The character he gives it in his own dictionary, answers the description of the poet: *Nicotiane est une espece d'herbe, de vi-tu admirable pour guerir toutes saurures, playes, ulceres, chancrez, darteres, & autres tels accidents au corps humain.*

¹⁷ He voided a bushel of foot yesterday, upward and downward.] We may easily imagine that tales of this kind were common enough
Vol. I. F amongit

upward and downward. By the stocks, an' there were no wiser men than I, I'd have it present whipping man or woman, that should but deal with a tobacco pipe : why, it will stifle them all in the end, as many as use it ; it's little better than ratsbane or rosaker.

All. Oh, good captain, hold, hold.

[*Bobadill beats him with a cudgel.*]

Bob. You base cullion, you.

Cash. Sir, here's your match. Come, thou must needs be talking too, thou'rt well enough serv'd.

Cob. Nay, he will not meddle with his match, I warrant you : Well, it shall be a dear beating, an' live.

Bob. Do you prate ? do you murmur ?

E. Kno. Nay, good captain, will you regard the humour of a fool ? away, knave.

Wel. Thomas, get him away.

Bob. A horson filthy slave, a dung-worm, an excrement ! Body o' Cæsar, but that I scorn to let forth so mean a spirit, I'd ha' stabb'd him to the earth.

Wel. Marry, the law forbid, sir.

Bob. By Pharaoh's foot, I would ha' done it.

Step. Oh, he swears most admirably ! (*By Pharaoh's foot, body o' Cæsar*) I shall never do it sure, (*upon*

amongst the vulgar, when tobacco first came into use. The poet may probably allude to some recent story, which was currently believed by the people ; and the joke is not destitute of humour when we consider it in this light, and as suited to the character of Cob. Yet we meet with it very gravely introduced in a serious essay, as a terrible memento to all smokers, and from no less authority than a royal pen. " Surely smoke becomes a kitchen, far better than a dining chamber, and yet it makes a kitchen often times in the inward parts of men ; soiling and infecting them with an unctuous and oily kind of foot, as hath been found in some great tobacco takers, that after their death were opened." King JAMES's *Counterblast to Tobacco*, in his Works in folio, p. 221. The same strain of ridicule occurs, in some of Beaumonts and Fletcher's Comedies.

mine honour, and by St. George) No, I ha' not the right grace.

Matt. Master Stephen, will you any? By this air, the most divine tobacco that ever I drunk!

Step. None, I thank you, sir. O, this gentleman does it rarely too! but nothing like the other. By this air, as I am a gentleman: By——

Brai. Master, glance, glance! master Well-bred.

Step. As I have somewhat to be saved, I protest——

[*Mr. Stephen is practising to the post.*]

Wel. You are a fool, it needs no affidavit.

E. Kno. Cousin, will you any tobacco?

Step. I, sir! Upon my reputation——

E. Kno. How now, cousin!

Step. I protest, as I am a gentleman, but no soldier, indeed——

Wel. No, master Stephen? As I remember, your name is entered in the artillery garden.

Step. I, sir, that's true. Cousin, may I swear, as I am a soldier, by that?

E. Kno. O yes, that you may; it's all you have for your money.

Step. Then, as I am a gentleman, and a soldier, it is divine tobacco.

Wel. But soft, where's mr. Matthew? gone?

Brai. No, sir; they went in here.

Wel. O let's follow them: master Matthew is gone to salute his mistress in verse; we shall ha' the happiness to hear some of his poetry now; he never comes unfurnished. Brainworm!

Step. Brainworm? where! is this Brainworm?¹⁸

E. Kno. I, cousin; no words of it, upon your gentility.

¹⁸ *Where is this Brain-worm?*] The reading of the last edition: The eldest folio gives it much better, as it stands above.

Step. Not I, body of me, by this air, St. George, and the foot of Pharaoh.

Wel. Rare! Your cousin's discourse is simply drawn out with oaths.

E. Kno. 'Tis larded with 'em; a kind of French dressing if you love it.

S C E N E VI.

Kitely, Cob.

Kit. Ha? how many are there, saist thou?

Cob. Marry sir, your brother, master Well-bred—

Kit. Tut, beside him: what strangers are there, man?

Cob. Strangers? let me see, one, two; mass I know not well, there are so many.

Kit. How? so many?

Cob. I, there's some five, or six of them at the most.

Kit. A swarm, a swarm!

Spite of the devil, how they sting my head
With forked stings, thus wide and large! But, *Cob.*
How long hast thou been coming hither, Cob?

Cob. A little while, sir.

Kit. Didst thou come running?

Cob. No, sir.

Kit. Nay, then I am familiar with thy haste!
Bane to my fortunes, what meant I to marry?
"I, that before was rank'd in such content,
"My mind at rest too, in so soft a peace,
"Being free master of mine own free thoughts,
"And now become a slave?" What? never sigh;
Be of good cheer, man; for thou art a cuckold:
'Tis done, 'tis done! Nay, when such flowing store,
Plenty itself, falls into my wife's lap,
The Cornucopiæ will be mine, I know. But, *Cob.*
What

What entertainment had they? I am sure

My sister and my wife would bid them welcome! ha?

Cob. Like enough, sir; yet I heard not a word of it.

Kit. No; their lips were seal'd with kisses, and the voice

Drown'd in a flood of joy, at their arrival,

Had lost her motion, state, and faculty.

Cob. which of them was it that first kiss my wife?

(My sister, I should say) my wife, alas!

I fear not her. Ha? who was it, saist thou?

Cob. By my troth, sir, will you have the truth of it?

Kit. Oh, I, good *Cob.* I pray thee heartily.

Cob. Then I am a vagabond, and fitter for Bride-well than your worship's company, if I saw any body to be kiss'd, unless they would have kiss'd the post in the middle of the Warehouse; for there I left them all at their tobacco, with a pox.

Kit. How? were they not gone in then e're thou cam'st?

Cob. O no, sir.

Kit. Spite of the devil! what do I stay here then?

Cob. follow me.

Cob. Nay, soft and fair; I have eggs on the spit; I cannot go yet, sir. Now am I, for some five and fifty reasons, hammering, hammering revenge: Oh for three or four gallons of vinegar, to sharpen my wits. Revenge, vinegar revenge, vinegar and mustard revenge! Nay, an' he had not lien in my house, 'twould never have griev'd me; but being my guest, one that I'll be sworn my Wife has lent him her smock off her back, while his own shirt has been at washing; pawned her neck-kerchers for clean bands for him; sold almost all my platters, to buy him tobacco, and he to turn monster of ingratitude, and strike his lawful host! Well, I hope to raise up an host of fury for't: Here comes justice Clement.

S C E N E VII.

*Clement, Kno'well, Formal, Cob.**Clem.* What's master Kately gone, Roger?*Form.* I, sir.*Clem.* 'Heart o' me! what made him leave us so abruptly! How now, sirrah? what make you here? what would you have, ha?*Cob.* An't please your worship, I am a poor neighbour of your worship's—*Clem.* A poor neighbour of mine? Why, speak poor neighbour.*Cob.* I dwell, sir, at the sign of the water-tankard, hard by the green lattice: I have paid scot and lot there any time this eighteen years.*Clem.* To the green lattice?*Cob.* No, sir, to the parish: Marry, I have seldom scap'd scot-free at the lattice?*Clem.* O, well! What business has my poor neighbour with me?*Cob.* An't like your worship, I am come to crave the peace of your worship.*Clem.* Of me, knave? Peace of me, knave? Did I ever hurt thee, or threaten thee, or wrong thee? ha?*Cob.* No, sir, but your worship's warrant for one that has wrong'd me, sir: His arms are at too much liberty, I would fain have them bound to a treaty of peace, an' my credit could compass it with your worship.*Clem.* Thou goest far enough about for't, I am sure.*Kno.* Why, dost thou go in danger of thy life for him, friend?*Cob.* No, sir; but I go in danger of my death every hour, by his means; an' I die within a twelvemonth
and

and a day, I may swear by the law of the land that he killed me.

Clem. How? how knave? swear he killed thee? and by the law? what pretence? what colour hast thou for that?

Cob. Marry, an't please your worship, both black and blue; colour enough, I warrant you. I have it here to shew your worship.

Clem. What is he that gave you this, sirrah?

Cob. A gentleman and a soldier, he says, he is, o' the city here.

Clem. A soldier o' the city? What call you him?

Cob. Captain Bobadill.

Clem. Bobadill? and why did he bob and beat you, sirrah? How began the quarrel betwixt you, ha? speak truly knave, I advise you.

Cob. Marry, indeed, an't please your worship, only because I spake against their vagrant tobacco, as I came by 'em when they were taking on't; for nothing else.

Clem. Ha! you speak against tobacco? Formal, his name.

Form. What's your name, sirrah?

Cob. Oliver, sir, Oliver Cob, sir.

Clem. Tell Oliver Cob he shall go to the goal, Formal.

Form. Oliver Cob, my master, justice Clement, says, you shall go to the goal.

Cob. O, I beseech your worship, for God's sake, dear master justice.

Clem. Nay, God's precious, an' such drunkards and tankards as you are, come to dispute of tobacco once, I have done! away with him.

Cob. O, good master justice! sweet old gentleman!¹⁹

F 4

Kno.

¹⁹ O good master justice sweet old gentleman!] These last words are addressed to Kno'well; and the speech should be divided and pointed

Kno. Sweet Oliver, would I could do thee any good. Justice Clement, let me intreat you, sir.

Clem. What? a thread-bare rascal! a beggar! a slave that never drunk out of better than piss-pot mettle in his life! and he to deprave and abuse the virtue of an herb so generally received in the courts of princes, the chambers of nobles, the bowers of sweet ladies, the cabbins of soldiers! Roger, away with him, by God's precious—I say, go too.

Cob. Dear master justice, let me be beaten again, I have deserv'd it: but not the prison, I beseech you.

Kno. Alas poor Oliver!

Clem. Roger, make him a warrant, (he shall not go) I but fear the knave. ¹⁰

Form. Do not stink sweet Oliver, you shall not go, my master will give you a warrant.

Cob. O, the lord maintain his worship, his worthy worship.

Clem. Away, dispatch him. How now, master Kno'well, in dumps! in dumps? Come, this becomes not,

Kno. Sir, would I could not feel my cares——

Clem. Your cares are nothing! they are like my cap, soon put on, and as soon put off. What? your son is old enough to govern himself; let him run his course, it's the only way to make him a staid man. If he were an unthrif, a ruffian, a drunkard, or a licentious liver, then you had reason; you had reason to take care: but, being none of these, mirth's my witness, an' I had twice so many cares as you have, I'd drown them all in a cup of sack. Come, come, let's try it: I muse your parcel of a soldier returns not all this while.

pointed in this manner; "O good master justice! sweet old gentle-
"man!" or else a marginal direction added, to shew that he turns
to Kno'well.

¹⁰ *I but FEAR the knave*] It may not be amiss just to observe, that the verb *fear*, is often used by our old writers, in the sense of *to frighten*, or *make afraid*. This is the meaning of it here.

A C T

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Down-right, Dame Kitely.

Down. **W**ELL sister, I tell you true; and you'll find it so in the end.

Dame. Alas, brother, what would you have me to do? I cannot help it; you see my brother brings 'em in here; they are his friends.

Down. His friends? his fiends.* 'Slud they do nothing but haunt him up and down, like a sort of unlucky spirits, and tempt him to all manner of villany that can be thought of. Well, by this light, a little thing would make me play the devil with some of 'em: and 'twere not more for your husband's sake, than any thing else, I'd make the house too hot for the best on 'em: they should say, and swear, hell were broken loose, e're they went hence. But, by God's will, 'tis no bodies fault but yours; for an' you had done as you might have done, they should have been parboil'd and bak'd too, every mother's son, e're they should ha' come in e'er a one of 'em.

Dame. God's my life! did you ever hear the like? what a strange man is this! Could I keep out all them, think you? I should put myself against half a dozen men? should I? Good faith * you'd mad the patient'st body

* *Down. His friends? his FRIENDS?]* The sentence immediately following shews us the last of these words is corrupted by the insertion of a single letter; and it as evidently points out, that instead of *his friends?* we should read *his fiends*. This likewise I found to be the reading of the first folio.

* *You'd mad the patient'st body in the world, &c.]* I shall here take the liberty to answer an objection, which may possibly be made to the manner in which I have printed this, and some other speeches of the play. I found them, as I believe, plain prose; and as such I have

body in the world, to hear you talk so, without any sense or reason!

S C E N E II.

Mrs. Bridget, Mr. Mathew, Dame Kitely, Down-right, Well-bred, Stephen, Ed. Kno'well, Robadill, Brainworm, Cass.

Brid. Servant (in troth) you are too prodigal Of your wit's treasure, thus to pour it forth Upon so mean a subject as my worth.

Mat. You say well, mistress, and I mean as well.

Down. Hoy-day, here is stuff!

Well. O, now stand close; pray Heav'n, she can get him to read: he should do it of his own natural impudency.

Brid. Servant, what is this same, I pray you?

Mat. Marry, an elegy, an elegy, an odd toy—

Down. To mock an ape withal: O, I could sew up his mouth, now.

Dame. Sister, I pray you let's hear it.

Down. Are you rhyme-given too?

Mat. Mistress, I'll read it if you please.

Brid. Pray you do, servant.

I have left them; though I am aware, that a very little alteration would have reduced them to a hobbling kind of measure, which we often meet with in our old comedians. This, however, is not Jonson's manner: in the more serious parts of his drama, where comedy is allowed to raise her voice and breathe something of the tragic sublimity, he gives us very numerous and flowing verse; but in places less interesting and of less importance, he drops from his poetic flight into the humbler paces of prosaic narration. The case is otherwise, indeed, with Fletcher; who affects the metre in his common dialogue, and in his scenes of humour and burlesque, much more than either Shakespear or Jonson. And these speeches we see happily rescued by his late very ingenious editors, from that deformity in which they appear in all the former copies.

Down.

Down. O, here's no foppery! ¹ Death, I can endure the stocks better.

E. Kno. What ails thy brother? can he not hold his water at reading of a ballad?

Wel. O, no; a rhyme to him is worse than cheese, or a bag-pipe. But mark, you lose the protestation.

Mat. Faith, I did it in a humour; I know not how it is; but please you come near, sir. This gentleman has judgment, he knows how to censure of a—— pray you, sir, you can judge.

Step. Not I, sir; upon my reputation, and by the foot of Pharaoh.

Wel. O, chide your cousin for swearing.

E. Kno. Not I, so long as he does not forswear himself.

Bob. Master Mathew, you abuse the expectation of your dear mistress and her fair sister: fie, while you live avoid this polixity.

Mat. I shall, sir; well, *incipere dulce*.

E. Kno. How! *Insipere dulce*? a sweet thing to be a fool, indeed.

Wel. What, do you take *insipere* in that sense?

E. Kno. You do not? you! This was your villany, to gull him with a motto.

Wel. O, the benchers phrase: *Pauca verba, pauca verba*.

Mat. "Rare creature, let me speak without offence,
" Would God my rude words had the influence
" To rule thy thoughts, as thy fair looks do mine,
" Then should'st thou be his prisoner, who is thine."

¹ Down. O, here's no foppery!] Meaning the foppery to be extremely great. The negative was in this age ironically used, to denote the excess of any thing. It occurs in the same manner in the *Tale of a Tub*.

" Here was no dainty device to get a wench."

And Shakespear in the same sense: " Here's no vanity!"

First Part of Henry IV. Act ii. Sc. 9. Mr. WARBURTON's edit.

E. Kno.

E. Kno. This is in Hero and Leander. ⁴

Wel. O, I, peace, we shall have more of this.

Mat. "Be not unkind and fair; mishapen stuff
"Is of behaviour boisterous and rough.

Wel. How like you that, sir?

[*Master Stephen answers with shaking his head.*]

E. Kno. 'Slight, he shakes his head like a bottle, no
feel an' there be any brain in it!

Mat. But observe the catastrophe, now:

"And I in duty will exceed all other,
"As you in beauty do excel love's mother.

E. Kno. Well, I'll have him free of the Witbroken,
for he utters nothing but stol'n remnants.

Wel. O, forgive it him.

E. Kno. A filching rogue, hang him. And from
the dead? it's worse than sacrilege.

Wel. Sister, what ha' you here? verses? pray you
let's see: who made these verses? they are excellent
good!

Mat. O, master Well-bred, 'tis your disposition to
say so, sir. They were good i' the morning; I made
'em, *ex tempore*, this morning.

Wel. How? *ex tempore*?

Mat. I, would I might be hanged else; ask Cap-
tain Bobadill: he saw me write them, at the——
(pox on it) the star, yonder.

Brai. Can he find in his heart to curse the stars so?

⁴*This is in HERO AND LEANDER*] A translation of the Greek
Poem by Musæus, on the story of these unfortunate lovers, was
begun by Christopher Marlow; who dying before he had finished
the whole, it was completed by George Chapman, and published
by him, as both A. Wood and Langbain tell us, in the year 1606.
I suspect, however, that there was an earlier edition, or that part of
it had got abroad in manuscript; for the lines above are taken
from it; and it was in high reputation at this time. Alluding to
the circumstance of Marlow's death, young Kno'well accuses him
of filching from the dead.

E. Kno.

E. Kno. Faith, his are even with him; they ha' curst him enough already.

Step. Cousin, how do you like this gentleman's verses?

E. Kno. O, admirable! the best that ever I heard, couz!

Step. Body o' Cæsar, they are admirable!

The best that I ever heard, as I am a soldier.

Down. I am vext, I can hold ne'er a bone of me still! Heart, I think they mean to build and breed here!

Wel. Sister, you have a simple servant here, that crowns your beauty with such encomions and devices; you may see what it is to be the mistress of a wit! that can make your perfections so transparent, that every blear eye may look through them, and see him drown'd over head and ears in the deep well of desire: Sister Kately, I marvel you get you not a servant that can rhyme, and do tricks too.

Down. O, monster! impudence itself! tricks?

Dame. Tricks, brother? what tricks?

Brid. Nay, speak, I pray you, what tricks?

Dame. I, never spare any body here; but say, what tricks?

Brid. Passion of my heart! do tricks?

Wel. 'Slight, here's a trick vied and revied!' why, you munkies you, what a catter-waling do you keep? has he not given you rhimes, and verses, and tricks?

Down. O, the fiend!

Wel. Nay you lamp of virginity, that take it in snuff so! 'come and cherish this tame poetical fury, in your servant, you'll be begg'd else shortly for a conceal-

¹ Here's a trick vied and revied! Terms in the old game at cards, called Gleek.

² Come and cherish this tame poetical fury in your servant, you'll be begg'd else shortly for a CONCEALMENT.] Alluding to the practice in Queen Elizabeth's time of begging lands, which had formerly been appropriated to superstitious uses. These were then called *concealed Lands*. Commissions for discovery being much abused, were called in by proclamation in the year 1572. See STRYPE'S *Annals*

cealment: go to, reward his muse. * You cannot give him less than a shilling in conscience, for the book he had it out of cost him a teston at least. How now, Gallants? Mr. Matthew? Captain? What, all sons of silence? no spirit?

Down. Come, you might practise your ruffian tricks somewhere else, and not here, I wuss; this is no tavern nor drinking-school, to vent your exploits in.

Wel. How now! whose cow has calv'd?

Down. Marry, that has mine, sir. Nay, boy, never look askance at me for the matter; I'll tell you of it, I, sir, you and your companions, mend yourselves when I ha' done.

Wel. My companions?

Down. Yes, sir, your companions, so I say, I am not afraid of you, nor them neither; your hang-byes here. You must have your poets and your potlings, ⁷ your

Annals of Queen Elizabeth, vol. II. p. 209. There was a second proclamation to the same purpose in the year 1579 (*ibid.* p. 602.) Fresh commissions were granted for the discovery of them in the diocese of Lincoln in 1582, with queries from the commissioners to the clergy and church-wardens (*Annals*, vol. III. p. 112, &c.) Dr. GREY. There is an allusion to this practice in Fletcher's *Humorous Lieutenant*, where Timon describing the bawd Leucippe, says, "She keeps an office of concealments." Act II.

⁶ You cannot give him less than a SHILLING in conscience, the book he had it out of cost him a TESTON at least.] A teston in Henry VIIIth's time, was of the value of a shilling now, tho' not larger than the present tester or six-pence. See STRYPE's *Memorials Ecclesiastical*.

Dr. GREY.

The teston, as Mr. Le Blanc supposeth (*Traité historique des Monnoyes*, p. 319.) was originally an Italian coin. The word is derived from the Latin or Italian *Testa*, which signifies a head; and the piece is so denominated from the head or face of the king, which was stamped upon it. They were first coined in France in the year 1513, from whence it is not improbable they made their way into England. In France they were first valued at about eighteen-pence.

⁷ You must have your Poets and your POTTINGS.] The last word is dubious, if Jonson intended it as a diminutive from poet, he should have wrote it Poetlin, and so, perhaps, by contraction from thence he forms Potlin.

SqJ.

Soldado's and Foolado's to follow you up and down the city, and here they must come to domineer and swagger. Sirrah, you ballad-singer, and stops your fellow there, get you out, get you home; or (by this steel) I'll cut off your ears, and that presently.

Wal. 'Slight, stay, let's see what he dare do; cut off his ears! cut a whetstone. You are an afs, do you see; touch any man here, and by this hand I'll run my rapier to the hilts in you.

Down. Yea that would I fain see, boy.

Dame. O Jesu! Murder. Thomas, Gasper!

Brid. Help, help, Thomas.

[They all draw, and they of the house make out to part them.]

E. Kno. Gentlemen forbear, I pray you.

Bob. Well, sirrah, you Holofernes; by my hand, I will pink your flesh full of holes with my rapier for this; I will by this good heaven: nay, let him come, let him come, gentlemen, by the body of St. George I'll not kill him.

[They offer to fight again, and are parted.]

Cash. Hold, hold, good gentleman.

Down. You whorson, bragging coystril!

S C E N E III.

[To them] Kitely.

Kit. Why how now? what's the matter? what's the stir here?

Whence springs the quarrel? Thomas! where is he?

Put up your weapons, and put off this rage:

My wife and sister, they are cause of this.

What, Thomas? where is this knave?

Cash. Here, sir.

Wel. Come, let's go: this is one of my brother's ancient humours, this.

Step

Step. I am glad no body was hurt, by his ancient humour.

Kit. Why, how now, brother, who enforc'd this brawl?

Down. A sort of lewd rake-hells, that care neither for god nor the devil! And they must come here to read ballads, and roguery, and trash! I'll mar the knot of 'em e're I sleep perhaps; especially Bob, there, he that's all manner of shapes! and songs and sonnets, his fellow.

Brid. Brother, indeed, you are too violent, Too sudden in your humour; and you know My brother Well-bred's temper will not bear Any reproof, chiefly in such a presence, Where every slight disgrace, he shou'd receive, Might wound him in opinion, and respect. [such]

Down. Respect? what talk you of respect 'mong As ha' no spark of manhood, nor good manners? 'Sdeins, I am asham'd to hear you! respect?

Brid. Yes, there was one a civil gentleman, And very worthily demean'd himself!

Kit. O, that was some love of yours, sister!

Brid. A love of mine? I would it were so worth, brother,

You'd pay my portion sooner than you think for.

Dame. Indeed, he seem'd to be a gentleman of an exceeding fair disposition, and of very excellent good parts!

Kit. Her love, by heaven! my wife's minion!

Fair disposition? excellent good parts?

Death, these phrases are intolerable!

Good parts? how should she know his parts?

His parts? Well, well, well, well, well, well!

It is too plain, too clear: Thomas, come hither.

What, are they gone?

Casb. I, sir, they went in.

My mistress, and your sister ———

Kit. Are any of the gallants within?

Cash. No, sir, they are all gone.

Kit. Art thou sure of it?

Cash. I can assure you, sir.

Kit. What gentleman was that they prais'd so, Thomas?

Cash. One, they call him master Kno'well, a handsome young gentleman, sir.

Kit. I, I thought so; my mind gave me as much: I'll die, but they have hid him i' the house somewhere; I'll go and search; go with me, Thomas, Be true to me, and thou shalt find me a master.

S C E N E IV.

Cob, Tib.

Cob. What *Tib*, *Tib*, I say.

Tib. How now, what cuckold is that knocks so hard? O, husband, is't you? what's the news?

Cob. Nay you have stun'd me, i'faith! you ha' giv'n me a knock o' the forehead will stick by me! Cuckold? 'Slid, cuckold?

Tib. Away you fool, did I know it was you that knockt? Come, come, you may call me as bad when you list.

Cob. May I? *Tib*, you are a whore.

Tib. You lie in your throat, husband.

Cob. How, the lie? and in my throat too? do you long to be stab'd, ha?

Tib. Why, you are no soldier, I hope?

Cob. O, must you be stab'd by a soldier? Mass, that's true! when was Bobadill here? your captain? that rogue, that foist, that fencing Burgullian? I'll tickle him, i' faith.

Tib. Why, what's the matter? trow!

Cob. O, he has basted me rarely, sumptuously! but I have it here in black and white, for his black and
Vol. I. G blue:

blue: shall pay him^a. O, the justice! the honest old brave Trojan in London! I do honour the very flea of his dog. A plague on him though, he put me once in a villanous filthy fear; marry, it vanished away like the smoke of tobacco; but I was smok'd soundly first. I thank the devil, and his good angel, my guest. Well, wife, or Tib, (which you will) get you in, and lock the door, I charge you let no body in to you; wife, no body in to you; those are my words. Not captain *Bob* himself, nor the fiend in his likeness; you are a woman, you have flesh and blood enough in you to be tempted; therefore keep the door shut upon all comers.

Tib. I warrant you, there shall no body enter here without my consent.

Cob. Nor with your consent, sweet *Tib*, and so I leave you.

Tib. It's more than you know, whether you leave me so.

Cob. How?

Tib. Why, sweet.

Cob. Tut, sweet or fower, thou art a flower. Keep close thy door, I ask no more.

^a *I have it here in black and white; for his black and blue shall pay him.]* *Cob.* though sometimes incorrect in his expressions, seldom talks without a meaning: but here we are at a loss to know how the bruises, *the black and blue*, which *Bobadill* had given him, should requite or pay the captain. The joke intended is lost by an error in the punctuation: I have recovered it, such as it is, from the first copy in folio. There the reading is exhibited as follows. *I have it here in black and white, for his black and blue: shall pay him.* Meaning he had got the justice's warrant against *Bobadill*, and should now be even with him.

SCENE

SCENE V.

Ed. Kno'well, Well-bred, Stephen, Brain-worm.

E. Kno. Well, Brain-worm, perform this business happily, and thou makest a purchase of my love for ever.

Wel. I'faith, now let thy spirits use their best faculties: but, at any hand, remember the message to my brother; for there's no other means to start him.

Brai. I warrant you, sir, fear nothing; I have a nimble soul has wak'd all forces of my phant'sie by this time, and put 'em in true motion. What you have possess'd me withal, I'll discharge it amply, sir; make it no question.

Wel. Forth, and prosper, Brain-worm. Faith, Ned, how dost thou approve of my abilities in this device?

E. Kno. Troth, well, howsoever; but it will come excellent, if it take.

Wel. Take, man? why it cannot chuse but take, if the circumstances miscarry not: but, tell me ingenuously, dost thou affect my sister Bridget as thou pretend'st?

E. Kno. Friend, am I worth belief?

Wel. Come, do not protest. In faith, she is a maid of good ornament, and much modesty; and, except I conceiv'd very worthily of her, thou shouldst not have her.

E. Kno. Nay, that I am afraid will be a question yet, whether I shall have her, or no?

Wel. 'Slid, thou shalt have her; by this light thou shalt.

E. Kno. Nay, do not swear.

Wel. By this hand thou shalt have her; I'll go fetch her presently. 'Point but where to meet, and as I am an honest man I'll bring her.

E. Kno. Hold, hold, be temperate.

Wel. Why, by——what shall I swear by? thou shalt have her, as I am——

E. Kno. Pray thee, be at peace, I am satisfied; and do believe thou wilt omit no offered occasion to make my desires compleat.

Wel. Thou shalt see, and know, I will not.

SCENE VI.

Formal, Kno'well, Brain-worm.

Form. Was your man a soldier, fir?

Kno. I, a knave, I took him begging o' th' way, This morning, as I came over Moor-fields! O, here he is! yo' have made fair speed, believe me: Where, i' the name of sloth, could you be thus?—

Brai. Marry, peace be my comfort, where I thought I should have had little comfort of your worship's service.

Kno. How so?

Brai. O, fir, your coming to the city, your entertainment of me, and your sending me to watch——indeed, all the circumstances either of your charge, or my imployment, are as open to your son, as to your self.

Kno. How should that be, unless that villain Brain-worm,

Have told him of the letter, and discover'd All that I strictly charg'd him to conceal? 'tis so!

Brai. I am partly o'the faith 'tis so indeed.

Kno. But, how should he know thee to be my man?

Brai. Nay, fir, I cannot tell; unless it be by the black art! Is not your son a scholar, fir?

Kno. Yes, but I hope his soul is not allied Unto such hellish practice: if it were, I had just cause to weep my part in him,

And

And curse the time of his creation.

But, where didst thou find them, Fitz-Sword?

Brai. You should rather ask where they found me, sir; for, I'll be sworn, I was going along in the street, thinking nothing, when (of a sudden) a voice calls Mr. Kno'well's man; another cries, soldier: and thus half a dozen of 'em, till they had call'd me within a house, where I no sooner came, but they seem'd men⁹, and out flew all their rapiers at my bosom, with some three or fourscore oaths to accompany 'em; and all to tell me, I was but a dead man, if I did not confess where you were, and how I was employed, and about what; which when they could not get out of me, (as I protest, they must ha' dissected, and made an anatomy o' me first, and so I told 'em) they lockt me up into a room i' the top of a high house, whence by great miracle (having a light heart) I slid down by a bottom of packthred into the street, and so 'scapt. But, sir, thus much I can assure you, for I heard it while I was lockt up, there were a great many rich merchants and brave citizens wives with 'em at a feast; and your son, mr. Edward, withdrew with one of 'em, and has 'pointed to meet her anon at one Cob's house a water-bearer, that dwells by the wall. Now, there your worship shall be sure to take him, for there he preys, and fail he will not.

E. Kno. Nor will I fail to break his match, I doubt not.

Go thou along with justice Clement's man,

And stay there for me. At one Cob's house, sayst thou?

⁹*Where I no sooner came, but they seem'd MEN.*] I suppose he thought them so, before he saw them. The sentence is dark; but there seems to be an antithesis designed between *voice* and *man*. He only tells his master, that he heard several voices calling him; and when he entered the house, these voices were personified, and turned to men. If this is not the meaning of the author, there is a word omitted. Their subsequent behaviour might lead us to think, he called them *mad-men*.

Brai. I, sir, there you shall have him. Yes? invisible? ¹⁰ much wench, or much son! Slight, when he has staid there three or four hours, travelling with the expectation of wonders, and at length be deliver'd of air: O, the sport that I should then take to look on him if I durst! But now I mean to appear no more afore him in this shape. I have another trick to add yet. O that I were so happy as to light on a ¹¹ nupson now of this justice's novice. Sir, I make you stay somewhat long.

Form. Not a whit, sir. Pray you what do you mean, sir?

Brai. I was putting up some papers ———

Form. You ha' been lately in the wars, sir, it seems.

Brai. Marry have I, sir, to my loss; and expence of all; almost ——— ¹²

Form. Troth, sir, I would be glad to bestow a potle of wine o' you, if it please you to accept it ———

Brai. O, sir ———

Form. But to hear the manner of your services, and your devices in the wars, they say they be very strange, and not like those a man reads in the Roman histories, or sees at Mile-end.

Brai. No I assure you, sir; why at any time when it please you, I shall be ready to discourse to you all I know: and more too somewhat.

¹⁰ *Yes? invisible? much wench, or much son!*] *Yes? invisible?* That is, are you gone out of sight? What follows is proverbial; *Much* was a term of various senses, and often used as an expression of disdain and contempt. Much good may they do you, both wench, and son, if you find them.

¹¹ *To light on a NUPSON.*] This word occurs once more in Jonson's works; the context determines the meaning to be a cully, or fool; but I know no other authority besides his.

¹² *And expence of all almost—*] This is clear and good sense; but the oldest folio puts a stop after the word *all*, and improves the thought by it:— *and expence of all; almost—* as if he was going to specify a particular sum, if Formal had not interrupted him.

Form. No better time than now, sir; we'll go to the *Wind-mill*: there we shall have a cup of neat grist, we call it. I pray you, sir, let me request you to the *Wind-mill*.

Brai. I'll follow you, sir; and make grist of you, if I have good luck.

S C E N E VII.

Matthew, Ed. Kno'well, Bobadill, Stephen, Down-right,
[*to them.*]

Mat. Sir, did your eyes ever taste the like clown of him, where we were to-day, Mr. Well-bred's half-brother? I think the whole earth cannot shew his parallel, by this day-light.

E. Kno. We were now speaking of him: captain Bobadill tells me he is fallen foul o' you too.

Mat. O, I, sir, he threatned me with the bastinado.

Bob. I, but I think, I taught you prevention this morning, for that——You shall kill him beyond question: if you be so generously minded.

Mat. Indeed, it is a most excellent trick!

Bob. O, you do not give spirit enough to your motion, you are too tardy, too heavy! O, it must be done like lightning, hay? [He practises at a post.

Mat. Rare captain!

Bob. Tut, 'tis nothing, an't be not done in a——punto!

E. Kno. Captain, did you ever prove your self upon any of our masters of defence here?

Mat. O good sir! yes I hope he has.

Bob. I will tell you, sir. Upon my first coming to the city, after my long travel, for knowledge (in that mystery only) there came three or four of 'em to me, at a gentleman's house, where it was my chance to be
G 4 resident

resident at that time, to intreat my presence at their schools; and withal so much importun'd me, that (I protest to you, as I am a gentleman) I was ashamed of their rude demeanour out of all measure: well, I told 'em that to come to a publick school, they should pardon me, it was opposite (in diameter) to my humour; but, if so be they would give their attendance at my lodging, I protested to do them what right or favour I could, as I was a gentleman, and so forth.

E. Kno. So, sir, then you tried their skill.

Bob. Alas, soon tried! you shall hear, sir. Within two or three days after, they came; and, by honesty, fair sir, believe me, I grac'd them exceedingly, shewed them some two or three tricks of prevention, have purchas'd 'em since a credit to admiration! they cannot deny this: and yet now they hate me, and why? because I am excellent, and for no other vile reason on the earth.

E. Kno. This is strange and barbarous! as ever I heard.

Bob. Nay, for a more instance of their preposterous natures; but note, sir. They have assaulted me some three, four, five, six of them together, as I have walkt alone in divers skirts i' th' town, as Turn-bull, White-chappel, Shore-ditch, which were then my quarters; and since, upon the Exchange, at my lodging, and at my ordinary: where I have driven them afore me the whole length of a street, in the open view of all our gallants, pitying to hurt them, believe me. Yet all this lenity will not o'ercome their spleen; they will be doing with the pismire, raising a hill a man may spurn abroad with his foot at pleasure. By myself I could have slain them all, but I delight not in murder. I am loth to bear any other than this bastinado for 'em: yet I hold it good polity not to go disarm'd, for though I be skilful, I may be oppress'd with multitudes.

E. Kno,

E. Kno. I, believe me, may you sir: and (in my conceit) our whole nation should sustain the loss by it, if it were so.

Bob. Alas, no: what's a peculiar man to a nation? not seen.

E. Kno. O, but your skill, sir.

Bob. Indeed, that might be some loss; but who respects it? I will tell you, sir. by the way of private, and under seal; I am a gentleman, and live here obscure, and to myself; but were I known to her majesty and the lords (observe me) I would undertake (upon this poor head and life) for the publick benefit of the state, not only to spare the intire lives of her subjects in general; but to save the one half, nay, three parts of her yearly charge in holding war, and against what enemy soever. And how would I do it, think you?

E. Kno. Nay, I know not, nor can I conceive.

Bob. Why thus, sir. I would select nineteen more, to myself, throughout the land; gentlemen they should be of good spirit, strong and able constitution, I would chuse them by an instinct, a character that I have: and I would teach these nineteen the special rules, as your punto, your reverso, your stoccata, your imbroccato, your passada, your montanto; 'till they could all play very near, or altogether as well as myself. This done, say the enemy were forty thousand strong, we twenty would come into the field the tenth of March, or thereabouts; and we would challenge twenty of the enemy; they could not in their honour refuse us; well, we would kill them; challenge twenty more, kill them; twenty more, kill them; twenty more, kill them too; and thus would we kill every man his twenty a day, that's twenty score; twenty score, that's two hundred; two hundred a day, five days a thousand; forty thousand; forty times five, five times forty, two hundred days kills them all up by computation. And this will I venture my poor gentle-

gentleman-like carcass to perform (provided there be no treason practis'd upon us) by fair and discreet manhood; that is, civilly by the sword.

E. Kno. Why are you so sure of your hand, captain, at all times?

Bob. Tut, never miss thrust upon my reputation with you.

E. Kno. I would not stand in Down-right's state then, an' you meet him, for the wealth of any one street in London.

Bob. Why, fir, you mistake me! if he were here now, by this welkin, I would not draw my weapon on him! let this gentleman do his mind: but I will bastinado him (by the bright sun) wherever I meet him.

Mat. Faith, and I'll have a fling at him at my distance.

E. Kno. Gods so, look where he is; yonder he goes.
[*Down-right walks over the stage.*]

Dow. What peevish luck have I, I cannot meet with these bragging rascals?

Bob. It's not he? is it?

E. Kno. Yes faith, it is he.

Mat. I'll be hang'd then if that were he.

E. Kno. Sir, keep your hanging good for some greater matter, for I assure you that was he.

Step. Upon my reputation, it was he.

Bob. Had I thought it had been he, he must not have gone so: but I can hardly be induced to believe it was he yet.

E. Kno. That I think, fir. But see, he is come again.

Dow. O, Pharaoh's foot, have I found you? Come, draw to your tools; draw gipsie, or I'll thresh you.

Bob. Gentleman of valour, I do believe in thee, hear me——

Dow. Draw your weapon then.

Bob.

Bob. "Tall man, I never thought on it till now (body of me) I had a warrant of the peace served on me, even now as I came along, by a water-bearer; this gentleman saw it, mr. Matthew.

Dow. 'Sdeath, you will not draw then?

[He beats him and disarms him, Matthew runs away.

Bob. Hold, hold, under thy favour forbear.

Dow. Prate again, as you like this, you whoreson foist you. You'll controul the point, you? Your comfort is gone? had he staid he had shar'd with you, sir.

Bob. Well, gentlemen, bear witness, I was bound to the peace, by this good day.

E. Kno. No faith, it's an ill day captain, never reckon it other: but, say you were bound to the peace, the law allows you to defend yourself: that'll prove but a poor excuse.

Bob. I cannot tell, sir. I desire good construction in fair sort. I never sustain'd the like disgrace, (by heaven) sure I was struck with a planet thence, for I had no power to touch my weapon.

E. Kno. I, like enough, I have heard of many that have been beaten under a planet: go, get you to a sur-

"Bob. TALL MAN, I never thought on it till now.] Down-right is described soon after, to be a tall big man, or else the fears of mr. Matthew misrepresented him as such. But the words *tall man*, in this place, were not designed to give us an idea of his height or bulk. Our ancestors used *tall* in the sense of stout, bold, or courageous: and this, I apprehend, is the meaning we must assign it here: thus the Lord Bacon tells us, "that bishop Fox caused his castle of Norham to be fortified; and mann'd it likewise with a very great number of *tall* soldiers." *Hist. of Henry VII.* p. 173. and in a *Discourse on Usury*, wrote by Dr. Wilson, we may see how it was then used: "Here in England, he that can rob a man by the high-way, is called a *tall fellow*." Lond. 1584. The word occurs likewise in Shakespear, who seems, in more places than one, to ridicule the frequent use of it by bravoës and bullies. Thus he makes Pistol say, "Thy spirits are most *tall*." And Mercutio reckons the phrase, a *tall man*! amongst the affected fancies of the time.

geon.

geon. 'Slid, an' these be your tricks, your passadges, and your montantoes, I'll none of them. O, manners! that this age should bring forth such creatures! that nature should be at leisure to make 'em! Come couz.

Step. Mafs I'll ha' this cloke.

E. Kno. Gods will, 'tis Down-right's.

Step. Nay, it's mine now, another might have tane't up as well as I, I'll wear it, so I will.

E. Kno. How an' he see it? he'll challenge it, assure your self.

Step. I, but he shall not ha' it: I'll say I bought it.

E. Kno. Take heed you buy it not too dear, couz.

S C E N E VIII.

Kitely, Well-bred, Dame Kitely, Bridget, Brain-worm, Cash.

Kit. Now, trust me brother, you were much to blame, T' incense his anger, and disturb the peace Of my poor house, where there are sentinels, That every minute watch to give alarms Of civil war, without adjection Of your assistance or occasion.

Well. No harm done, brother, I warrant you: since there is no harm done. Anger costs a man nothing; and a tall man is never his own man 'till he be angry. To keep his valour in obscurity, is to keep himself as it were in a cloke-bag. What's a musician unless he play? What's a tall man unless he fight? For indeed all this my wife brother stands upon absolutely; and that made me fall in with him so resolutely.

Dame. I, but what harm might have come of it, brother?

Wel. Might, sister? so might the good warm clothes your husband wears be poison'd, for any thing he know;

knows; of the wholesome wine he drunk, even now at the table——

Kit. Now, God forbid: O me. Now I remember My wife drunk to me last; and chang'd the cup, And bade me wear this cursed suit to-day.

See, if Heav'n suffer murder undiscover'd!

I feel me ill; give me some mithridate,

Some mithridate and oil, good sister, fetch me;

O, I am sick at heart! I burn, I burn.

If you will save my life, go, fetch it me.

Well. O strange humour! my very breath has poison'd him.

Brid. Good brother be content, what do you mean? The strength of these extream conceits will kill you.

Dame. Beshrew your heart-blood, brother Well-bred, now,

For putting such a toy into his head.

Well. Is a fit simile a toy? will he be poison'd with a simile? Brother Kitely, what a strange and idle imagination is this? For shame, be wiser. O' my soul there's no such matter.

Kit. Am I not sick? how am I then, not poison'd? Am I not poison'd? how am I then so sick?

Dame. If you be sick, your own thoughts make you sick.

Well. His jealousy is the poison he has taken.

Brai. Mr. Kitely, my master justice Clement salutes you; and desires to speak with you with all possible speed. [*He comes disguis'd like justice Clement's man.*]

Kit. No time but now? when I think I am sick? very sick! well, I will wait upon his worship. Thomas, Cob, I must seek them out, and set 'em sentinels till I return. Thomas, Cob, Thomas.

Well. This is perfectly rare, Brain-worm! but how got'st thou this apparel of the justice's man?

Brai.

Brai. Marry sir, my proper fine pen-man would needs bestow the grist o' me, at the *Wind-mill*, to hear some martial discourse; where so I marshal'd him, that I made him drunk with admiration! and, because too much heat was the cause of his distemper, I strip him stark naked, as he lay along asleep, and borrow'd his suit to deliver this counterfeit message in, leaving a rusty armour, and an old brown bill to watch him till my return; which shall be, when I ha' pawn'd his apparel, and spent the better part o' the money, perhaps.

Well. Well, thou art a successful merry knave, Brain-worm, his absence will be a good subject for more mirth. I pray thee, return to thy young master, and will him to meet me and my sister Bridget at the Tower instantly; for, here tell him the house is so stor'd with jealousy, there is no room for love to stand upright in. We must get our fortunes committed to some larger prison, say; and than the Tower, I know no better air; nor where the liberty of the house may do us more present service. Away.

Kit. Come hither, Thomas. Now, my secret's ripe, And thou shalt have it: lay to both thine ears. Hark, what I say to thee. I must go forth, Thomas, Be careful of thy promise, keep good watch, Note every gallant, and observe him well, That enters in my absence to thy mistress: If she would shew him rooms, the jest is stale, Follow 'em Thomas, or else hang on him, And let him not go after; mark their looks; Note if she offer but to see his band, Or any other amorous toy about him; But praise his leg, or foot; or if she say The day is hot, and bid him feel her hand, How hot it is; O, that's a monstrous thing! Note me all this, good Thomas, mark their sighs,

And,

And, if they do but whisper, break 'em off:

I'll bear thee out in it. Wilt thou do this?

Wilt thou be true, my Thomas?

Casb. As truth's self, sir.

Kit. Why, I believe thee; where is Cob, now? Cob!

Da. He's ever calling for Cob! I wonder how he employs Cob so!

Wel. Indeed sister, to ask how he employs Cob, is a necessary question, for you that are his wife, and a thing not very easie for you to be satisfied in; but this I'll assure you, Cob's wife is an excellent bawd, sister, and oftentimes your husband haunts her house; marry, to what end; I cannot altogether accuse him, imagine you what you think convenient. But I have known fair hides have foul hearts, e're now, sister.

Dame. Never said you truer than that, brother, so much I can tell you for your learning. Thomas, fetch your cloke and go with me, I'll after him presently: I would to fortune I could take him there, i' faith, I'd return him his own, I warrant him.

Wel. So let 'em go: this may make sport anon. Now, my fair sister-in-law, that you knew but how happy a thing it were to be fair and beautiful?

Brid. That touches not me, brother.

Wel. That's true; that's even the fault of it: for indeed, beauty stands a woman in no stead, unless it procure her touching¹⁴. But, sister, whether it touch you or no, it touches your beauties; and I am sure, they will abide the touch; an' they do not, a plague of all ceruse, say I; and it touches me too in part, though not in the — Well, there's a dear and re-

¹⁴ *Beauty stands a woman in no stead, unless it procure her TOUCHING.* Jonson hath here used the word *touching*, in that acceptation which the Latin erotic writers sometimes assign the verb *tangere*: So in the *silent woman* he employs the phrase several times in the same sense, and generally on the authority of *Ovid*.

spected friend of mine, sister, stands very strongly and worthily affected toward you, and hath vow'd to inflame whole bonafires of zeal at his heart in honour of your perfections. I have already engag'd my promise to bring you, where you shall hear him confirm much more. Ned Kno'well is the man, sister. There's no exception against the party. You are ripe for a husband; and a minute's loss to such an occasion, is a great trespass in a wise beauty. What say you, sister? On my soul he loves you, will you give him the meeting?

Brid. Faith I had very little confidence in mine own constancy, brother, if I durst not meet a man: but this motion of yours favours of an old knight adventurer's servant a little too much methinks.

Wel. What's that, sister?

Brid. Marry, of the squire.

Wel. No matter if it did, I would be such an one for my friend. But see! who is return'd to hinder us?

Kit. 'What villany is this? call'd out on a false message?

This was some plot! I was not sent for. Bridget, Where's your sister?

Brid. I think she be gone forth, sir.

Kit. How! is my wife gone forth? whither, for God's sake?

Brid. She's gone abroad with Thomas.

Kit. Abroad with Thomas? oh, that villain dars me! He hath discover'd all unto my wife!

'*Kitely. What villany is this? &c.*] The entrances and exits of the persons of the drama, are not always so punctually marked in our antient plays, as in the modern ones: we have had in this very scene, both Kitely and his wife go out, and return again, without any change or variation; tho' I believe, according to critical propriety, the departure of a speaker, or at least his entrance, should give occasion to a new scene.

Beast that I was to trust him ; whither I pray you
Went she ?

Brid. I know not, sir.

Wel. I'll tell you, brother,
Whither I suspect she's gone.

Kit. Whither, good brother ?

Wel. To Cob's house, I believe : but, keep my
counsel.

Kit. I will, I will : to Cob's house ? doth she haunt
Cob's ?

She's gone a purpose now to cuckold me,
With that lewd rascal, who, to win her favour,
Hath told her all.

Wel. Come, he is once more gone,
Sister, let's lose no time ; th' affair is worth it.

S C E N E IX.

Matthew, Bobadill ; Brain-worm, Down-right [to them.]

Mat. I wonder, captain, what they will say of my
going away ? ha ?

Bob. Why, what should they say ? but as of a dis-
treet gentleman ? quick, wary, respectful of nature's
fair lineaments ? and that's all.

Mat. Why so ! but what can they say of your beat-
ing ?

Bob. A rude part, a touch with soft wood, a kind
of gross battery used, laid on strongly, born most pa-
tiently ; and that's all.

Mat. I, but would any man have offered it in Ve-
nice ? as you say ?

Bob. Tut, I assure you, no : you shall have there
your Nobilis, your Gentelezza, come in bravely upon
your reverse, stand you close, stand you firm, stand
you fair, save your retricato with his left leg, come
to the assalto with the right, thrust with brave steel,
defie your base wood ! But wherefore do I awake
this

this remembrance? I was fascinated by Jupiter; fascinated; but I will be unwitch'd*, and reveng'd by law.

Mat. Do you hear? is't not best to get a warrant, and have him arrested and brought before justice Clement?

Bob. It were not amiss, would we had it.

Mat. Why here comes his man, let's speak to him.

Bob. Agreed, do you speak.

Mat. 'Save you, sir.

Brai. With all my heart, sir.

Mat. Sir, there is one Down-right hath abus'd this gentleman and my self, and we determine to make our amends by law; now, if you would do us the favour to procure a warrant, to bring him afore your master, you shall be well consider'd, I assure you, sir.

Brai. Sir, you know my service is my living; such favours as these gotten of my master is his only preferment, and therefore you must consider me as I may make benefit of my place.

Mat. How is that, sir?

Brai. Faith, sir, the thing is extraordinary, and the gentleman may be of great account; yet, be he what he will, if you will lay me down a brace of angels in my hand you shall have it, otherwise not.

Mat. How shall we do captain? he asks a brace of angels, you have no money?

Bob. Not a cross, by fortune.

Mat. Nor I, as I am a gentleman, but two-pence left of my two shillings in the morning for wine and radish: let's find him some pawn.

* *I was fascinated; but I will be unwitch'd.*] In our ancient law when causes were decided by single combat, the parties were oblig'd to swear, before the encounter began, that they had used no unlawful arts or charms, either to debilitate their adversary, or to render themselves invulnerable, and Bobadill here thinks that Down-right had been practising in that way upon him; and it is probable he means the same too, in a preceding scene, where he engages to kill the enemy by a score a day, provided no treachery was practis'd.

Bob. Pawn? we have none to the value of his demand.

Mat. O, yes: ¹⁶ I'll pawn this jewel in my ear, and you may pawn your silk-stockings, and pull up your boots, they will ne'er be mist: it must be done now.

Bob. Well, an' there be no remedy: I'll step aside and pull 'em off.

Mat. Do you hear, sir? we have no store of money at this time, but you shall have good pawns; look you sir, this jewel, and that gentleman's silk-stockings, because we would have it dispatch'd e're we went to our chambers.

Brai. I am content, sir; I will get you the warrant presently; what's his name, say you? Down-right?

Mat. I, I, George Down right.

Brai. What manner of man is he?

Mat. A tall big man, sir; he goes in a cloke most commonly of silk-russet, laid about with russet-lace.

Brai. 'Tis very good, sir.

Mat. Here, sir, here's my jewel.

Bob. And here are my stockings.

Brai. Well, gentlemen, I'll procure you this warrant presently; but who will you have to serve it?

Mat. That's true, captain, that must be consider'd.

Bob. Body o' me, I know not; 'tis service of danger.

Brai. Why, you were best get one o' the varlets o' the city, a serjeant: I'll appoint you one, if you please.

Mat. Will you, sir? Why, we can wish no better.

Bob. We'll leave it to you, sir.

Brai. This is rare! Now will I go pawn this cloke of the justice's man's at the brokers, for a varlet's suit, and be the varlet myself; and get either more pawns, or more money of Down-right, for the arrest.

¹⁶ I'll pawn this jewel in my ear] A fashion at that time for the men to wear rings in their ears, ridiculed by Shakespear, and the other comic writers.

SCENE X.

Kno'well, Tib, Cass, Dame Kitely, Kitely, Cob.

Kno. Oh, here it is ; I am glad I have found it now.
Ho ? who is within here ?

Tib. I am within, sir ; what's your pleasure ?

Kno. To know who is within besides yourself.

Tib. Why, sir, you are no constable, I hope ?

Kno. O ! fear you the constable ? then I doubt not,
You have some guests within deserve that fear ;
I'll fetch him straight.

Tib. O' God's name, sir.

Kno. Go to. Come, tell me, is not young Kno'well
here ?

Tib. Young Kno'well ? I know none such, sir, o'mine
honesty.

Kno. " Your honesty ! Dame ; it flies too lightly
from you ;

There is no way but fetch the constable.

Tib. The constable ! the man is mad, I think.

Cass. Ho, who keeps house here ?

Kno. O, this is the female copesmate of my son.
Now shall I meet him straight.

Dame. Knock, Thomas, hard.

Cass. Ho, good wife ?

Tib. Why, what's the matter with you ?

*" Your honesty, dame ; it flies too lightly from you ; there is no way
but fetch the constable.]* Though the metre is generally well pre-
served, and the speeches in verse are printed as such, yet we have a
mistake in this ; the lines should be here distinct, as the numbers
are compleat.

*You honesty ! dame ; it flies too lightly from you ;
There is no way but fetch the constable.*

Dame

Dame. ¹⁸ Why woman, grieves it you to ope your door?

Belike you get something to keep it shut.

Tib. What mean these questions, 'pray ye?

Dame. So strange you make it? Is not my husband here?

Kno. Her husband!

Dame. My tried husband, master Kitely.

Tib. I hope he needs not to be tried here.

Dame. No, Dame, he do's it not for need but pleasure.

Tib. Neither for need nor pleasure is he here.

Kno. This is but a device to baulk me withal.

Soft, who is this? 'tis not my son disguis'd?

Dame. O, sir, have I forestall'd your honest market, Found your close walks? You stand amaz'd now, do you? [*She spies her husband come, and runs to him.*

I'faith, (I am glad) I have smoakt you ¹⁹ yet at last.

What is your jewel, trow? In, come, let's see her;

(Fetch forth your housewife, dame) if she be fairer,

In any honest judgment, than my-self,

I'll be content with it: but she is change,

She feeds you fat, she sooths your appetite,

And you are well! Your wife, an honest woman,

Is meat twice sod to you, sir! O, you treachour! ²⁰

Kno. She cannot counterfeit thus palpably.

¹⁸ *Why woman, grieves it you to ope your door? Belike you get something to keep it shut.*] This error is the same with the preceding, and it is strange the editors should not perceive it. We have here again two verses confounded, and run together as prose. They should be printed in this manner:

Why woman, grieves it you to ope your door?

Belike you get something to keep it shut.

¹⁹ *I'faith, I am glad I have smoakt you at last.*] A syllable is wanting in the copy of 1716. Former editions give it us right,

I have smoak'd you yet at last.

²⁰ *O, you TREACHER!*] i. e. traitor, treachour, and treachetour, words occurring in Spenser, and the first of them in Chaucer.

Kit. Out on thy more than strumpet impudence!
Steal'st thou thus to thy haunts? and have I taken
Thy bawd and thee, and thy companion,
This hoary-headed lecher, this old goat,

[*Pointing to old Kno'well.*

Cloie at your villainy, and would'st thou 'scuse it
With this stale harlot's jest, accusing me?

O, old incontinent, dost not thou shame, [To him,
When all thy powers in chastity are spent,
To have a mind so hot, and to entice,
And feed th' inticements of a lustful woman?

Dame. Out, I defie thee, I, dissembling wretch.

[*By Tho.*"]

Kit. Defie me, strumpet? Ask thy pandar here,
Can he deny it? or that wicked elder?

Kno. Why, hear you, sir.

Kit. Tut, tut, tut; never speak.

Thy guilty conscience will discover thee.

Kno. What lunacy is this, that haunts this man?

Kit. Well, good wife bawd, Cob's wife, and you,
That make your husband such a hoddie-doddy;
And you young apple-squire, and old cuckold-maker;
I'll ha' you every one before a justice:
Nay, you shall answer it, I charge you go.

Kno. Marry, with all my heart, sir, I go willingly;
Though I do taste this as a trick put on me,
'To punish my impertinent search, and justly,
And half forgive my son for the device.

Kit. Come, will you go?

Dame. Go? to thy shame, believe it.

Cob. Why, what's the matter here? what's here to do?

[*By Tho.*] This marginal direction is obscure. Thomas Cash is the person meant, he is called her pandar, as Kno'well is afterwards termed the wicked elder. The words *By Thomas*, mean, that he comes up to Cash, when he gives him that appellation. This whole scene is very happily drawn, and quite in the spirit of the antient comedy.

Cob;

Kit. O, Cob, art thou come? I have been abus'd,
And i' thy house: never was man so wrong'd!

Cob. 'Slid, in my house? my master Kitely? who
Wrongs you in my house?

Kit. Marry. young lust in old, and old in young here:
Thy wife's their bawd, here have I taken 'em.

Cob. How? bawd? is my house come to that? Am
I prefer'd thither? Did I not charge you to keep your
doors shut, Isabel? and—you let 'em lie open for all
comers.

[*He falls upon his wife and beats her.*]

Kno. Friend, know some cause, before thou beat'st
thy wife.

This's madness in thee.

Cob. Why? is there no cause?

Kit. Yes, I'll shew cause before the justice, Cob:
Come, let her go with me.

Cob. Nay, she shall go.

Tib. Nay, I will go. I'll see an' you may be al-
low'd to make a bundle o' hemp o' your right and
lawful wife thus, at every cuckoldy knave's pleasure.
Why do you not go?

Kit. A bitter quean! Come, we'll ha' you tam'd.

S C E N E XI.

Brain-worm, Matthew, Bobadill, Stephen, Down right.

Brai. Well, of all my disguises yet, now am I most
like my self, being in this serjeant's gown. A man of
my present profession never counterfeits, till he lays
hold upon a debtor, and says, he 'rests him; for then
he brings him to all manner of unrest. A kind of
little kings we are, bearing the diminutive of a mace,
made like a young artichoke, that always carries pep-
per and salt in itself. Well, I know not what danger
I undergo by this exploit; pray heav'n I come well
off.

Mat. Sec, I think, yonder is the varlet, by his gown.

H 4

Be

Bob. Let's go in quest of him.

Mat. 'Save you, friend; are not you here by appointment of justice Clement's man?

Brai. Yes, an't please you, sir; he told me, two gentlemen had will'd him to procure a warrant from his master (which I have about me) to be serv'd on one Down-right.

Mat. It is honestly done of you both; and see where the party comes you must arrest; serve it upon him quickly. afore he be aware——

Bob. Bear back, master Matthew.

Brai. Master Down-right, I arrest you i' the queen's name, and must carry you afore a justice, by vertue of this warrant.

Step. Me, Friend? I am no Down-right, I: I am master Stephen: you do not well to arrest me, I tell you truly; I am in no bodies bonds nor books, I would you should know it. A plague on you heartily for making me thus afraid afore my time.

Brai. Why, now you are deceived, gentlemen.

Bob. He wears such a cloke, and that deceiv'd us: but see, here a comes indeed; this is he, officer.

Down. Why how now, signior Gull! are you turn'd filcher of late? Come, deliver my cloke.

Step. Your cloke, sir? I bought it even now, in open market.

Brai. Master Down-right, I have a warrant I must serve upon you, procur'd by these two gentlemen.

Down. These gentlemen? these rascals!

Brai. Keep the peace, I charge you in her majesty's name.

Down. I obey thee. What must I do, officer?

Brai. Go before master justice Clement, to answer what they can object against you, sir: I will use you kindly, sir.

Mat. Come, let's before, and make the justice, captain——

Bob.

Bob. The varlet's a tall man, afore heav'n !

Down. Gull, you'll give me my cloke ?

Step. Sir, I bought it, and I'll keep it.

Down. You will ?

Step. I, that I will.

Down. Officer, there's thy fee, arrest him.

Brai. Master Stephen, I must arrest you.

Step. Arrest me ! I scorn it. There, take your cloke, I'll none on't.

Down. Nay, that shall not serve your turn now, sir. Officer, I'll go with thee to the justice's ; bring him along.

Step. Why, is not here your cloke ? what would you have ?

Down. I'll ha' you answer it, sir.

Brai. Sir, I'll take your word, and this gentleman's too, for his appearance.

Down. I'll ha' no words taken : bring him along.

Brai. Sir, I may chuse to do that, I may take bail.

Down. 'Tis true, you may take bail, and chuse, at another time ; but you shall not now, varlet : bring him along, or I'll swinge you.

Brai. Sir, I pity the gentleman's case. Here's your money again.

Down. 'Sdeyns, tell not me of my money ; bring him away. I say.

Brai. I warrant you he will go with you of himself, sir.

Down. Yet more ado ?

Brai. I have made a fair mash on't.

Step. Must I go ?

Brai. I know no remedy, master Stephen.

Down. Come along, afore me here ; I do not love your hanging look behind.

Step. Why, sir, I hope you cannot hang me for it. Can he, fellow ?

Brai. think not, sir : it is but a whipping matter, sure.

Step. Why then let him do his worst, I am resolute.

A C T

ACT V. SCENE I.

Clement, Kno'well, Kitely, Dame Kitely, Tib, Cass, Cob, Servants.

Clem. **N**A Y, but stay, stay, give me leave: my chair, firrah. You, master Kno'well, say you went thither to meet your son?

Kno. I, sir.

Clem. But who directed you thither?

Kno. That did mine own man, sir.

Clem. Where is he?

Kno. Nay, I know not now; I left him with your clerk, and appointed him to stay here for me.

Clem. My clerk? about what time was this?

Kno. Marry, between one and two, as I take it.

Clem. And what time came my man with the false message to you, master Kitely?

Kit. After two, sir.

Clem. Very good: but, mistress Kitely, how chance that you were at Cob's? ha?

Dame. An' please you, sir, I'll tell you: my brother Well-bred told me, that Cob's house was a suspected place——

Clem. So it appears, methinks; but on.

Dame. And that my husband us'd thither daily.

Clem. No matter, so he us'd himself well, mistress.

Dame. True, sir; but you know what grows by such haunts oftentimes.

Clem. I see rank fruits of a jealous brain, mistress Kitely: but did you find your husband there, in that case as you suspected?

Kit. I found her there, sir.

Clem. Did you so, that alters the case. Who gave you knowledge of your wife's being there?

Kit.

Kit. Marry, that did my brother Well-bred.

Clem. How, Well-bred first tell her; then tell you after? Where is Well-bred?

Kit. Gone with my sister, sir, I know not whither.

Clem. Why, this is a meer trick, a device; you are gull'd in this most grossly all. Alas, poor wench, wer't thou beaten for this?

Tib. Yes, most pitifully, an't please you.

Cob. And worthily I hope, if it shall prove so.

Clem. I, that's like, and a piece of a sentence. How now, sir? what's the matter?

Serv. Sir, there's a gentleman i'the court without, desires to speak with your worship.

Clem. A gentleman? what's he?

Serv. A soldier, sir, he says.

Clem. A soldier? Take down my armour, my sword quickly. A soldier speak with me! Why, when, knaves? Come on, come on, [*He arms himself*] hold my cap there, so; give me my gorget, my sword: stand by, I will end your matters anon——
Let the soldier enter. Now, sir, what ha' you to say to me?

SCENE II.

[*To them*] *Bobadill, Matthew.*

Bob. By your worship's favour ——

Clem. Nay, keep out, sir; I know not your pretence. You send me word, sir, you are a soldier: why, sir, you shall be answer'd here, here be them have been amongst soldiers. Sir, your pleasure.

Bob. Faith, sir, so it is, this gentleman and my self have been most uncivilly wrong'd and beaten, by one Down right, a coarse fellow, about the town here; and for my own part, I protest, being a man in no sort given to this filthy humour of quarrelling, he hath assaulted me in the way of my peace, despoil'd me

me of mine honour, disarm'd me of my weapons, and rudely laid me along in the open streets, when I not so much as once offered to resist him.

Clem. O, God's precious! is this the soldier? Here take my armour off quickly, 'twill make him swoon, I fear; he is not fit to look on't, that will put up a blow.

Mat. An't please your worship, he was bound to the peace.

Clem. Why, an' he were, fir, his hands were not bound, were they?

Ser. There's one of the varlets of the city, fir, has brought two gentlemen here; one, upon your worship's warrant.

Clem. My warrant?

Ser. Yes, fir; the officer says, procur'd by these two.

Clem. Bid him come in. Set by this picture. What mr. Down-right! are you brought at mr. Fresh-water's suit here?

S C E N E III.

Down-right, Stephen, Brain-worm [To them.]

Down. I' faith, fir. And here's another brought at my suit.

Clem. What are you, fir?

Step. A gentleman, fir. O, uncle!

Clem. Uncle! who? master Kno'well.

Kno. I, fir; this is a wise kinsman of mine.

Step. God's my witness, uncle, I am wrong'd here monstrously; he charges me with stealing of his cloke, and would I might never stir, if I did not find it in the street by chance.

Down. Q, did you find it now? You said you bought it e're-while.

Step.

Step. And you said, I stole it: nay, now my uncle is here, I'll do well enough with you.

Clem. Well, let this breathe a while. You that have cause to complain there, stand forth: had you my warrant for this gentleman's apprehension?

Bob. I, an't please your worship.

Clem. Nay, do not speak in passion so: where had you it?

Bob. Of your clerk, sir.

Clem. That's well! an' my clerk can make warrants, and my hand not at 'em! where is the warrant? officer, have you it?

Brai. No, sir, your worship's man, master Formal, bid me do it for these gentlemen, and he would be my discharge.

Clem. Why, master Down-right, are you such a novice, to be serv'd and never see the warrant?

Down. Sir, he did not serve it on me.

Clem. No? how then?

Down. Marry, sir, he came to me, and said he must serve it, and he would use me kindly, and so —

Clem. O, god's pity, was it so, sir? he must serve it? give me my long sword there, and help me off. So, come on, sir varlet, I must cut off your legs, firrah: nay, stand up, I'll use you kindly; I must cut off your legs, I say.

[He flourishes over him with his long sword.]

Brai. O, good sir, I beseech you; nay, good master justice.

Clem. I must do it, there is no remedy, I must cut off your legs, firrah, I must cut off your ears, you rascal, I must do it; I must cut off your nose, I must cut off your head.

Brai. O, good your worship.

Clem. Well, rise, how dost thou do now? dost thou feel thy self well? hast thou no harm?

Brai. No, I thank your good worship, sir.

Clem.

Clem. Why, so; I said I must cut off thy legs, and I must cut off thy arms, and I must cut off thy head; but, I did not do it: so you said you must serve this gentleman with my warrant, but you did not serve him. You knave, you slave, you rogue, do you say you must? sirrah, away with him to the goal, I'll teach you a trick, for your must, sir.

Brai. Good, sir, I beseech you, be good to me.

Clem. Tell him he shall to the goal, away with him, I say.

Brai. Nay, sir, if you will commit me, it shall be for committing more than this: I will not lose by my travail, any grain of my fame, certain.

Clem. How is this?

Kno. My man Brain-worm?

Step. O, yes, uncle, Brain-worm has been with my cousin Edward and I all this day.

Clem. I told you all, there was some device.

Brai. Nay, excellent justice, since I have laid myself thus open to you, now stand strong for me; both with your sword and your ballance.

Clem. Body o' me, a merry knave! give me a bowl of sack: if he belong to you, master Kno'well, I bespeak your patience.

Brai. That is it, I have most need of. Sir, if you'll pardon me only, I'll glory in all the rest of my exploits.

Kno. Sir, you know I love not to have my favours come hard from me. You have your pardon, though I suspect you shrewdly for being of counsel with my son against me.

Brai. Yes, faith, I have, sir, though you retain'd me doubly this morning for your self: first as Brain-worm; after, as Fitz-Sword. I was your reform'd soldier, sir. 'Twas I sent you to Cob's upon the errand without end.

Kno.

Kno. Is it possible! or that thou should'st disguise thy language so as I should not know thee?

Brai. O, sir, this has been the day of my metamorphosis! It is not that shape alone that I have run through to-day. I brought this gentleman, mr. Kitley, a message too, in the form of mr. justice's man here, to draw him out o' th' way, as well as your worship, while master Well-bred might make a conveyance of mistress Bridget to my young master.

Kit. How! my sister stol'n away?

Kno. My son is not married, I hope!

Brai. Faith, sir, they are both as sure as love, a priest, and three thousand pound (which is her portion) can make 'em; and by this time are ready to bespeak their wedding supper at the Wind-mill, except some friend here prevent 'em, and invite 'em home.

Clem. Marry that will I (I thank thee for putting me in mind on't.) Sirrah, go you and fetch 'em hither upon my warrant. Neither's friends have cause to be sorry, if I know the young couple aright. Here, I drink to thee for thy good news. But, I pray thee, what hast thou done with my man Formal?

Brai. Faith, sir, after some ceremony past, as making him drunk, first with story, and then with wine, (but all in kindness) and stripping him to his shirt, I left him in that cool vein; departed, sold your worship's warrant to these two, pawn'd his livery for that varlet's gown to serve it in; and thus have brought my self by my activity to your worship's consideration.

Clem. And I will consider thee in another cup of sack. Here's to thee, which having drunk off, this is my sentence. Pledge me. Thou hast done, or assisted to nothing, in my judgment, but deserves to be pardon'd for the wit o' the offence. If thy master,

ter, or any man here, be angry with thee, I shall suspect his *ingine*¹ while I know him for't. How now, what noise is that?

Serv. Sir, it is Roger is come home.

Clem. Bring him in, bring him in. What! drunk in arms against me? your reason, your reason for this.

S C E N E IV.

[*To them*] *Formal.*

Form. I beseech your worship to pardon me; I hap-
pen'd into ill company by chance that cast me into a
sleep, and stript me of all my clothes——

Clem. Well, tell him I am justice Clement, and do
pardon him: but what is this to your armour? what
may that signifie?

Form. An't please you, sir, it hung up i' the room
where I was stript; and I borrow'd it of one of the
drawers to come home in, because I was loth to do
penance through the street i' my shirt.

Clem. Well, stand by a while. Who be these? O,
the young company, welcome, welcome. Gi' you
joy: Nay, mistress Bridget, blush not; you are not
so fresh a bride, but the news of it is come hither afore
you. Master Bridegroom, I ha' made your peace,
give me your hand: so will I for all the rest, e're
you forsake my roof.

S C E N E V.

Ed: Kno'well, Well-bred, Bridget [*To them.*]

E. Kno. We are the more bound to your humanity,
sir.

¹ *I shall suspect his ENGINE.*] The change of spelling hath affect-
ed the sense. It should be wrote, after the old way, *Ingine*: from
the Latin *ingenium*, wit, understanding, &c.

Clem. Only these two have so little of man in 'em they are no part of my care.

Wel. Yes, sir, let me pray you for this gentleman, he belongs to my sister the bride.

Clem. In what place, sir?

Wel. Of her delight, sir, below the stairs, and in publick: her poet, sir.

Clem. A poet? I will challenge him my self presently at extempore,

“Mount up thy phlegon, muse, and testifie,

“How Saturn sitting in an ebon cloud,

“Disrob'd his podex white as ivory,

“And through the welkin thundred all aloud.”

Wel. He is not for extempore, sir. He is all for the pocket-muse: please you command a sight of it.

Clem. Yes, yes, search him for a taste of his vein.

Wel. You must not deny the queen's justice, sir, under a writ o' rebellion.

Clem. What! all this verse? body o' me, he carries a whole realm, a common-wealth of paper in's hose! let's see some of his subjects.

“Unto the boundless ocean of thy face,

“Runs this poor river charg'd with streams of eyes.

How? this is stoln!

E. Kno. A parodie! a parodie! with a kind of miraculous gift, to make it absurder than it was.

Clem.

¹ *Mount up thy PHLEGON, muse, and testifie, &c.*] It is probable these verses were designed as a sneer upon some others, that might be well known at that time. As I cannot point out the author whose manner was here intended to be satirized, unless Decker was the person, the humour is in some measure lost to us. *Phlegon* was the name of one of the horses belonging to the chariot of the sun.

² *A parodie, a parodie! with a kind of miraculous gift, to make it absurder than it was.*] The lines alluded to are these of Daniel, which are the beginning of his first sonnet:

“Unto the boundless ocean of thy beauty,

“Runs this poor river charg'd with streams of zeal.”

And they are given as an instance of Mr. Matthew's false taste. Every parody is not ridicule or satire: the sublime burlesque, or

Clem. Is all the rest of this batch? Bring me a torch, lay it together, and give fire. Cleanse the air. Here was enough to have infected the whole city, if it had not been taken in time! See, see, how our poet's glory shines! brighter and brighter! still it increases! O, now it's at the highest: and now it declines as fast. You may see, *sic transit gloria mundi*.

Kno. There's an emblem for your son, and your studies!

Clem. Nay, no speech or act of mine be drawn against such as profess it worthily. They are not born every year as an alderman. There goes more to the making of a good poet, than a sheriff*. Mr. Kiteley, you look upon me! though I live i' the city here, amongst you, I will do more reverence to him, when I meet him, than I will to the mayor out of his year. But these paper-pedlers! these ink-dabblers! they cannot expect reprehension or reproach. They have it with the fact.

E. Kno. Sir, you have sav'd me the labour of a defence;

mock-heroic admits, with great propriety, parodies of verses, really sublime and beautiful. We have instances in the most celebrated poems of that kind in the English language; but affectation and unnatural conceit, are never more severely exposed, than by a parody of the original.

* *There goes more to the making of a good poet, than a sheriff. They are not born every year, as an alderman.* Among plain citizens, this might be thought a reflexion upon men of gravity and worship; and Mr. Kiteley seemed to take it so: but the merry justice thought no harm, when he thus gave us the sense of the old Latin verses:

Consules fiunt quotannis, & proconsules:

Solus poeta non quotannis nascitur.

Which Taylor the water poet has paraphrased with much greater honour to the bard;

"When heav'n intends to do some mighty thing,

"He makes a poet, or at least—a king."

Clem.

Clem. It shall be discourfe for supper ; between your father and me, if he dare undertake me. But to dispatch away these, you sign o' the Soldier, and picture o' the Poet, (but both so false, I will not ha' you hang'd out at my door till midnight) while we are at supper, you two shall penitently fast it out in my court without ; and, if you will, you may pray there that we may be so merry within as to forgive or forget you, when we come out. Here's a third, because we tender your safety, shall watch you, he is provided for the purpose. Look to your charge, sir.

Step. And what shall I do ?

Clem. O! I had lost a sheep an' he had not bleat ; ed: why, sir, you shall give mr. Down-right his cloke ; and I will intreat him to take it. A trencher and a napkin you shall have i' the buttry, and keep Cob and his wife company here ; whom I will intreat first to be reconcil'd ; and you to endeavour with your wit to keep 'em so.

Step. I'll do my best.

Cob. Why, now I see thou art honest, Tib, I receive thee as my dear and mortal wife again.

Tib. And I you, as my loving and obedient husband.

Clem. Good compliment ! It will be their bridal night too. They are married anew. Come, I conjure the rest to put off all discontent. You, mr. Down-right, your anger ; you, master Kno'well, your cares ; master Kitely and his wife, their jealousy.

For, I must tell you both, while that is fed,
Horns i' the mind are worse than o' the head.

Kit. Sir, thus they go from me ; kifs me, sweet heart.

“ See what a drove of horns flie in the air,

“ Wing'd with my cleansed and my credulous breath!

“ Watch 'em suspicious eyes, watch where they fall.

“ See, see! on heads, that think th' have none at all !

" O, what a plenteous world of this will come !

" When air rains horns, all may be sure of some.
I ha' learn'd so much verse out of a jealous man's part
in a play.

Clem. 'Tis well, 'tis well ! This night we'll dedicate
to friendship, love, and laughter. Master bride-
groom, take your bride and lead ; every one a fellow.
Here is my mistress, Brain-worm !^s to whom all my
addresses of courtship shall have their reference. Whose
adventures this day, when our grand-children shall
hear to be made a fable, I doubt not but it shall find
both spectators and applause.

^s *Here is my mistress, Brain-worm.*] The justice being a man of
humour, takes Brain-worm as his partner, not indeed for the dance,
but for mirth and jocular conversation.

* This Comedy was first acted in the Year 1598, by
the then Lord Chamberlain his servants.

The principal comedians were,

WILL. SHAKESPEARE,		RIC. BURBADGE,
AUG. PHILIPS,		JOH. HEMINGS,
HEN. CONDEL,		THO. POPE,
WILL. SLYE,		CHR. BEESTON,
WILL. KEMPE,		JOH. DUKE.

* I have supplied this account of the actors from the folio of
1616. It was not customary at that time, to print the players name
against that person of the drama which he represented, as is now the
usual practice ; so that we cannot positively say, who were the per-
formers of the respective characters in the preceding play. But if
the actors' names, as we may probably suppose, are ranged in the
same order as the persons of the play, that order determines the part
of Kno'well to have been played by Shakespear, whose name stands
first in the list of actors, as the other stands at the head of the dra-
matic characters.

EVERY

...the world of the will come
...all may be true of love
...a single man...

...This night we will
...Mother
...every one a little
...whom all
...children
...the night
...the night

...The night being a
...the night
...the night



R. H. HARRISON
J. H. HARRISON
T. H. HARRISON
C. H. HARRISON
J. H. HARRISON

...the night
...the night
...the night



And the Governor says to him
Every Man out of his Humour.

EVERY MAN

OUT OF HIS

HUMOUR

A

COMICAL SATIRE

First Acted in the Year 1309

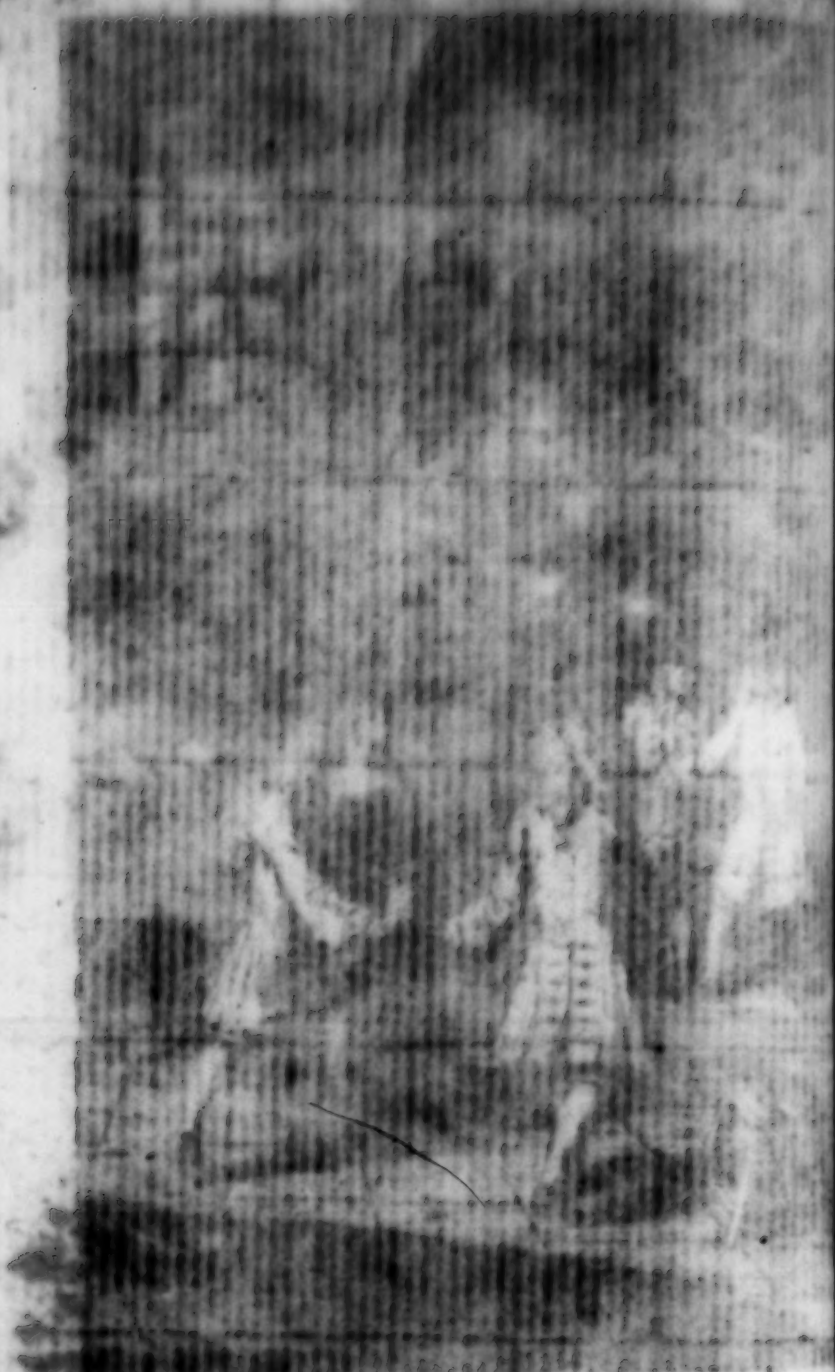
When Lord CHAMBERLAIN his Son

With the Allowance of the Master of Rhetoric

per me pressi pite | *et pite*

per me pressi pite | *et pite*

Hor.



Every Man out of his Humour

EVERY MAN
OUT OF HIS
HUMOUR.

A

COMICAL SATIRE,

First Acted in the Year 1599,

By the then Lord CHAMBERLAIN his Servants.

With the Allowance of the Master of REVELS.

*Non aliena meo pressi pede | * si propius stes.
Te capient magis | * & decies repetita placebunt.*

HOR.

TO THE
Noblest NURSERIES of Humanity and
Liberty in the Kingdom,
The INNS of COURT.

I Understand you, Gentlemen, not your houses : and
a worthy succession of you to all time, as being
born the judges of these studies. When I wrote this
Poem I had friendship with divers in your societies ;
who, as they were great names in learning, so they
were no less examples of living. Of them, and then
(that I say no more) it was not despised. Now that the
printer, by a doubled charge, thinks it worthy a
longer life than commonly the air of such things doth
promise ; I am careful to put it a servant to their plea-
sures, who are the inheritors of the first favour born
it. Yet, I command it lie not in the way of your
more noble and useful studies to the publick : for so
I shall suffer for it. But when the gown and cap is
off, and the lord of liberty reigns, then to take it in
your hands, perhaps may make some benchers, tinct-
ed with humanity, read and not repent him.

By your True Honourer, .

BEN. JONSON.

Dramatis Personæ.

ASPER, the Presenter.
MACILENTE.

PUNTARVOLO.

CARLO BUFFONE.
FASTID. BRISK.
DELIRO.
FALLACE.
SAVIOLINA.
SORDIDO.

FUNGOSO.

SOGLIARDO.
SHIFT.

CLOVE.

ORANGE.
GREX.
CORDATUS.
MITIS.

{ His Lady.
Waiting Gent.
Huntsman.
Serving Men 2.
Dog and Cat.

CINEDO his Page.
{ FIDO, their Servant,
Musicians.

His Hind.
{ Taylor.
Haberdasher.
Shoe-maker.

Rustici.
{ A Groom.
Drawers.
Constable, and Officers.

THE

Character of the Persons.

ASPER,

HE is of an ingenious and free spirit, eager and constant in reproof, without fear controlling the world's abuses.¹ One whom no servile hope of gain, or frosty apprehension of danger, can make to be a parasite, either to time, place, or opinion.

MACILENTE,

A man well parted, a sufficient scholar, and travelled; who (wanting that place in the world's account which he thinks his merit capable of) falls into such an envious apoplexy, with which his judgment is so dazled and distasted, that he grows violently impatient of any opposite happiness in another.

PUNTARVOLO,

A vain-glorious knight, over-englishing his travels, and wholly consecrated to singularity; the very Jacob's staff of compliment; a sir that hath liv'd to see the revolution of time in most of his apparel. Of presence good enough, but so palpably affected to his own praise, that (for want of flatterers) he commends himself, to the outage of his own family. He deals upon returns², and strange performances, resolving (in despite of publick derision) to stick to his own particular fashion of phrase, and gesture.

¹ *Without fear, controlling the world's abuses.*] The first edition takes away the comma after *fear*, and lays both the sentences in one. This seems to be the truer lection: but we claim no merit from either deposing, or restoring commas.

² *He deals upon RETURNS.*] Ventures sent abroad, for the safe return of which he agrees by articles to receive so much money.

CARLO

CARLO BUFFONE,

A publick, scurrilous, and prophane jester; that (more swift than Circe) with absurd similes will transform any person into deformity. A good feast-hound, or banquet-beagle, that will scent you out a supper some three miles off, and swear to his patrons (damn him) he came in oars, when he was but wafted over in a skul-ler. A slave that hath an extraordinary gift in pleasing his palate, and will swill up more sack at a sitting than would make all the guard a posset. His religion is railing, and his discourse ribaldry. They stand highest in his respect, whom he studies most to reproach.

FASTIDIUS BRISK,

A neat, spruce, affecting courtier, one that wears clothes well, and in fashion: practiseth by his glasse how to salute; speaks good remnants (notwithstanding the base-viol and tobacco:) swears tersly, and with variety; cares not what lady's favour he belies, or great man's familiarity: a good property to perfume the boot of a coach. He will borrow another man's horse to praise, and backs him as his own. Or, for a need, on foot can post himself into credit with his merchant, only with the gingle of his spur, and the jerk of his wand,

DELIRO,

A good doting citizen, who (it is thought) might be of the common-council for his wealth; a fellow sincerely besotted on his own wife, and so rapt with a conceit of her perfections, that he simply holds himself unworthy of her. And, in that hood-winkt humour, lives more like a suiter than a husband; standing in as true dread of her displeasure, as when he first made love to her. He doth sacrifice two-pence in juniper to her every morning before she rises, and wakes her with villanous-out-of-tune musick, which she out of her contempt (tho' not out of her judgment) is sure to dislike.

FALLACE,

Deliro's wife, and idol ; a proud mincing peat, and as perverse as he is officious. She dotes as perfectly upon the courtier, as her husband doth on her, and only wants the face to be dishonest.

SAVIOLINA,

A court lady, whose weightiest praise is a light wit, admired by herself, and one more, her servant Brisk.

SORDIDO,

A wretched hob-nail'd chuff, whose recreation is reading of almanacks ; and felicity, foul weather. One that never pray'd but for a lean dearth, and ever wept in a fat harvest.

FUNGOSO,

The son of Sordido, and a student ; one that has revell'd in his time, and follows the fashion afar off, like a spie. He makes it the whole bent of his endeavours, to wring sufficient means from his wretched father to put him in the courtiers cut ; at which he earnestly aims, but so unluckily, that he still lights short a suit.

SOGLIARDO,

An essential clown, brother to Sordido, yet so enamour'd of the name of a gentleman, that he will have it, though he buys it. He comes up every term to learn to take tobacco, and see new motions. He is in his kingdom when he can get himself into company where he may be well laught at.

SHIFT,

A thread-bare shark ; one that never was a soldier, but lives upon lendings. His profession is skeldring and
odling,

odling, his bank Pauls, and his ware-house Piſt-hatch. Takes up ſingle teſtons upon oaths, till dooms-day. Falls under executions of three ſhillings, and enters in to five-groat bonds. He way-lays the reports of ſervices, and cons them without book, damning himſelf he came new from them, when all the while he was taking the diet in the bawdy-houſe, or lay pawned in his chamber for rent and victuals. He is of that admirable and happy memory, that he will ſalute one for an old acquaintance that he never ſaw in his life before. He uſurps upon cheats, quarrels, and robberies, which he never did, only to get him a name. His chief exerciſes are, taking the whiff, ſquirring a cockatrice, and making privy ſearches for imparters.

CLOVE and ORANGE,

An inſeparable caſe of coxcombs, city born; the Gemini, or twins of ſopperry; that like a pair of wooden foyles, are fit for nothing but to be praſtis'd upon. Being well flatter'd they'll lend money, and repent when they ha' done. Their glory is to invite players, and make ſuppers. And in company of better rank (to avoid the ſuſpect of inſufficiency) will inforce their ignorance moſt deſperately, to ſet upon the underſtanding of any thing. Orange is the moſt humorous of the two, (whoſe ſmall portion of juice being ſqueezed out) Clove ſerves to ſtick him with commendations.

CORDATUS,

The author's friend; a man inly acquainted with the ſcope and drift of his plot; of a diſcreet and underſtanding judgment; and has the place of a moderator.

MITIS,

Is a perſon of no action, and therefore we have reaſon to afford him no character.

Every

Every Man out of his Humour.

After the second Sounding.*

G R E X.

Cordatus, Asper, Mitis.

Cordatus.

NA Y, my dear Asper.

Mit. Stay your mind.

Asp. Away.

Who is so patient of this impious world,
That he can check his spirit, or rein his tongue ?
Or who hath such a dead unfeeling sense,
That heaven's horrid thunders cannot wake ?
To see the earth crackt with the weight of sin,
Hell gaping under us, and o'er our heads
Black rav'nous ruin, with her sail-stretch'd wings,²

Ready

* After the second SOUNDING.] These several soundings are in the modern theatre termed first, second, and third music.

² Black, rav'nous ruin, with her sail-stretch'd wings.] There is a sublimity in this and the preceding lines, which shews us that Jonson could have reached a nobler flight in the greater kinds of poetry, had he not cramped his genius by confining it, in conformity

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Ready to sink us down, and cover us.
Who can behold such prodigies as these,
And have his lips seal'd up? Not I: my soul
Was never ground into such oily colours,
To flatter vice, and daub iniquity:
But (with an armed and resolved hand)
I'll strip the ragged follies of the time
Naked as at their birth:

Cor. (Be not too bold.

Asp. You trouble me) and with a whip of steel,
Print wounding lashes in their iron ribs.
I fear no mood stamp't in a private brow,
When I am pleas'd t'unmask a publick vice.
I fear no strumpets drugs, nor ruffians stab,
Should I detect their hateful luxuries:
No brokers, usurers, or lawyers gripe,
Were I dispos'd to say, they're all corrupt.
I fear no courtiers frown, should I applaud
The easy flexure of his supple hams.
Tut, these are so innate and popular,
That drunken custom would not shame to laugh
(In scorn) at him, that should but dare to tax 'em.
And yet, not one of these but knows his works,
Knows what damnation is, the devil, and hell;
Yet hourly they persist, grow rank in sin,
Puffing their souls away in perj'rous air,
To cherish their extortion, pride, or lusts.

Mit. Forbear, good Asper; be not like your name.

Asp. O, but to such whose faces are all zeal,
And (with the words of Hercules) invade
Such crimes as these! that will not smell of sin,
But seem as they were made of sanctity!

to the prejudices of the age, to a model unworthy of himself, and even not agreeable to his own taste. The author he copied after in his *Sejanus* and *Catiline*, was Seneca the tragedian; as we shall shew more distinctly, when we come to those plays.

Religious

Religion in their garments, and their hair
Cut shorter than their eye-brows! when the conscience
Is vaster than the ocean, and devours
More wretches than the counters.

Mit. Gentle Asper,
Contain your spirit in more stricter bounds,
And be not thus transported with the violence
Of your strong thoughts.

Cor. Unless your breath had power
To melt the world, and mould it new again,
It is in vain to spend it in these moods.

Asp. I not observ'd this thronged round till now!
Gracious and kind spectators, you are welcome;
Apollo and the muses feast your eyes
With graceful objects, and may our Minerva
Answer your hopes, unto their largest strain.
Yet here mistake me not, judicious friends;
I do not this, to beg your patience,
Or servilely to fawn on your applause,
Like some dry brain, despairing in his merit.
Let me be censur'd by th' austere brow,
Where I want art or judgment, tax me freely:
Let envious censors, with their broadest eyes,
Look through and through me, I pursue no favour;
Only vouchsafe me your attentions,
And I will give you musick worth your ears.
O, how I hate the monstrousness of time,
Where every servile imitating spirit,
Plagu'd with an itching leprosie of wit,
In a meer halting fury, strives to fling
His ulc'rous body in the Thespian spring,
And straight leaps forth a poet! but as lame
As Vulcan, or the founder of Cripplegate.

Mit. In faith this humour will come ill to some,
You will be thought to be too peremptory.

Asp. This humour? good! and why this humour,
Mitis?

Nay,

Nay, do not turn, but answer.

Mit. Answer? what?

Asp. I will not stir your patience, pardon me,
I urg'd it for some reasons, and the rather
To give these ignorant well-spoken days
Some taste of their abuse of this word humour.

Cor. O, do not let your purpose fall, good *Asp.*
It cannot but arrive most acceptable,
Chiefly to such as have the happiness,
Daily to see how the poor innocent word
Is rack'd and tortur'd.

Mit. I, I pray you proceed.

Asp. Ha? what? what is't?

Cor. For the abuse of humour.

Asp. O, I crave pardon, I had lost my thought.
Why, humour (as 'tis *ens*) we thus define it,
To be a quality of air, or water,
And in itself holds these two properties,
Moisture and fluxure: as, for demonstration,
Pour water on this floor, 'twill wet and run:
Likewise the air (forc'd through a horn or trumpet)
Flows instantly away, and leaves behind
A kind of dew; and hence we do conclude,
That whatsoe'er hath fluxure and humidity,
As wanting power to contain itself,
Is humour. So in every human body,
The choler, melancholy, phlegm, and blood,
By reason that they flow continually
In some one part, and are not continent,
Receive the name of humours. Now thus far
It may, by metaphor, apply itself
Unto the general disposition:
As when some one peculiar quality
Doth so possess a Man, that it doth draw

¹ (*As 'tis ens*) we thus define it] *Ens* is a term of the schools, signifies a substance, or existence.

All his affects, his spirits, and his powers,
In their confluxions, all to run one way,
This may be truly said to be a humour.⁴
But that a rook by wearing a py'd feather,
The cable hatband, or the three-pil'd ruff,
A yard of shoe-tye, or the Switzer's knot
On his French garters, should affect a humour!
O, it is more than most ridiculous.

Cor.⁵ He speaks pure truth; now if an idiot
Have but an apish or fantastick strain,
It is his humour.

Asp. Well, I will scourge those apes,
And to these courteous eyes oppose a mirrour,
As large as is the stage whereon we act;
Where they shall see the time's deformity
Anatomiz'd in every nerve, and sinew,
With constant courage, and contempt of fear.

Mit. Asper, (I urge it as your friend) take heed,
The days are dangerous, full of exception,
And men are grown impatient of reproof.

Asp. Ha, ha!
You might as well have told me, yond' is heav'n,
This earth, these men, and all had mov'd alike.

⁴ This may be truly said to be a HUMOUR.] What was usually called the manners in a play or poem, began now to be called the humours. The word was new; the use, or rather abuse of it was excessive. It was applied upon all occasions, with as little judgment as wit. Every coxcomb had it always in his mouth; and every particularity he affected was denominated by the name of humour. To redress this extravagance, Jonson is exact in describing the true meaning, and proper application of the term. Shakespear ridicules it in the character of Nym. It hath been observed that the word, in the sense which Jonson assigns it, is peculiar to our English language; but the quality intended by it is not peculiar to the people. Our poet's great excellence was the lively copying of these humorous characters.

⁵ He speaks pure truth now; if an idiot] The reading of the last edition. The first folio much better, as it stands above,

He speaks pure truth; now if an idiot

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Do not I know the time's condition?
 Yes, Mitis, and their souls; and who they be
 That either will or can except against me.
 None but a sort of fools, so sick in taste,
 That they contemn all physick of the mind,
 And, like gall'd camels, kick at every touch.⁶
 Good men, and virtuous spirits, that loth their vices,
 Will cherish my free labours, love my lines,
 And with the fervor of their shining grace
 Make my brain fruitful, to bring forth more objects
 Worthy their serious and intentive eyes.
 But why enforce I this? as fainting? no.
 If any here chance to behold himself,
 Let him not dare to challenge me of wrong:
 For, if he shame to have his follies known,
 First he should shame to act 'em: my strict hand
 Was made to seise on vice, and with a gripe
 Squeeze out the humour of such spongy natures,⁷
 As lick up every idle vanity.

Cor. Why, this is right *furor poeticus*!
 Kind gentlemen, we hope your patience
 Will yet conceive the best, or entertain
 This supposition, that a mad man speaks.

Asp. What, are you ready there? Mitis, sit down,
 And my Cordatus. Sound ho, and begin.
 I leave you two, as censors, to sit here:
 Observe what I present, and liberally
 Speak your opinions upon every scene,
 As it shall pass the view of these spectators.
 Nay, now y'are tedious, sirs; for shame begin.
 And, Mitis, note me; if in all this front

⁶ *And, like GLAD camels, kick at every touch.*] The true lecture
 which is exhibited by the copy of 1616, is as followeth,

And, like gall'd camels, kick at every touch.

⁷ *Squeeze out the humour of such spongy NATURES.*] So read the editions of 1692, and 1716, from the folio of 1640, but the first copy hath *spongy souls*.

You can espy a gallant of this mark,
Who (to be thought one of the judicious)
Sits with his arms thus wreath'd, his hat pull'd here,
Cries mew, and nods, then shakes his empty head,
Will shew more several motions in his face
Than ¹ the new London, Rome, or Niniveh,
And (now and then) breaks a dry bisquet jest,
Which, that it may more easily be chew'd,
He steeps in his own laughter.

Cor. Why, will that
Make it be sooner swallow'd?

Asp. O, assure you.
Or if it did not, yet, as Horace sings,
Jejunus raro stomachus vulgaria temnit,
"Mean cates are welcome still to hungry guests."

Cor. 'Tis true; but why should we observe 'em, Asper?

Asp. O, I would know 'em; for in such assemblies
Th' are more infectious than the pestilence:
And therefore I would give them pills to purge,
And make 'em fit for fair societies.
How monstrous and detested is't, to see
A fellow, that has neither art nor brain,
Sit like an Aristarchus, or stark ass,
Taking mens lines, with a tobacco-face,
In snuff, still spitting, using his wry'd looks
(In nature of a vice) to wrest and turn
The good aspect of those that shall sit near him,
From what they do behold! O, 'tis most vile.

Mit. Nay, Asper.

Asp. Peace, Mitis, I do know your thought.
You'll say, your guests here will except at this:
Pish, you are too timorous, and full of doubt.
Then he, a patient, shall reject all physick,

¹ *Than the new LONDON, ROME, or NINIVEH.*] Puppet-shews, or
as they were then styled motions, at that time in great vogue.

'Cause the physician tells him, you are sick :
 Or, if I say, that he is vicious,
 You will not hear of virtue. Come, y'are fond.⁹
 Shall I be so extravagant, to think,
 That happy judgments, and composed spirits,
 Will challenge me for taxing such as these ?
 I am asham'd.

Cor. Nay, but good, pardon us ;
 We must not bear this peremptory fail,
 But use our best endeavours how to please.

Asp. Why, therein I commend your careful
 And I will mix with you in industry [thoughts,
 To please : but whom ? attentive auditors,
 Such as will join their profit with their pleasure,
 And come to feed their understanding parts :
 For these I'll prodigally spend my self,
 And speak away my spirit into air ;
 For these I'll melt my brain into invention,
 Coin new conceits, and hang my richest words
 As polish'd jewels in their bounteous ears.¹⁰
 But stay, I lose my self, and wrong their patience ;
 If I dwell here, they'll not begin, I see.
 Friends, sit you still, and entertain this troop
 With some familiar and by-conference,
 I'll haste them sound. Now gentlemen, I go
 To turn an actor, and a humorist,
 Where (e'er I do resume my present person)
 We hope to make the circles of your eyes
 Flow with distilled laughter : if we fail,
 We must impute it to this only chance,

⁹ *Come, y'are fond*] i. e. simple, injudicious.

¹⁰ *hang my richest words*

As polish'd jewels in their bounteous ears.] The comparison alludes to the custom then in vogue, of mens wearing rings and jewels in their ears.

" Art hath an enemy call'd ignorance. " [Exit Asp.

Cor. How do you like his spirit, Mitis?

Mit. I should like it much better, if he were less confident.

Cor. Why, do you suspect his merit?

Mit. No, but I fear this will procure him much envy.

Cor. O, that sets the stronger seal on his desert: if he had no enemies, I should esteem his fortunes most wretched at this instant.

Mit. You have seen his play, Cordatus: pray you, how is't?

Cor. Faith sir, I must refrain to judge; only this I can say of it, 'tis strange, and of a particular kind by itself, " somewhat like *Vetus Comædia*; a work that hath bounteously pleased me; how it will answer the general expectation, I know not.

Mit. Does he observe all the laws of comedy in it?

Cor. What laws mean you?

Mit. Why, the equal division of it into acts and scenes, according to the Terentian manner; his true number of actors; the furnishing of the scene with Grex or Chorus, and that the whole argument fall within compass of a day's business.

" Art hath an enemy call'd ignorance] Et quod vulgo aiunt, artem non habere inimicum nisi ignorantem.

Reusneri symbol Imperator. class. 1. p. 136. DR. GREY.

" Somewhat like VETUS COMÆDIA.] In the *Vetus Comædia*, or old comedy, the learned know that personal characters were introduced by name, and much licence of abuse was tolerated. *Jansen* hath refrained from every thing of this nature; tho' his enemies did not scruple to tax him with quarrelling with his friends, and afterwards representing them on the stage; and particularly in the characters of this very play. In what follows we may remark the most exact knowledge of the progress of antient comedy, through its several stages: and the conclusion is a satire on the poets of the age, for their violation of the laws of writing. Our poet perfectly understood the dramatic unities, and was happy in his observance of them.

Cor. O no, these are too nice observations.

Mit. They are such as must be received, by your favour, or it cannot be authentick.

Cor. Troth, I can discern no such necessity.

Cor. No?

Mit. No, I assure you, signior. If those laws you speak of had been delivered us *ab initio*, and in their present virtue and perfection, there had been some reason of obeying their powers; but 'tis extant, that that which we call *comædia*, was at first nothing but a simple and continued song, sung by one only person, till Sufario invented a second; after him, Epicharmus a third; Phormus and Chionides devised to have four actors, with a prologue and chorus; to which Cratinus (long after) added a fifth and sixth: Eupolis, more; Aristophanes, more than they: every man in the dignity of his spirit and judgment supplied something. And (though that in him this kind of poem appeared absolute, and fully perfected) yet how is the face of it changed since, in Menander, Philemon, Cecilius, Plautus, and the rest? who have utterly excluded the chorus, altered the property of the persons, their names, and natures, and augmented it with all liberty, according to the elegance and disposition of those times wherein they wrote. I see not then, but we should enjoy the same licence, or free power to illustrate and heighten our invention as they did; and not betied to those strict and regular forms which the niceness of a few (who are nothing but form) would thrust upon us.

Mit. Well, we will not dispute of this now: but what's his scene?

Cor. Marry, *insula fortunata*, sir.

Mit. O, the fortunate island: mass, he has bound himself to a strict law there.

Cor. Why so?

Mit. He cannot lightly alter the scene, without crossing the seas.

Cor. He needs not, having a whole island to run through, I think.

Mit. No? how comes it then, that in some one play we see so many seas, countries, and kingdoms, passed over with such admirable dexterity?

Cor. O, that but shews how well the authors can travel in their vocation, and out-run the apprehension of their auditory. But leaving this, I would they would begin once: this protraction is able to sour the best-settled patience in the theatre.

Mit. They have answered your wish, sir; they sound.

Cor. O, here comes the prologue. Now, sir, if you had staid a little longer, I meant to have spoke your prologue for you, i' faith.

The third sounding.

PROLOGUE.

Prol. Marry, with all my heart, sir, you shall do it yet, and I thank you.

Cor. Nay, nay, stay, stay, hear you?

Prol. You could not have studied to ha' done me a greater benefit at the instant; for I protest to you. I am unperfect, and (had I spoke it) I must of necessity have been out.

Cor. Why, but do you speak this seriously?

Prol. Seriously! I, (wit's my help, do I) and esteem myself indebted to your kindness for it.

Cor. For what?

Prol. Why, for undertaking the prologue for me.

Cor. How, did I undertake it for you?

Prol. Did you! I appeal to all these gentlemen, whether you did or no? Come, come, it pleases you to cast a strange look on't now; but 'twill not serve.

Cor. 'Fore me, but it must serve; and therefore speak your prologue.

Prol. An' I do, let me die poison'd with some venomous hiss, and never live to look as high as the two penny room again.

Mit. He has put you to it, sir.

Cor. 'Sdeath. what a humourous fellow is this? Gentlemen, good faith I can speak no prologue, howsoever his weak wit has had the fortune to make this strong use of me here before you: but I protest——

Enter Carlo Buffone, with a boy and wine.

Car. Come, come, leave these fustian protestations; away, come, I cannot abide these grey-headed ceremonies. Boy, fetch me a glass quickly, I may bid these gentlemen welcome; give 'em a health here. I mar'le whose wit 'twas to put a prologue in yond' sackbut's mouth; they might well think he'd be out of tune, and yet you'd play upon him too.

Cor. Hang him, dull block.

Car. O good words, good words; a well-timber'd fellow, he would ha' made a good column, an' he had been thought on, when the house was a building. O, art thou come? Weil said; give me, boy, fill, fo. Here's a cup of wine sparkles like a diamond. Gentlemen (I am sworn to put them in first) and gentlemen, a round, in place of a bad prologue; I drink this good draught to your health here, Canary, the very elixir and spirit of wine.¹⁴ This is that our poet calls Castalian liquor, when he comes abroad (now and then) once in a fortnight, and makes a good meal

¹³ *What a humorous fellow is this?*] But the first folio reads,

'Sdeath, what a humorous fellow is this?

¹⁴ *Canary, the very ELIXIR OF WINE.*] It was a cant term in that age for sack, alluding to the elixir of the alchymists for the renewal or prolongation of life.

among players, where he has *caninum appetitum*; marry, at home he keeps a good philosophical diet, beans and butter-milk; an honest pure rogue, he will take you off three, four, five of these, one after another, and look villanously when he has done, like a one-headed Cerberus (he does not hear me, I hope) and then (when his belly is well ballac'd, and his brain rigg'd a little) he sails away with all, as though he would work wonders when he comes home. He has made a play here, and he calls it, *Every Man out of his Humour*: but an' he get me out of the humour he has put me in, I'll trust none of his tribe again while I live. Gentles, all I can say for him, is, you are welcome: I could wish my bottle here amongst you; but there's an old rule, *No pledging your own health*. Marry, if any here be thirsty for it, their best way (that I know) is, sit still, seal up their lips, and drink so much of the play in at their ears.

[*Exit.*]

G R E X.

Mit. What may this fellow be, Cordatus?

Cor. Faith if the time will suffer his description, I'll give it you. He is one, the author calls him Carlo Buffone, an impudent common jester, a violent railer, and an incomprehensible epicure; one whose company is desir'd of all men, but belov'd of none; he will sooner lose his soul than a jest, and prophane even the most holy things, to excite laughter: no honourable or reverend personage whatsoever can come within the reach of his eye, but is turn'd into all manner of variety, by his adult'rate similes.

Mit. You paint forth a monster

Cor. He will prefer all countries before his native, and thinks he can never sufficiently, or with admiration enough, deliver his affectionate conceit of foreign
atheistical

atheistical policies. But stay——observe these: he'll appear himself anon.

Mit. O, this is your envious man (Macilente) I think.

Cor. The same, sir.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Macilente.

V*iri est, fortune cecitatem facile ferre.*
 'Tis true; but, Stoic, where (in the vast world)
 Doth that man breathe, that can so much command
 His blood and his affection? Well, I see
 I strive in vain to cure my wounded soul;
 For every cordial that my thoughts apply
 Turns to a corr'sive, and doth eat it farther.
 There is no taste in this philosophy;
 'Tis like a potion that a man should drink,
 But turns his stomach with the sight of it.
 I am no such pil'd Cynique to believe,
 That beggary is the only happiness;
 Or (with a number of these patient fools)
 To sing: "My mind to me a kingdom is".
 When the lank hungry belly barks for food.
 I look into the world, and there I meet
 With objects, that do strike my blood-shot eyes
 Into my brain: where, when I view my self,
 Having before observ'd this man is great,
 Mighty and fear'd; that lov'd, and highly favour'd;
 A third thought wise and learned; a fourth rich,
 And therefore honour'd; a fifth rarely featur'd;

¹ *My mind to me a kingdom is.*] Words of an old ballad, the thought from Seneca.

A sixth admired for his nuptial fortunes :
 When I see these (I say) and view my self,
 I wish the organs of my sight were crackt ;
 And that the engine of my grief could cast
 Mine eye-balls, like two globes of wild-fire, forth,
 To melt this unproportion'd frame of nature.
 Oh, they are thoughts that have transfixt my heart,
 And often (i' the strength of apprehension)
 Made my cold passion stand upon my face,
 Like drops of dew on a stiff cake of ice.

G R E X.

Cor. This alludes well to that of the poet,
*Invidus suspirat, gemit, incutitque dentes,
 Sudat frigidus, intuens quod odit.*

Mit. O peace, you break the scene.

Maci. Soft, who be these ?

I'll lay me down awhile till they be past.

G R E X.

Cor. Signior, note this gallant, I pray you.

Mit. What is he ?

Cor. A tame rook, you'll take him presently ; list.

S C E N E II.

Sogliardo, Carlo Buffone, Macilente.

Sog. Nay, lo k you Carlo : this is my humour now !
 I have land and money, my friends lett me well, and
 I will be a gentleman whatsoever it cost me.

Car. A most gentleman-like resolution.

Sog. Tut, an' I take an humour of a thing once, I
 am like your taylors needle, I go through ; but, for
 my name, signior, how think you ? will it not serve
 for

for a gentleman's name, when the signior is put to it? ha?

Car. Let me hear: how is't?

Sog. Signior Infulso Sogliardo: methinks it sounds well.

Car. O excellent! tut, an' all fitted to your name, you might very well stand for a gentleman: I know many Sogliardo's gentlemen.

Sog. Why, and for my wealth I might be a justice of peace.

Car. I, and a constable for your wit.

Sog. All this is my lordship you see here, and those farms you came by.

Car. Good steps to gentility too, marry: but Sogliardo, if you affect to be a gentleman indeed, you must observe all the rare qualities, humours, and complements of a gentleman.

Sog. I know it, signior, and if you please to instruct, I am not too good to learn, I'll assure you.

Car. Enough, sir: I'll make admirable use of the projection of my medicine upon this lump of copper here. I'll bethink me for you, sir.

Sog. Signior, I will both pay you, and pray you, and thank you, and think on you.

G R E X,

Cor. Is this not purely good?

Maci. Why, why should such a prick-ear'd hind as this

Be rich? ha? a fool! such a transparent gull
That may be seen through! wherefore should he have
land,

Houses, and lordships? O, I could eat my intrails,
And sink my soul into the earth with sorrow.

Car. First (to be an accomplisht gentleman, that is, a gentleman of the time) you must give o'er house-keeping

keeping in the country, and live altogether in the city amongst gallants; where at your first appearance, 'twere good you turn'd four or five hundred acres of your best land into two or three trunks of apparel (you may do it without going to a conjurer) and be sure you mix yourself still with such as flourish in the spring of the fashion, and are least popular¹: study their carriage and behaviour in all; learn to play at primero and passage, and ever (when you lose) ha' two or three peculiar oaths to swear by, that no man else swears: but above all, protest in your play, and affirm upon your credit, as you are a true gentleman, (at every cast) you may do it with a safe conscience, I warrant you.

Sog. O admirable rare! he cannot chuse but be a gentleman that ha's these excellent gifts: more, more, I beseech you.

Car. You must endeavour to feed cleanly at your ordinary, sit melancholy, and pick your teeth when you cannot speak: and when you come to plays, be humorous, look with a good starch'd face, and ruffle your brow like a new boot, laugh at nothing but your own jests, or else as the noblemen laugh. That's a special grace you must observe.

Sog. I warrant you, sir.

Car. I, and sit o' the stage and flout, provided you have a good suit.

Sog. O, I'll have a suit only for that, sir.

Car. You must talk much of your kindred and allies.

Sog. Lies! no signior, I shall not need to do so, I have kindred i' the city to talk of: I have a niece is a merchant's wife; and a nephew, my brother Sordido's son, of the inns of court.

¹ *Least popular*] is least vulgar; most removed from the common people.

Car.

Car. O, but you must pretend alliance with courtiers and great persons : and ever when you are to dine or sup in any strange presence, hire a fellow with a great chain (though it be copper, it's no matter) to bring you letters, feign'd from such a nobleman, or such a knight, or such a lady, " To their worshipful, right " rare and nobly qualified friend and kinsman, signior " Insulso Sogliardo ; " give yourself stile enough. And there (while you intend circumstances of news, or enquiry of their health, or so) one of your familiars (whom you must carry about you still) breaks it up (as 'twere in a jest) and reads it publickly at the table : at which you must seem to take as unpardonable offence, as if he had torn your mistress's colours, or breath'd upon her picture ; and pursue it with that hot grace, as if you would advance a challenge upon it presently.

Sog. Stay, I do not like that humour of challenge, it may be accepted ; but I'll tell you what's my humour now, I will do this : I will take occasion of sending one of my suits to the taylors to have the pocket repaired, or so ; and there such a letter as you talk of (broke open and all) shall be left : O, the taylors will presently give out what I am, upon the reading of it, worth twenty of your gallants.

Car. But then you must put on an extreme face of discontentment at your man's negligence.

Sog. O, so I will, and beat him too : I'll have a man for the purpose.

Mac. You may, you have land and crowns : O partial fate !

Car. Mass, well remembred, you must keep your men gallant at the first, fine pyed liveries laid with good gold lace ; there's no loss in it, they may rip't off and pawn it when they lack victuals.

Sog. By'r lady, that is chargeable signior, 'twill bring a man in debt.

Car.

Car. Debt? why that's the more for your credit, fir: it's an excellent policy to owe much in these days, if you note it.

Sog. As how, good signior? I would fain be a politician.

Car. O! look where you are indebted any great sum, your creditor observes you with no less regard, than if he were bound to you for some huge benefit, and will quake to give you the least cause of offence, lest he lose his money. I assure you (in these times) no man has his servant more obsequious and pliant, than gentlemen their creditors: to whom (if at any time) you pay but a moiety, or a fourth part, it comes more acceptably than if you gave 'em a new-year's gift.

Sog. I perceive you, fir: I will take up, and bring my self in credit sure^a.

Car. Marry this, always beware you commerce not with bankrupts, or poor needy Ludgathians: they are impudent creatures, turbulent spirits, they care not what violent tragedies they stir, nor how they play fast and loose with a poor gentleman's fortunes, to get their own. Marry these rich fellows (that ha' the world, or the better part of it, sleeping in their counting-houses) they are ten times more placable, they; either fear, hope, or modesty restrains them from offering any outrages: but this is nothing to your followers, you shall not run a penny more in arrearage for them, an' you list yourself.

Sog. No? how should I keep 'em then?

Car. Keep 'em? 'sblood let them keep themselves, they are no sheep, are they? what? you shall come in houses, where plate, apparel, jewels, and divers

^a *I will take up*] That is, goods on credit. The phrase common to those times. So *Falstaff*; "If a gentleman wou'd be thorough with 'em, in honest taking up, they stand upon security."

other pretty commodities lie negligently scattered, and I would ha' those Mercuries follow me (I trow) should remember they had not their fingers for nothing.

Sog. That's not so good methinks.

Car. Why, after you have kept 'em a fortnight, or so, and shew'd 'em enough to the world, you may turn 'em away, and keep no more but a boy, it's enough.

Sog. Nay, my humour is not for boys, I'll keep men, an' I keep any; and I'll give coats, that's my humour: but I lack a cullisen¹.

Car. Why, now you ride to the city, you may buy one, I'll bring you where you shall ha' your choice for money.

Sog. Can you, sir?

Car. O, I: you shall have one take measure of you, and make you a coat of arms to fit you, of what fashion you will.

Sog. By word of mouth, I thank you, signior: I'll be once a little prodigal in a humour i'faith, and have a most prodigious coat.

Mac. Torment and death! break head and brain at once,

To be deliver'd of your fighting issue.

Who can indure to see blind fortune dote thus?

To be enamour'd on this dusty turf?

This clod? a whorson puck-fist? O God, God, God,

I could run wild with grief now, to behold

The rankness of her bounties, that doth breed

Such bull-rushes; these mushroom gentlemen,

That shoot up in a night to place and worship.

Car. Let him alone, some stray, some stray.

¹ But I lack a CULLISEN.] No dictionary that I can find will help us to the meaning of this word; nor does the context lead us to discover it.

Sog. Nay, I will examine him before I go, sure.

Car. The lord of the soil has all wefts and strays here, has he not?

Sog. Yes, sir.

Car. Faith then I pity the poor fellow, he's fallen into a fool's hands.

Sog. Sirrah, who gave you a commission to lye in my lordship?

Mac. Your lordship?

Sog. How, my lordship? do you know me, sir?

Mac. I do know you, sir.

Car. He answers him like an eccho.

Sog. Why, who am I, sir?

Mac. One of those that fortune favours.

Car. The periphrasis of a fool⁴; I'll observe this better:

Sog. That fortune favours? how mean you that, friend?

Mac. I mean simply. That you are one that lives not by your wits.

Sog. By my wits? no, sir, I scorn to live by my wits, I. I have better means I tell thee, than to take such base courses, as to live by my wits. What, dost thou think I live by my wits?

Mac. Methinks, jester, you should not relish this well.

Car. Ha? does he know me?

Mac. Though yours be the worst use a man can put his wit to, of thousands, to prostitute it at every tavern and ordinary; yet (methinks) you should have turn'd your broad-side at this, and have been ready with an apology, able to sink this hulk of ignorance into the bottom and depth of his contempt.⁵

Car.

⁴ *The periphrasis of a fool.*] According to the Latin adage, *fortuna favet fatuis*. DR. GREY.

⁵ *Able to sink this BULK of ignorance into the bottom and depth of his contempt.*] Bulk of ignorance, tho' not absolutely without sense, doth
Vol. I. L not

Car. Oh! 'tis Macilente! signior, you are well-encountred, how is't? O, we must not regard what he says man, a trout, a shallow fool, he has no more brain than a butterfly, a meer stuff suit, he looks like a musty bottle new wicker'd, his head's the cork, light, light. I am glad to see you so well return'd, signior.

Mac. You are? gramercy, good Janu:

Sog. Is he one of your acquaintance? I love him the better for that.

Car. God's precious, come away man, what do you mean? an' you knew him as I do, you'd shun him as you'd do the plague.

Sog. Why, sir?

Car. ⁶ O, he's a black fellow, take heed of him.

Sog. Is he a scholar, or a foldier?

Car. Both, both; a lean mungril, he looks as if he were chop-fal'n, with barking at other mens good fortunes: 'ware how you offend him, he carries oyl and fire in his pen, will scald where it drops: his spirit's like powder, quick, violent: he'll blow a man up with a jest: I fear him worse than a rotten wall does the cannon; shake an hour after at the report.⁷ Away, come not near him.

Sog. For God's sake let's be gone; an' he be a scholar, you know I cannot abide him, I had as lieve see a cockatrice, specially as cockatrices go now.

Car. What, you'll stay, signior? this gentleman Segliardo, and I, are to visit the knight Puntarvolo, and from thence to the city, we shall meet there.

not agree with the rest of the sentence. The metaphor is taken from an engagement at sea, and directs us to read *bulk*; which is a shattered vessel, without masts or sails. Upon farther examination I find *bulk* is the reading only of the last copies.

⁶ O, he's a black fellow, take heed of him.] *Hic niger est, hunc tu Romane, caveto.* Horat.

⁷ Shake an hour after at the report,] i. e. At the discharge of a cannon, it will shake an hour after.

Mac.

Mac. I, when I cannot shun you, we will meet.
 'Tis strange! of all the creatures I have seen,
 I envy not this Buffone, for indeed
 Neither his fortunes nor his parts deserve it:
 But I do hate him, as I hate the devil,
 Or that brags-vifag'd monster Barbarism.
 O, 'tis an open-throated, black-mouth'd cur,
 'That bites at all, but eats on those that feed him.
 A slave, that to your face will (serpent like)
 Creep on the ground, as he would eat the dust;
 And to your back will turn the tail, and sting
 More deadly than a scorpion: stay, who's this?
 'Now 'fore my soul another minion
 Of the old lady Chance's: I'll observe him.

SCENE III.

Sordido, Macilente, Hind.

Sord. O rare! good, good, good, good, good!
 I thank my stars, I thank my stars for it.

Mac. Said I not true? doth not his passion speak
 Out of my divination? O my senses,
 Why lose you not your powers, and become
 Dull'd if not deaded with this spectacle?
 I know him, 'tis Sordido, the farmer,
 A boor, and brother to that swine was here.

Sord. Excellent, excellent, excellent! as I would
 wish, as I would wish.

Mac. See how the strumpet fortune tickles him,
 And makes him swoon with laughter, O, O, O.

¹ That bites at all, but eats NOT those that feed him.] The word *not*
 disguises the whole meaning; the true reading is *on*.

² Now FOR my soul another minion

Of the old lady Chance's.] I apprehend the words *for my soul* are
 corrupt, and shou'd be read *'fore my soul*; a phrase similar to the
 modern *on*, or *by my soul*. We have an equivalent expression in the
 prologue; *'fore me, but it must serve*.

L 2

Sord.

164 *Every Man out of his Humour.*

Sord. Ha, ha, ha, I will not sow my grounds this year. Let me see what harvest shall we have? June, July, August?

Mac. What is't, a prognostication raps him so?

Sord. The xx, xxi, xxii days, rain and wind, O good, good! the xxiii, and xxiv, rain and some wind, good! the xxv, rain, good still! xxvi, xxvii, xxviii, wind and some rain; would it had been rain and some wind: well 'tis good (when it can be no better) xxix, inclining to rain: inclining to rain? that's not so good now: xxx, and xxxi, wind and no rain: no rain? 'twill stay; this is worse and worse: what says he of faint Swithins? turn back, look, faint Swithins: no rain?

Mac. O, here's a precious dirty damned rogue,
That fatts himself with expectation
Of rotten weather and unseason'd hours;
And he is rich for it, an elder brother!
His barns are full! his reeks and mows well trod!
His garners crack with store! O, 'tis well; ha, ha, ha:
A plague consume thee, and thy house.

Sord. O, here, St. Swithins, the xv day, variable weather, for the most part rain, good; for the most part rain: why, it should rain forty days after, now, more or less, it was a rule held, afore I was able to hold a plough, and yet here are two days no rain; ha! it makes me muse. We'll see how the next month begins, if that be better. September, first, second, third, and fourth days, rainy and blustering; this is well now: fifth, sixth, seventh, eighth and ninth, rainy, with some thunder; I marry, this is excellent; the other was false printed sure: the tenth and eleventh, great store of rain; O good, good, good, good, good! the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth days, rain; good still: fifteenth, and sixteenth, rain; good still: seventeenth and eighteenth, rain, good still; nineteenth and twentieth, good still, good still, good still, good still, good

good still ! one and twentieth, some rain ; some rain ?
well we must be patient, and attend the heavens pleasure,
would it were more though : the one and twentieth,
two and twentieth, three and twentieth, great tem-
pests of rain, thunder and lightning.

O good again, past expectation good !
I thank my blessed angel ; never, never
Laid I a penny better out than this,
To purchase this dear book : not dear for price,
And yet of me as dearly priz'd as life,
Since in it is contain'd the very life,
Blood, strength and sinews of my happiness.
Blest be the hour, wherein I bought this book :
His studies happy that compos'd the book.
And the man fortunate that sold the book.
Sleep with this charm, and be as true to me,
As I am joy'd and confident in thee.

Mac. Ha, ha, ha ? Is not this good ? Is't not plea-
sing this ?

[The blind enters with a paper.]

Ha, ha, ha ! God pardon me ! ha, ha !
Is't possible that such a spacious villain
Should live, and not be plagu'd ? or lies he hid
Within the wrinkled bosom of the world,
Where heaven cannot see him ? why (methinks)
'Tis rare, and strange, that he should breathe and walk,
Feed with digestion, sleep, enjoy his health,
And (like a boist'rous whale swallowing the poor)
Still swim in wealth and pleasure ! is't not strange ?
Unless his house and skin were thunder-proof,
I wonder at it ! Methinks, now, the hec'tick,
Gout, leprosy, or some such loth'd disease,
Might light upon him ; or that fire (from heaven)
Might fall upon his barns ; or mice and rats
Eat up his grain ; or else that it might rot
Within the hoary reeks, e'en as it stands :
Methinks this might be well ; and after all
The devil might come and fetch him. I, 'tis true !

166 *Every Man out of his Humour.*

Mean time he surfeits in prosperity,
And thou (in envy of him) gnaw'st thyself:
Peace, fool, get hence, and tell thy vexed spirit,
"Wealth in this age will scarcely look on merit."

Sord. Who brought this same, sirrah?

Hin. Marry, sir, one of the justices men, he says 'tis
a precept, and all their hands be at it.

Sord. I, and the prints of them stick in my flesh,
Deeper than i'their letters: they have sent me
Pills wrapt in paper here, that should I take 'em,
Would poison all the sweetness of my book,
And turn my honey into hemlock-juice.
But I am wiser than t'observe their precepts¹⁰
Or follow their prescriptions. Here's a device,
To charge me bring my grain unto the markets:
I, much! when I have neither barn nor garner¹¹,
Nor earth to hide it in, I'll bring 't; till then,
Each corn I send shall be as big as Paul's.
O, but (say some) the poor are like to starve.
Why let 'em starve, what's that to me? are bees
Bound to keep life in drones and idle moths? no:
Why such are these (that term themselves the poor,
Only because they would be pitied,
But are indeed a sort of lazy beggars)
Licentious rogues, and sturdy vagabonds,
Bred (by the sloth of a fat plenteous year)
Like snakes in heat of summer, out of dung;

¹⁰ *But I am wiser than to serve their precepts,*

Or follow their prescriptions.] A man is said to be served
with a precept from a magistrate, when it is sent or given him;
and to do as it directs, is to obey, or observe it. We should
therefore read,

But I am wiser than t' observe their precepts.

¹¹ *I, much, when I have neither barn nor garner.]* We should
point the line in this manner:

I, much! when I have, &c.

Much is a word of disdain, in use at that time.

And

And this is all that these cheap times are good for :
Whereas a wholesome and penurious dearth
Purges the soil of such vile excrements,
And kills the vipers up.

Hin. O, but master,
Take heed they hear you not.

Sord. Why so ?

Hin. They will exclaim against you:

Sord. I, their exclaims

Move me as much, as thy breath moves a mountain !
Poor worms, they hiss at me, whilst I at home
Can be contented to applaud my self,
To sit and clap my hands, and laugh, and leap,
Knocking my head against my roof, with joy
To see how plump my bags are, and my barns.
Sirrah, go hie you home, and bid your fellows
Get all their flays ready again' I come.

Hin. I will, sir.

Sord. I'll instantly set all my hinds to thrashing
Of a whole reek of corn, which I will hide
Under the ground ; and with the straw thereof
I'll stuff the outsides of my other mows :
That done, I'll have them empty all my garners,
And i' the friendly earth bury my store,
That, when the searchers come, they may suppose
All's spent, and that my fortunes were bely'd.
And to lend more opinion to my want,
And stop that many-mouthed vulgar dog,
(Which else would still be baying at my door)
Each market-day, I will be seen to buy
Part of the purest wheat, as for my household ;
Where when it comes, it shall increase my heaps,
'Twill yield me treble gain at this dear time,
Promis'd in this dear book : I have cast all.
Till then I will not sell an ear, I'll hang first.
O, I shall make my prices as I list,

My House and I can feed on peas and barley ;
 What though a world of wretches starve the while ;
 " He that will thrive must think no courses vile."

G R E X.

Cor. Now, signior, how approve you this? have the humourists exprest themselves truly or no?

Mit. Yes, (if it be well prosecuted) 'tis hitherto happy enough: but methinks Macilente went hence too soon, he might have been made to stay, and speak somewhat in reproof of Sordido's wretchedness now at the last.

Cor. O, no, that had been extremely improper; besides, he had continued the scene too long with him, as 'twas, being in no more action.

Mit. You may inforce the length as a necessary reason; but for propriety, the scene would very well have born it in my judgment.

Cor. O, worst of both; why, you mistake his humour utterly then.

Mit. How? do I mistake it? is't not envy?

Cor. Yes, but you must understand, signior, he envies him not as he is a villain, a wolf i'the commonwealth, but as he is rich and fortunate; for the true condition of envy is, *Dolor alienæ felicitatis*, to have our eyes continually fixt upon another man's prosperity, that is, his chief happiness, and to grieve at that. Whereas if we make his monstrous and abhorr'd actions our object, the grief (we take then) comes nearer the nature of hate than envy, as being bred out of a kind of contempt and lothing in our selves.

Mit. So you'll infer it had been hate, not envy in him, to reprehend the humour of Sordido?

Cor. Right, for what a man truly envies in another, he could always love and cherish in himself; but no man truly reprehends in another, what he loves in himself;

himself; therefore reprehension is out of his hate. And this distinction hath he himself made in a speech there (if you mark it) where he says "I envy not this Buffone, but I hate him."

Mit. Stay, sir: "I envy not this Buffone, but I hate him;" why might he not as well have hated Sordido as him?

Cor. No, sir, there was subject for his envy in Sordido, his wealth: so was there not in the other. He stood possess'd of no one eminent gift, but a most odious and fiend-like disposition, that would turn charity itself into hate, much more envy, for the present.

Mit. You have satisfied me, sir. O, here comes the fool and the jester again methinks.

Cor. 'Twere pity they should be parted, sir.

Mit. What bright-shining gallant's that with them? the knight they went to?

Cor. No, sir, this is one Monsieur Fastidius Brisk, otherwise called the fresh Frenchified courtier.

Mit. A humourist too?

Cor. As humorous as quick-silver, do but observe him; the scene is the country still, remember.

A C T II. S C E N E I.

Fast. Brisk, Cinedo, Carlo Buffone, Sogliardo.

Fast. Cinedo, watch when the knight comes, and give us word.

Cin. I will, sir.

Fast. How lik'st thou my boy, Carlo?

Car. O, well, well. He looks like a colonel of the pigmies horse, or one of these motions, in a great antique

tique clock ; he would shew well upon a haberdasher's stall, at a corner shop, rarely.

Fast. 'Sheart, what a damn'd witty rogue's this ; how he confounds with his similes ?

Car. Better with similes than smiles : and whither were you riding now, signior ?

Fast. Who, I ? what a silly jest's that ; whither should I ride but to the court ?

Car. O, pardon me, sir, twenty places more ; your hot-house, or your whore-house——

Fast. By the virtue of my soul, this knight dwells in Elizium here.

Car. He's gone now, I thought he would flie out presently. These be our nimble spirited catso's, that ha' their evasions at pleasure, will run over a bog like your wild Irish ; no sooner started, but they'll leap from one thing to another, like a squirrel, heigh ! dance and do tricks i' their discourse, from fire to water, from water to air, from air to earth, as if their tongues did but e'en lick the four elements over, and away.

Fast. Sirrah, Carlo, thou never saw'st my grey-hobby yet, didst thou ?

Car. No ; ha' you such a one ?

Fast. The best in Europe (my good villain) thou'lt say, when thou seest him.

Car. But when shall I see him ?

Fast. There was a noble man i' the court offered me a hundred pound for him, by this light ; a fine little fiery slave, he runs like a (oh) excellent, excellent ! with the very sound of the spur ?

Car. How, the sound of the spur ?

Fast. O, it's your only humour now extant, sir ; a good gingle, a good gingle¹.

¹ *It's your only humour now extant, sir ; a good gingle, a good gingle.*
An allusion to a fashion of the age : the spurs then worn had little rings, or something of that nature belonging to them, which made a gingling sound, as a person walked or rode.

Car.

Car. 'Sblood, you shall see him turn morrice-dancer, he has got him bells, a good suit, and a hobby-horse.

Sog. Signior, now you talk of a hobby-horse, I know where one is will not be given for a brace of angels.

Fast. How is that, sir?

Sog. Marry, sir, I am telling this gentleman of a hobby-horse, it was my father's indeed, and (though I say it ———

Cor. That shou'd not say it) on, on.

Sog. He did dance in it, with as good humour, and as good regard as any man of his degree whatsoever, being no gentleman: I have danc'd in it myself too.

Car. Not since the humour of gentility was upon you? did you?

Sog. Yes, once; marry, that was but to shew what a gentleman might do in a humour.

Car. O, very good.

G R E X.

Mit. Why, this fellow's discourse were nothing but for the word humour^a.

Car. O bear with him; an' he should lack matter and words too, 'twere pitiful.

Sog. Nay, look you, sir, there's 'ne'er a gentleman of the country has the like humours, for the hobby-horse, as I have; I have the method for the threading of the needle and all, the ———

Car. How, the method?

Sog. I, the leigerity for that, and the whigh-hie, and the daggers in the nose, and the travels of the

^a*This fellow's discourse were nothing but for the word HUMOUR.]*
This affectation hath been observed before. Shakespear's *Nym* is a character of the same turn; and as the poet expresseth it, *frights*
humour out of its quits.

egg from finger to finger', and all the humours incident to the quality. The horse hangs at home in my parlour. I'll keep it for a monument as long as I live, sure.

Car. Do so; and when you die, 'twill be an excellent trophy to hang over your tomb.

Sog. Mafs, and I'll have a tomb (now I think on't) 'tis but so much charges.

Car. Best build it in your life time then, your heirs may hap to forget it else.

Sog. Nay, I mean so, I'll not trust to them.

Car. No, for "heirs and executors are grown damnable careless, specially since the ghosts of testators left walking;" how like you him, signior?

Fast. 'Fore heav'ns, his humour arrides me exceedingly.

Car. Arrides you?

Fast. I, pleases me (a pox on't) I am so haunted at the court, and at my lodging, with your refin'd choice spirits, that it makes me clean of another garb, another sheaf, I know not how! I cannot frame me to your harsh vulgar phrase, 'tis against my genius.

Sog. Signior Carlo.

G R E X.

Cor. This is right to that of Horace, *Dum vitant multi vitia, in contraria currunt*; so this gallant, labouring to avoid popularity, falls into a habit of affectation, ten thousand times hatefuller than the former.

Car. Who he? a gull, a fool, no salt in him i' the earth, man; he looks like a fresh salmon kept in a tub, he'll be spent shortly. His brain's lighter than

³ The daggers in the nose, and the travels of the egg from finger to finger.] Tricks of legerdemain usually performed by the master of the hobby-horse, as he danced: a diversion with which our simpler ancestors were extremely entertained.

his feather already, and his tongue more subject to lye, than that's to wag; he sleeps with a musk-cat every night, and walks all day hang'd in pomander chains for penance; he has his skin tann'd in civet, to make his complexion strong, and the sweetness of his youth lasting in the sense of his sweet lady; a good empty puff, he loves you well, signior.

Sog. There shall be no love lost, sir, I'll assure you.

Fast. Nay, Carlo, I am not happy i' thy love, I see: pray thee suffer me to enjoy thy company a little (sweet mischief) by this air, I shall envy this gentleman's place in thy affections, if you be thus private, i' faith. How now? is the knight arriv'd?

Enter Cinedo.

Cin. No, sir, but 'tis guest he will arrive presently, by his fore-runners.

Fast. His hounds! by Minerva an excellent figure; a good boy.

Car. * You shou'd give him a French crown for it; the boy would find two better figures i' that, and a good figure of your bounty beside.

Fast. Tut, the boy wants no crowns.

Car. No crown; speak i' the singular number, and we'll believe you.

Fast. Nay, thou art so capriciously conceited now. Sirrah damnation, I have heard this knight Puntarvolo reported to be a gentleman of exceeding good humour, thou know'st him; pr'y thee, how is his disposition? I ne'er was so favour'd of my stars, as to see him yet. Boy, do you look to the hobby?

Cin. I, sir, the groom has set him up.

Fast. 'Tis well: I rid out of my way of intent to

* You shou'd give him a French CROWN for it.] Meaning what is called the *Corona veneris*; a caries in the head, occasioned by the last stage of the venereal disease.

visit him, and take knowledge of his——Nay, good wickedness, his humour, his humour.

Car. Why, he loves dogs, and hawks, and his wife well; he has a good riding face, and he can sit a great horse; he will taint a staff well at tilt; when he is mounted he looks like the sign of the George, that's all I know; save, that instead of a dragon, he will brandish against a tree, and break his sword as confidently upon the knotty bark, as the other did upon the scales of the beast.

Fast. O, but this is nothing to that's deliver'd of him. They say he has dialogues and discourses between his horse, himself, and his dog; and that he will court his own lady, as she were a stranger never encounter'd before.

Car. I, that he will, and make fresh love to her every morning; this gentleman has been a spectator of it, signior Insulso.

Sog. I am resolute to keep a page: say you, sir?

[He leaps from whispering with the boy.]

Car. You have seen signior Puntarvolo accost his lady?

Sog. O, I, sir.

Fast. And how is the manner of it pr'y thee, good signior?

Sog. Faith sir, in very good sort, he has his humours for it, sir; as first, (suppose he were now to come from riding or hunting, or so) he has his trumpet to sound, and then the waiting gentlewoman, she looks out, and then he speaks, and then she speaks,——very pretty i'faith, gentlemen.

Fast. Why, but do you remember no particulars, signior?

Sog. O, yes, sir, first, the gentlewoman, she looks out at the window.

Car. After the trumpet has summon'd a parle, not before?

Sog.

Sog. No, fir, not before ; and then says he, ha, ha, ha, ha, &c.

Car. What says he ? he not rapt so.

Sog. Says he, ha, ha, ha, ha, &c.

Fast. Nay, speak, speak.

Sog. Ha, ha, ha, says he ; God save you, says he ; ha, ha, &c.

Car. Was this the ridiculous motive to all this passion ?

Sog. Nay, that, that comes after is, ha, ha, ha, ha, &c.

Car. Doubtless he apprehends more than he utters, this fellow ; or else, ——— [*A cry of bounds within.*]

Sog. Lift, lift, they are come from hunting ; stand by, close under this terras, and you shall see it done better than I can shew it.

Car. So it had need, 'twill scarce poize the observation else.

Sog. Faith, I remember all, but the manner of it is quite out of my head.

Fast. O, withdraw, withdraw, it cannot be but a most pleasing object.

SCENE II.

[*To the rest*] *Puntarvolo, Huntsman, Gentlewoman.*

Punt. Forrester, give wind to thy horn. Enough ; by this the sound hath touch'd the ears of the inclosed : depart, leave the dog, and take with thee what thou hast deserv'd, the horn, and thanks.

Car. I, marry, there's some taste in this.

Fast. Is't not good ?

Sog. Ah, peace, now above, now above !

[*The gentlewoman appears at the window.*]

Punt. Stay ; mine eye hath (on the instant) through the bounty of the window, receiv'd the form of a nymph. I will step forward three paces ; of the which,

which, I will barely retire one; and (after some little flexure of the knee) with an erected grace salute her (one, two, and three.) Sweet lady, God save you.

Gent. No, forsooth; I am but the waiting gentlewoman.

Car. He knew that before.

Punt. Pardon me: *humanum est errare.*

Car. He learn'd that of his chaplain.

Punt. To the perfection of compliment (which is the dial of the thought, and guided by the sun of your beauties) are requir'd these three specials; the gnomon, the puntlios, and the superficies; the superficies, is that we call place; the puntlios, circumstance; and the gnomon, ceremony; in either of which, for a stranger to err, 'tis easie and facile, and such am I.

Car. True, not knowing her horizon, he must needs err; which I fear he knows too well.

Punt. What call you the lord of the castle, sweet face?

Gent. The lord of the castle is a knight, sir; signior Puntarvolo.

Punt. Puntarvolo? O.

Car. Now must he ruminate.

Fast. Does the wench know him all this while, then?

Car. O, do you know me, man? why, therein lyes the syrup of the jest; it's a project, a designment of his own, a thing studyed, and rehearst as ordinarily at his coming from hawking or hunting, as a jig after a play.

Sog. I, e'en like your jig, sir.

Punt. 'Tis a most sumptuous and stately edifice! of what years is the knight, fair damsel?

Gent. Faith, much about your years, sir.

Punt. What complexion or what stature bears he?

Gent. Of your stature, and very near upon your complexion.

Punt. Mine is melancholy.

Car.

Car. So is the dog's, just.

Punt. And doth argue constancy, chiefly in love.
What are his endowments? is he courteous?

Gent. O, the most courteous knight in christian land, sir.

Punt. Is he magnanimous?

Gent. As the skin between your brows, sir.

Punt. Is he bountiful?

Car. 'Slud, he takes an inventory of his own good parts.

Gent. Bountiful? I, sir, I would you should know it; the poor are serv'd at his gate, early and late, sir.

Punt. Is he learned?

Gent. O, I sir, he can speak the French and Italian.

Punt. Then he has travell'd.

Gent. I, forsooth, he hath been beyond seas once or twice.

Car. As far as Paris, to fetch over a fashion, and come back again.

Punt. Is he religious?

Gent. Religious? "I know not what you call religious, but he goes to church, I am sure".

Fast. 'Slid, methinks these answers should offend him.

Car. Tut no; he knows they are excellent, and to her capacity that speaks 'em.

Punt. Would I might see his face.

Car. She should let down a glass from the window at that word, and request him to look in't.

Punt. Doubtless the gentleman is most exact, and absolutely qualified; doth the castle contain him?

Gent. No, sir, he is from home, but his lady is within.

Punt. His lady? what, is she fair? splendidious? and amiable?

Gent. O, Lord, sir!

Punt. Pr'ythee, dear nymph, intreat her beauties to shine on this side of the building.

Car. That he may erect a new dial of compliment, with his gnomons and his puntillios.

[Gent. leaves the window.]

Fast. Nay, thou art such another cynique now, a man had need walk uprightly before thee.

Car. Heart, can any man walk more upright than he does? Look, look; as if he went in a frame, or had a suit of wanescot on: and the dog watching him, lest he should leap out on't.

Fast. O, villain!

Car. Well, and e'er I meet him in the city, I'll ha' him joynted, I'll pawn him in East-cheap, among the butchers, else.

Fast. Peace, who be these, Carlo?

S C E N E III.

[To the rest] Sordido, Fungoso, Lady.

Sord. Yonder's your God-father; do your duty to him, son.

Sog. This, sir? a poor elder brother of mine, sir, a yeoman, may dispend some seven or eight hundred a year; that's his son, my nephew, there.

Punt. You are not ill-come, neighbour Sordido, though I have not yet said, well-come: what, my God-son is grown a great proficient by this?

Sord. I hope he will grow great one day, sir.

Fast. What does he study? the law?

Sog. I, sir, he is a gentleman, though his father be but a yeoman.

Car. What call you your nephew, signior?

Sog. Marry, his name is Fungoso.

Car. Fungoso? O, he look'd somewhat like a sponge in that pinet yellow doublet, methought; well, make much

much of him; I see he was never born to ride upon a moyl¹.

Gentlewoman return'd above.

Gent. My lady will come presently, sir.

Sog. O, now, now.

Punt. Stand by, retire your selves a space; nay, pray you, forget not the use of your hat; the air is piercing.

[*Sordido and Fungoso withdraw to the other part of the stage, while the lady is come to the window.*]

Fast. What? will not their presence prevail against the current of his humour?

Car. O, no; it's a meer flood, a torrent carries all afore it.

Punt. "What more than heav'nly pulchritude is this?

"What magazine, or treasury of blifs?

"Dazle, you organs to my optique sense,

"To view a creature of such eminence:

"O, I am planet-struck, and in yond sphere

"A brighter star than Venus doth appear!

Fast. How? in verse!

Car. An extasie, an extasie, man.

Lady. Is your desire to speak with me, sir knight?

Car. He will tell you that anon; neither his brain, nor his body, are yet moulded for an answer.

Punt. Most debonair, and luculent lady, I decline me low as the basis of your altitude.

G R E X.

Cor. He makes congies to his wife in geometrical proportions.

Mit. Is't possible there should be any such humourist?

¹ I see he was never born to ride upon a MOYL] i. e. a mule. He was never born to be a great lawyer. It was the custom antiently for the judges or serjeants at law to go to Westminster in great state, and riding on mules.

180 *Every Man out of his Humour.*

Cor. Very easily possible, sir, you see there is.

Punt. I have scarce collected my spirits, but lately scatter'd in the admiration of your form; to which (if the bounties of your mind be any way responsible) I doubt not, but my desires shall find a smooth and secure passage. I am a poor knight errant (lady) that hunting in the adjacent forest, was by adventure in the pursuit of a hart, brought to this place; which hart (dear madam) escaped by enchantment; the evening approaching (my self, and servant wearied) my suit is, to enter your fair castle, and refresh me.

Lady. Sir knight, albeit it be not usual with me (chiefly in the absence of a husband) to admit any entrance to strangers, yet in the true regard of those innated virtues, and fair parts, which so strive to express themselves, in you; I am resolv'd to entertain you to the best of my unworthy power; which I acknowledge to be nothing, valu'd with what so worthy a person may deserve. Please you but stay while I descend.

Punt. Most admir'd lady, you astonish me!

Car. What? with speaking a speech of your own penning? — [*She departs: Puntarvolo falls in with Sordido and his son.*]

Fast. Nay, look; pr'y thee peace.

Car. Pox on't; I am impatient of such soppery.

Fast. O, let's hear the rest.

Car. What? a tedious chapter of courtship, after sir Lancelot, and queen Guevener? ⁶ away. I mark in what dull cold nook he found this lady out? that (being a woman) she was blest with no more copy of wit⁷, but to serve his humour thus. 'Slud I think he

⁶ After sir LANCELOT, and queen GUEVENER.] The old romance of sir Lancelot, and the lady of the lake.

⁷ She was blest with no more COPY of wit] Copy, from the Latin *copia*, plenty, abundance; familiar in this sense to *Shakespeare* as well as our author.

feeds her with porridge, I ; she could ne'er have such a thick brain else.

Sog. Why, is porridge so hurtful, signior ?

Car. O, nothing under heav'n more prejudicial to those ascending subtile powers, or doth sooner abate that which we call *acumen ingenii*, than your gross fare : why, I'll make you an instance ; your city-wives, but observe 'em, you ha' not more perfect true fools i' the world bred, than they are generally ; and yet you see (by the fineness and delicacy of their diet, diving into the fat capons, drinking your rich wines, feeding on larks, sparrows, potato-pies, and such good unctuous meats) how their wits are refin'd and rarified ; and sometimes a very quintessence of conceit flows from 'em, able to drown a weak apprehension.

Fast. Peace, here comes the lady.

Lady. Gad's me, here's company ; turn in again :

[*Lady with her gent. descended, seeing them, turns in again.*]

Fast. 'Slight, our presence has cut off the convoy of the jest.

Car. All the better, I am glad on't ; for the issue was very perspicuous. Come, let's discover, and salute the knight. [*Carlo and the other two step forth.*]

Punt. Stay ; who be these that address themselves towards us ? What, Carlo ? Now by the sincerity of my soul, welcome ; welcome gentlemen : and how dost thou, thou grand scourge, or second untruss of the time ?

Car. Faith, spending my metal in this reeling world (here and there) as the sway of my affection carries me, and perhaps stumble upon a yeoman feuterer *, as I do now ; or one of fortune's molls, laden with trea-

* *A yeoman FEUTERER.*] Meaning Puntarvolo. *Feuterer* is a dog-scraper, corrupted from the French *vautrier* or *vaultrier* ; one that leads a lime-hound or grey-hound for the chase.

sure, and an empty cloke-bag, following him, gaping when a bag will untie.

Punt. Peace, you bandog, peace. What brisk Nymfadoro is that in the white virgin-boot there?

Car. Marry, sir, one that I must intreat you to take a very particular knowledge of, and with more than ordinary respect; monsieur Fastidius.

Punt. Sir, I could wish, that for the time of your vouchsafe abiding here, and more real entertainment, this my house stood on the Muses hill, and these my orchards were those of the Hesperides.

Fast. I possess as much in your wish, sir, as if I were made lord of the Indies; and I pray you believe it.

Car. I have a better opinion of his faith, than to think it will be so corrupted.

Sog. Come, brother, I'll bring you acquainted with gentlemen, and good fellows, such as shall do you more grace than——

Sord. Brother, I hunger not for such acquaintance: do you take heed, lest——

[Carlo is coming toward them.]

Sog. Husht: my brother, sir, for want of education, sir, somewhat nodding to the boor, the clown; but I request you in private, sir.

Fung. By heav'n, it is a very fine suit of clothes.

G R E X.

Cor. Do you observe that, signior? There's another humour has new-crakt the shell.

Mit. What? he is enamour'd of the fashion, is he?

Cor. O, you forestall the jest.

Fung. I mar'l what it might stand him in!

Sog. Nephew?

Fung. 'Fore me, it's an excellent suit, and as neatly becomes him. What said you, uncle?

Sog.

Sog. When saw you my niece?

Fung. Marry, yesternight I supt there. That kind of boot do's very rare too!

Sog. And what news hear you?

Fung. The gilt spur and all! Would I were hang'd, but 'tis exceeding good. Say you, uncle?

Sog. Your mind is carried away with somewhat else: I ask what news you hear?

Fung. Troth, we hear none. In good faith, I was never so pleased with a fashion, days of my life. O (an' I might have but my wish) I'd ask no more of God now, but such a suit, such a hat, such a band, such a doublet, such a hose, such a boot, and such a—

Sog. They say, there's a new motion of the city of Nineveh, with Jonas and the whale, to be seen at Fleet-bridge. You can tell, cousin?

Fung. Here's such a world of questions with him now: yes, I think there be such a thing, I saw the picture. Would he would once be satisfied. Let me see, the doublet, say fifty shillings the doublet, and between three or four pound the hose; then boots, hat, and band: some ten or eleven pound will do it all, and suit me, 'fore the heavens.

Sog. I'll see all those devices, an' I come to London once.

Fung. Gods 'flid, an' I could compass it, 'twere rare. Hark you, uncle.

Sog. What says my nephew?

Fung. Faith uncle, I'd ha' desir'd you to have made a motion for me to my father, in a thing that—— Walk aside, and I'll tell you, sir; no more but this: there's a parcel of law-books (some twenty-pounds worth) that lie in a place for little more than half the money they cost; and I think for some twelve pound, or twenty mark, I could go near to redeem 'em; there's Plowden, Dyar, Brooke, and Fitz-Herbert,

bert, divers such as I must have e'er long; and you know, I were as good save five or six pound, as not, uncle. I pray you, move it for me.

Sog. That I will: when would you have me do it? presently?

Fung. O, I, I pray you, good uncle: God send me good luck: Lord (an't be thy will) prosper it: O my stars, now, now, if it take now, I am made for ever.

Fast. Shall I tell you, sir? by this air, I am the most beholden to that lord, of any gentleman living; he does use me the most honourably, and with the greatest respect, more indeed than can be utter'd with any opinion of truth.

Punt. Then have you the count Gratiato.

Fast. As true noble a gentleman too as any breathes; I am exceedingly endear'd to his love: by this hand, (I protest to you, signior, I speak it not gloriously, nor out of affectation, but) there's he, and the count Frugale, signior Illustre, signior Luculento, and a fort of 'em, that (when I am at court) they do share me amongst 'em; happy is he can enjoy me most private. I do wish my self sometime an ubiquitary for their love, in good faith.

Car. There's ne'er a one of these but might lie a week on the rack, e'er they could bring forth his name; and yet he pours them out as familiarly, as if he had seen 'em stand by the fire i' the presence, or ta'en tobacco with them over the stage i' the lords room.

Punt. Then you must of necessity know our court-star there, that planet of wit, Madona Saviolina?

Fast. O Lord, sir! my mistress.

Punt. Is she your mistress?

Fast. Faith here be some slight favours of hers, sir, that do speak it, she is; as this scarf, sir, or this ribband in my ear, or so; this feather grew in her
sweet

sweet fan sometimes[?], though now it be my poor fortune to wear it, as you see, sir; slight, slight, a foolish toy.

Punt. Well, she is the lady of a most exalted and ingenious spirit.

Fast. Did you ever hear any woman speak like her? or enriched with a more plentiful discourse?

Car. O villanous! nothing but sound, sound, a meer eccho; she speaks as she goes tir'd, in cobweb-lawn, light, thin; good enough to catch flies withal.

Punt. O, manage your affections.

Fast. Well, if thou be'st not plagu'd for this blasphemy one day——

Punt. Come, regard not a jester: "It is in the power of my purse to make him speak well or ill of me."

Fast. Sir, I affirm it to you (upon my credit and judgment) she has the most harmonious and musical strain of wit that ever tempted a true ear; and yet to see, a rude tongue would prophane heav'n, if it could.

Punt. I am not ignorant of it, sir,

Fast. Oh, it flows from her like nectar, and she doth give it that sweet quick grace, and exornation in the composure, that (by this good air, as I am an honest man, would I might never stir, sir, but) she does observe as pure a phrase, and use as choice figures in her ordinary conferences, as any be i' the Arcadia.

[?] *This scarf, sir, or this ribband in my ear, or so; this feather grew in her sweet fan sometimes.*] In these days of gallantry, it was an honourable mode for the men to wear publickly some token of their mistress, or favour she was supposed to give them. Gloves, ribbands, &c. were the usual insignia of this kind. The fans then in use were made of feathers.

Car.

Car. Or rather in Green's works, whence she may steal with more security³.

Sord. Well, if ten pound will fetch 'em, you shall have it; but I'll part with no more.

Fung. I'll try what that will do, if you please.

Sord. Do so; and when you have 'em study hard.

Fung. Yes, sir. An' I could study to get forty shillings more now! Well, I will put my self into the fashion, as far as this will go, presently.

Sord. I wonder it rains not! the almanack says, we should have store of rain to-day.

Punt. Why, sir, to-morrow I will associate you to court myself, and from thence to the city, about a business, a project I have; I will expose it to you, sir: Carlo, I am sure, has heard of it.

Car. What's that, sir?

Punt. I do intend, this year of jubile coming on, to travel: and (because I will not altogether go upon expence) I am determined to put forth some five thousand pound, to be paid me five for one, upon the return of myself, my wife, and my dog from the Turk's court in Constantinople. If all or either of us miscarry in the journey, 'tis gone: if we be successful, why, there will be five and twenty thousand pound to entertain time withal. Nay, go not, neigh-

³ Or rather in GREEN's works, whence she may steal with more security.] Because they were less read, though they had their admirers with the mob of readers. Robert Green was the author of numberless pieces both in verse and prose; scarce the titles of them are known in this age. If we may judge however from the fragments of some, his talent was not contemptible. He was extremely vicious in his morals, and indigent in his circumstances. As he subsisted by his wits, his compositions were chiefly adapted to the taste of the people: they were most of them wrote in a hurry, consequently careless and incorrect. We may partly know in what class to rank him, from what is said by sir Thomas Overbury, in the character of a chambermaid, who reads Green's works over and over,

hour Sordido, stay to-night, and help to make our society the fuller. Gentlemen, frolick: Carlo? what dull now?

Car. I was thinking on your project, sir, an' you call it so? Is this the dog goes with you?

Punt. This is the dog, sir.

Car. He do' not go bare foot, does he?

Punt. Away, you traitor, away.

Car. Nay, afore God, I speak simply, he may prick his foot with a thorn, and be as much as the whole venture is worth. Besides, for a dog that never travell'd before, it's a huge journey to Constantinople. I'll tell you now (an' he were mine) I'd have some present conference with a physician, what antidotes were good to give him, preservatives against poison; for (assure you) if once your money be out, there'll be divers attempts made against the life of the poor animal.

Punt. Thou art still dangerous.

Fast. Is signior Deliro's wife your kinswoman?

Sog. I, sir, she is my niece, my brother's daughter here, and my nephew's sister.

Sord. Do you know her, sir?

Fast. O God, sir, signior Deliro, her husband, is my merchant.

Fung. I, I have seen this gentleman there often.

Fast. I cry you mercy, sir; let me crave your name, pray you.

Fung. Fungoso, sir.

Fast. Good signior Fungoso, I shall request to know you better, sir.

Fung. I am her brother, sir.

Fast. In fair time, sir.

Punt. Come, gentlemen, I will be your conduct.

Fast. Nay, pray you, sir; we shall meet at signior Deliro's often,

Sog.

Seg. You shall ha' me at the herald's office, sir, for some week or so at my first coming up. Come, Carlo.

G R E X.

Mit. Methinks, Cordatus, he dwelt somewhat too long on this scene ; it hung i' the hand.

Cor. I see not where he could have insisted less, and t'have made the humours perspicuous enough.

Mit. True, as his subject lies ; but he might have altered the shape of his argument, and explicated 'em better in single scenes.

Cor. That had been single indeed. Why, be they not the same persons in this, as they would have been in those ? and is it not an object of more state, to behold the scene full, and relieved with variety of speakers to the end, than to see a vast empty stage, and the actors come in (one by one) as if they were dropt down with a feather into the eye of the spectators ?

Mit. Nay, you are better traded with these things than I, and therefore I'll subscribe to your judgment ; marry, you shall give me leave to make objections.

Cor. O, what else ? It's the special intent of the author you should do so ; for thereby others (that are present) may as well be satisfied, who haply would object the same you would do.

Mit. So, sir : but when appears Macilente again ?

Cor. Marry, he stays but till our silence give him leave : here he comes, and with him signior Deliro, a merchant, at whose house he is come to sojourn : make your own observation now, only transfer your thoughts to the city, with the scene : where, suppose they speak.

S C E N E

S C E N E IV.

Deliro, Macilente, Fido, Fallace.

Del. I'll tell you by and by, sir.

Welcome (good Macilente) to my house,
To sojourn at my house for ever; if my best
Incates, and every sort of good intreaty
May move you stay with me.

[Deliro conseth. His boy strews flowers.]

Maci. I thank you, sir.

And yet the muffled fates (had it pleas'd them)
Might have supply'd me from their own full store,
Without this word (I thank you) to a fool.
I see no reason why that dog (call'd Chance)
Should fawn upon this fellow, more than me:
I am a man, and I have limbs, flesh, blood,
Bones, sinews, and a soul, as well as he:
My parts are every way as good as his;
If I said better, why, I did not lie.

Nath'less, his wealth (but nodding on my wants)
Must make me bow, and cry, I thank you, sir.

Del. Dispatch, take heed your mistress see you not.

Fido. I warrant you, sir, I'll steal by her softly.

Del. Nay, gentle friend, be merry, raise your looks
Out of your bosom: I protest (by heav'n)
You are the man most welcome in the world.

Maci. (I thank you, sir) I know my cue, I think.

Fido. Where will you have 'em burn, sir?

[With more perfumes and berbs.]

Del. Here, good Fido.

What, she did not see thee?

Fido. No, sir.

Del. That's well.

Strew, strew, good Fido, the freshest flowers; so.

Maci. What means this, signior Deliro? all this cens-
sing?

Del.

Deli. Cast in more frankincense, yet more ; well said,
O, Macilente, I have such a wife !
So passing fair ! so passing fair-unkind !
But of such worth, and right to be unkind,
(Since no man can be worthy of her kindness.)

Maci. What can there not ?

Deli. No, that is sure as death,
No man alive ! I do not say, is not,
But cannot possibly be worth her kindness !
Nay, it is certain, let me do her right.
How, said I ? do her right ? as though I could,
As though this dull gross tongue of mine could utter
The rare, the true, the pure, the infinite rights,
That sit (as high as I can look) within her !

Maci. This is such dotage, as was never heard.

Deli. Well, this must needs be granted.

Maci. Granted, quoth you ?

Deli. Nay, Macilente, do not so discredit
The goodness of your judgment to deny it,
For I do speak the very least of her ;
And I would crave, and beg no more of heaven,
For all my fortunes here, but to be able
To utter first in fit terms, what she is,
And then the true joys I conceive in her.

Maci. Is't possible she should deserve so well,
As you pretend ?

Deli. I, and she knows so well
Her own deserts, that (when I strive t' enjoy them)
She weighs the things I do, with what she merits:
And (seeing my worth out-weigh'd so in her graces)
She is so solemn, so precise, so froward,
That no observance I can do to her
Can make her kind to me : if she find fault,

⁹ *So passing fair ! so passing fair ! unkind !*] The edition of 1616, reads the latter part of the line thus, *so passing fair unkind* ; but it seems to be a mistake of the press. I imagine the two last words should be connected by a hyphen, and read *so passing fair-unkind* !

I mend that fault ; and then she says, I faulted,
That I did mend it. Now, good friend, advise me,
How I may temper this strange spleen in her.

Maci. You are too amorous, -too obsequious,
And make her too assur'd, she may command you.
When women doubt most of their husband's loves,
They are most loving. Husbands must take heed
They give no gluts of kindness to their wives,
But use them like their horses ; whom they feed
Not with a manger-full of meat together,
But half a peck at once ; and keep them so
Still with an appetite to that they give them.
He that desires to have a loving wife,
Must bridle all the shew of that desire :
Be kind, not amorous ; nor bewraying kindness,
As if love wrought it, but considerate duty.
" Offer no love-rites, but let wives still seek them,
" For when they come unsought, they seldom like them.

Del. Believe me, Macilente, this is gospel.
O, that a man were his own man so much,
To rule himself thus. I will strive i' faith,
To be more strange and careless ; yet I hope
I have now taken such a perfect course,
To make her kind to me, and live contented,
That I shall find my kindness well return'd,
And have no need to fight with my affections.
She (late) hath found much fault with every room
Within my house ; one was too big (she said)
Another was not furnish'd to her mind,
And so through all ; all which, now, I have alter'd.
Then here, she hath a place (on my back-side)
Wherein she loves to walk ; and that (she said)
Had some ill smells about it. Now, this walk
Have I (before she knows it) thus perfum'd
With herbs, and flowers, and laid in divers places,
(As 'twere on altars, consecrate to her)
Perfumed gloves, and delicate chains of amber,

To

To keep the air in awe of her sweet nostrils :
 This have I done, and this I think will please her.
 Behold she comes.

Fal. Here's a sweet stink indeed :

What, shall I ever be thus crost and plagu'd ?
 And sick of husband ? O, my head doth ache,
 As it would cleave asunder, with these favours.
 All my rooms alter'd, and but one poor walk
 That I delighted in, and that is made
 So fulsome with perfumes, that I am fear'd
 (My brain doth sweat so) I have caught the plague.

Deli. Why, (gentle wife) is now thy walk too sweet ?
 Thou said'st of late, it had sow'r airs about it,
 And found't much fault, that I did not correct it.

Fal. Why, an' I did find fault, sir ?

Deli. Nay, dear wife ;
 I know, thou hast said, thou hast lov'd perfumes,
 No woman better.

Fal. I, long since perhaps,
 But now that sense is alter'd ; you would have me
 (Like to a puddle, or a standing pool)
 To have no motion, nor no spirit within me.
 No, I am like a pure and sprightly river,
 That moves for ever, and yet still the same ;
 Or fire, that burns much wood, yet still one flame.

Deli. But yesterday, I saw thee at our garden,
 Smelling on roses, and on purple flowers ;
 And since, I hope, the humour of thy sense
 Is nothing chang'd.

Fal. Why, those were growing flowers,
 And these within my walk are cut and strew'd.

Deli. But yet they have one scent.

Fal. I! have they so ?

In your gross judgment. If you make no difference
 Betwixt the scent of growing flowers, and cut ones,
 You have a sense to taste lamp-oil i' faith.
 And with such judgment have you chang'd the chambers,
 Leaving

Leaving no room, that I can joy to be in,
In all your house; and now my walk, and all,
You smoke me from, as if I were a fox,
And long, belike, to drive me quite away.
Well, walk you there, and I'll walk where I list.

Del. What shall I do? O, I shall never please her.

Maci. Out on thee, dotard! what star rul'd his birth?
That brought him such a star? blind fortune still
Bestows her gifts on such as cannot use them:
How long shall I live, e'er I be so happy,
To have a wife of this exceeding form?

Del. Away with 'em; would I had broke a joint,
When I devis'd this, that should so dislike her.

Away, bear all away. [Fido bears all away.]

Fal. I, do; for fear
Ought that is there should like her*. O, this man,
How cunningly he can conceal himself!
As though he lov'd? nay, honour'd and ador'd?

Del. Why, my sweet heart?

Fal. Sweet heart! O! better still!
And asking, why? wherefore? and looking strangely,
As if he were as white as innocence.

Alas, you're simple, you; you cannot change,
Look pale at pleasure, and then red with wonder:
No, no, not you! 'tis pity o' your naturals.

I did but cast an amorous eye, e'en now,
Upon a pair of gloves, that somewhat lik'd me,
And straight he noted it, and gave command
All should be ta'en away.

Del. Be they my bane then.
What, firrah, Fido, bring in those gloves again
You took from hence.

• — — — For fear

Ought that is there should LIKE her.] i. e. should please her.
So in the line just above this, "that should so dislike her." that is,
displease her; and this is the language likewise of the poet's con-
temporaries.

"His face likes me not."

SHAKESPEAR'S *Lear*.

VOL. I.

N

Fal.

Fal. 'Sbody, sir, but do not,¹⁰
Bring in no gloves, to spite me; if you do —

Deli. Ay me, most wretched; how am I miscon-
stru'd? [eye,

Maci. O, how she tempts my heart-strings with her
To knit them to her beauties, or to break?
What mov'd the heavens, that they could not make
Me such a woman? but a man, a beast,
That hath no bliss like others. Would to heaven
(In wreak of my misfortunes) I were turn'd
To some fair water-nymph, that (set upon
The deepest whirl-pit of the rav'nous seas)
My adamantine eyes might headlong hale
This iron world to me, and drown it all.

G R E X.

Cor. Behold, behold, the translated gallant.

Mit. O, he is welcome.

S C E N E V.

[*To the rest*] *Fungoso.*

Fung. Save you brother and sister, save you, sir; I
have commendations for you out i' the country: (I
wonder they take no knowledge of my suit :) mine
uncle Sogliardo is in town. Sister, methinks you are
melancholy; why are you so sad? I think you took me
for master Fastidius Brisk, (sister) did you not?

Fal. Why should I take you for him?

Fung. Nay, nothing — I was lately in master Fasti-
dius his company, and methinks we are very like.

Deli. You have a fair suit, brother, 'give you joy on't

¹⁰ *You took from hence.* *Fal.* *Sir, but do not.*] These speeches are
all in verse, but the quantity of this is deficient. It might be easy
to make up the deficiency, and perhaps more agreeably than by the
word restored. But as that is the reading of the oldest folio, we
are obliged to represent it faithfully;

————— *Bring in those gloves*
————— *You took from hence.* *Fal.* 'Sbody, sir, but do not.

Fung. Faith, good enough to ride in, brother; I made it to ride in.

Fal. O, now I see the cause of this idle demand was his new suit.

Del. Pray you, good brother, try if you can change her mood.

Fung. I warrant you, let me alone. I'll put her out of her dumps. Sister, how like you my suit?

Fal. O, you are a gallant in print now, brother.

Fung. Faith, how like you the fashion? it's the last edition, I assure you.

Fal. I cannot but like it, to the desert.

Fung. Troth, sister, I was fain to borrow these spurs, I ha' left my gown in gage for 'em, pray you lend me an angel.

Fal. Now, beshrew my heart then.

Fung. Good truth, I'll pay you again at my next exhibition: I had but bare ten pound of my father, and it would not reach to put me wholly into the fashion.

Fal. I care not.

Fung. I had spurs of mine own before, but they were not gingers. Monsieur Fastidius will be here anon, sister.

Fal. You jest?

Fung. Never lend me penny more, (while you live then) and that I'd be loth to say, in truth.

Fal. When did you see him?

Fung. Yesterday, I came acquainted with him at sir Puntarvolo's: nay, sweet sister.

Maci. I fain would know of heav'n now, why yond
[fool

Should wear a suit of satin? he? that rook?

That painted jay, with such a deal of out-side?

What is his inside trow? ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Good heaven, give me patience, patience, patience.

A number of these popenjays there are,

Whom, if a man confer, and but examine
Their inward merit, with such men as want;
Lord, Lord, what things they are!

Fal. Come, when will you pay me again, now?

Fung. O God, sister!

Maci. Here comes another.

S C E N E VI.

[*To the rest*] *Fastidius Brisk.*

Fast. Save you signior Deliro: how do'st thou,
sweet lady, let me kiss thee.

Fung. How? a new suit? ay me.

Del. And how do's master Fastidius Brisk?

Fast. Faith, live in court, signior Deliro; in grace,
I thank God, both of the noble masculine and feminine.
I must speak with you in private by and by.

Del. When you please, sir.

Fal. Why look you so pale, brother?

Fung. 'Slid, all this money is cast away now.

Maci. I, there's a newer edition come forth.

Fung. 'Tis but my hard fortune! well, I'll have my
suit chang'd, I'll go fetch my taylor presently, but first
I'll devise a letter to my father. Ha' you any pen and
ink, sister?

Fal. What would you do withal?

Fung. I would use it. 'Slight, an' it had come but
four days sooner, the fashion.

Fast. There was a countess gave me her hand to kiss
to-day, i' the presence: did me more good by that
light than — and yesternight sent her coach twice to
my lodging, to intreat me accompany her, and my
sweet mistress, with some two or three nameless la-
dies more: O, I have been grac'd by 'em beyond all
aim of affection: this is her garter my dagger hangs
in: and they do so commend and approve my appa-
rel,

rel, with my judicious wearing of it, it's above wonder.

Fal. Indeed, sir, 'tis a most excellent suit, and you do wear it as extraordinary.

Fal. Why, I'll tell you now (in good faith) and by this chair, which (by the grace of God) I intend presently to sit in, I had three suits in one year made three great ladies in love with me : I had other three, undid three gentlemen in imitation : and other three gat three other gentlemen widows of three thousand pound a year.

Del. Is't possible ?

Fal. O, believe it, sir ; your good face is the witch, and your apparel the spells, that bring all the pleasures of the world into their circle.

Fal. Ah, the sweet grace of a courtier !

Maci. Well, would my father had left me but a good face for my portion yet ; though I had shar'd the unfortunate wit that goes with it, I had not car'd ; I might have past for somewhat i' the world then.

Fal. Why, assure you, signior, " rich apparel has
" strange virtues : it makes him that hath it without
" means, esteemed for an excellent wit : he that enjoys
" it with means, puts the world in remembrance of his
" means : it helps the deformities of nature, and gives
" lustre to her beauties ; makes continual holy-day
" where it shines ; sets the wits of ladies at work, that
" otherwise would be idle ; furnisheth your two shil-
" ling ordinary ; takes possession of your stage at your
" new play ; and enricheth your oars, as scorning to
" go with your scull."

Maci. Pray you, sir, add this ; " it gives respect
" to your fools, makes many thieves, as many strum-
" pets, and no fewer bankrupts."

Fal. Out, out, unworthy to speak where he breatheth.

Fal. What's he, signior ?

Del. A friend of mine, sir.

198 *Every Man out of his Humour.*

Fast. By heav'n I wonder at you, citizens, what kind of creatures you are!

Del. Why, sir?

Fast. That you can comfort your selves with such poor seam-rent fellows.

Fal. He says true.

Del. Sir, I will assure you (however you esteem of him) he's a man worthy of regard.

Fast. Why? what has he in him of such virtue to be regarded? ha?

Del. Marry, he is a scholar, sir.

Fast. Nothing else?

Del. And he is well travell'd.

Fast. He should get him clothes; I would cherish those good parts of travel in him, and prefer him to some noble man of good place.

Del. Sir, such a benefit should bind me to you for ever (in my friend's right) and I doubt not, but his desert shall more than answer my praise.

Fast. Why, an' he had good clothes, I'd carry him to court with me to-morrow.

Del. He shall not want for those, sir, if gold and the whole city will furnish him.

Fast. You say well, sir: faith, signior Deliro, I am come to have you play the alchymist with me, and change the species of my land into that metal you talk of.

Del. With all my heart, sir; what sum will serve you?

Fast. Faith some three or four hundred.

Del. Troth, sir, I have promis'd to meet a gentleman this morning in Pauls, but upon my return I'll dispatch you.

Fast. I'll accompany you thither.

Del. As you please, sir; but I go not thither directly.

Fast. 'Tis no matter, I have no other designment in hand, and therefore as good go along.

Del.

Del. I were as good have a quartan fever follow me now, for I shall ne'er be rid of him: (bring me a cloke there, one) still, upon his grace at court, I am sure to be visited; I was a beast to give him any hope. Well, would I were in, that I am out with him once, and — Come signior Macilente, I must confer with you, as we go. Nay, dear wife, I beseech thee, forsake these moods: look not like winter thus. Here take my keys, open my counting houses, spread all my wealth before thee, chuse any object that delights thee: if thou wilt eat the spirit of gold, and drink dissolv'd pearl in wine*, 'tis for thee.

Fal. So fir.

Del. Nay, my sweet wife.

Fal. Good Lord! how you are perfum'd! in your terms and all! pray you leave us.

Del. Come, gentlemen.

Fal. Adieu, sweet lady.

Fal. I, I! Let thy words ever sound in mine ears, and thy graces disperse contentment through all my senses! O, how happy is that lady above other ladies, that enjoys so absolute a gentleman to her servant! A countess gives him her hand to kiss? ah, foolish countess! he's a man worthy (if a woman may speak of a man's worth) to kiss the lips of an empress.

Fung. What's master Fastidius gone, sister?

[*Returned with his taylor.*]

Fal. I, brother (he has a face like a cherubin!)

Fung. Gods me, what luck's this? I have fetch'd my taylor and all: which way went he, sister? can you tell?

Fal. Not I, in good faith (and he has a body like an angel!)

Fung. How long is't since he went?

Fal. Why, but e'en now: did you not meet him?

* *And drink dissolv'd pearl in wine.*] As is said of Cleopatra.

(and a tongue able to ravish any woman i' the earth!)

Fung. O, for God's sake (I'll please you for your pains) but e'en now, say you? Come good sir: 'tis I had forgot it too: sister, if any body ask for mine uncle Sogliardo, they shall ha' him at the herald's office yonder by Pauls.

Fal. Well, I will not altogether despair: I have heard of a citizen's wife has been belov'd of a courtier, and why not I? heigh, ho: well, I will into my private chamber, lock the door to me, and think over all his good parts, one after another.

G R E X.

Mit. Well, I doubt, this last scene will endure some grievous torture.

Cor. How? you fear 'twill be rack'd by some hard construction?

Mit. Do not you?

Cor. No, in good faith: unless mine eyes could light me beyond sense. I see no reason why this should be more liable to the rack than the rest: you'll say, perhaps, the city will not take it well that the merchant is made here to dote so perfectly upon his wife; and she again to be so fastidiously affected as she is?

Mit. You have utter'd my thought, sir, indeed.

Cor. Why, (by that proportion) the court might as well take offence at him we call the courtier, and with much more pretext, by how much the place transcends, and goes before in dignity and virtue; but can you imagine that any noble or true spirit in court (whose sinewy and altogether unaffected graces, very worthily express him a courtier) will make any exception at the opening of such an empty trunk, as this Brisk is? or think his own worth impeached, by beholding his motly inside?

Mit.

Mit. No, fir, I do not.

Cor. No more, assure you, will any grave wise citizen, or modest matron, take the object of this folly in Deliro, and his wife; but rather apply it as the foil to their own virtues. For that were to affirm, that a man writing of Nero, should mean all emperors; or speaking of Machiavel, comprehend all statesmen; or in our Sordido, all farmer; and so of the rest: than which nothing can be utter'd more malicious, or absurd. Indeed, there are a sort of these narrow ey'd decypherers, I confess, that will extort strange and abstruse meanings out of any subject, be it never so conspicuous and innocently deliver'd. But to such (where'er they sit conceal'd) let them know, the author defies them and their writing tables; and hopes no sound or safe judgment will infect it self with their contagious comments, who (indeed) come here only to pervert and poyson the sense of what they hear, and for nought else.

Mit. Stay, what new mute is this, that walks so suspiciously?

Cor. O, marry this is one, for whose better illustration, we must desire you to presuppose the stage, the middle isle in Pauls, and that, the west end of it.

Mit. So, fir, and what follows?

Cor. Faith, a whole volume of humour, and worthy the unclasping.

Mit. As how? what name do you give him first?

Cor. He hath shift of names, fir: some call him Apple John, some Signior Whiff, marry, his main standing name is Cavalier Shift: "the rest are but as clean shirts to his natures."

Mit. And what makes he in Pauls now?

Cor. Troth, as you see, for the advancement of a *squis*, or two; wherein he has so varied himself, that
if

if any of 'em take, he may hull up and down in the humorous world a little longer.

Mit. It seems then he bears a very changing sail?

Cor. O, as the wind, sir: here comes more.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Shift, Orange, Clove.

Shift. **T**HIS is rare, I have set up my bills without discovery.

Oran. What? Signior Whiff! what fortune has brought you into these well parts?

Shift. Troth, signior, nothing but your rheum; I have been taking an ounce of tobacco hard by here, with a gentleman, and I am come spit private in Pauls. 'Save you, sir.

Oran. Adieu, good signior Whiff.

Clov. Master Apple John! you are well met: when shall we sup together, and laugh, and be fat with those good wenches? ha?

Shift. Faith, sir, I must now leave you, upon a few humours and occasions; but when you please, sir.

Clov. Farewell, sweet Apple John: I wonder there are no more store of gallants here!

G R E X.

Mit. What be these two, signior?

Cor. Marry a couple, sir, that are meer strangers to the whole scope of our play; only come to walk a turn or two i' this scene of Pauls by chance.

Oran. Save you, good master Clove.

Clove. Sweet master Orange.

G R E X.

G R E E K.

Mit. How ? Clove and Orange ?

Cor. I, and they are well met, for 'tis as dry an Orange as ever grew ; nothing but salutation ; and, O God, sir ; and, it pleases you to say so, sir ; one that can laugh at a jest for company with a most plausible and extemporal grace ; and some hour after in private ask you what it was : the other monsieur Clove, is a more spic'd youth ; he will sit you a whole afternoon sometimes in a bookseller's shop, reading the Greek, Italian, and Spanish, when he understands not a word of either ; if he had the tongues to his suits, he were an excellent linguist.

Clove. Do you hear this reported for certainty ?

Oran. O God, sir'.

S C E N E II.

Puntarvolo, Carlo.

Punt. Sirrah, take my cloke ; and you, sir knave, follow me closer. If thou losest my dog, thou shalt dye a dog's death ; I will hang thee.

Car. Tut, fear him not, he's a good lean slave, he loves a dog well, I warrant him ; I see by his looks, I : mass he's somewhat like him. 'Slud poyson him, make him away with a crooked pin, or somewhat, man ? thou maist have more security of thy life : and so sir, what ? you ha' not put out your whole venture yet ? ha' you ?

Punt. No, I do want yet some fifteen or sixteen hundred pounds ; but my lady (my wife) is out of her humour, she does not now go.

'O God, sir.] This, as the clown in Shakespear terms it, is the answer that will serve all men. See it humourously ridiculed in *All's well that ends well*, Act II. Sc. 4.

Car.

Car. No? how then?

Punt. Marry, I am now enforc'd to give it out, upon the return of my self, my dog, and my cat.

Car. Your cat! where is she?

Punt. My squire has her there, in the bag: firrah, look to her: how lik'st thou my change, Carlo?

Car. Oh, for the better, sir; your cat has nine lives, and your wife ha' but one.

Punt. Besides, she will never be sea-sick, which will save me so much in conserves? when saw you signior Sogliardo?

Car. I came from him but now, he is at the heralds office yonder; he requested me to go afore, and take up a man or two for him in Pauls, against his cognisance was ready.

Punt. What, has he purchast arms, then?

Car. I, and rare ones too; of as many colours as e'er you saw any fool's coat in your life. I'll go look among yond' bills, an' I can fit him with legs to his arms——

Punt. With legs to his arms! Good! I will go with you, sir.

[They go to look upon the bills.]

S C E N E III.

Fastidius, Deliro, Macilente.

Fast. Come, let's walk in mediterraneo: I assure you, sir, I am not the least respected among ladies; but let that pass! do you know how to go into the presence, sir?

Maci. Why, on my feet, sir.

Fast. No, on your head, sir; for 'tis that must bear you out, I assure you; as thus, sir. You must first have an especial care so to wear your hat, that it oppress not confusedly this your predominant, or fore-top; because (when you come at the presence-door) you may with once or twice stroking up your fore-head

head thus, enter with your predominant perfect ; that is standing up stiff.

Maci. As if one were frightened ?

Fast. I, sir.

Maci. Which, indeed, a true fear of your mistress should do, rather than gum-water, or whites of eggs ; is't not so, sir ?

Fast. An ingenious observation ; give me leave to crave your name, sir ?

Del. His name is Macilente, sir.

Fast. Good signior Macilente, if this gentleman, signior Deliro, furnish you (as he says he will) with clothes, I will bring you, to-morrow by this time, into the presence of the most divine and acute lady in court ; you shall see sweet silent rhetorique, and dumb eloquence speaking in her eye ; but when she speaks her self, such an anatomy of wit, so fine wiz'd and arteriz'd, that 'tis the goodliest model of pleasure that ever was to behold. Oh ! she strikes the world into admiration of her ; (O, O, O) I cannot express 'em, believe me.

Maci. O, your only admiration, is your silence, sir.

Punt. 'Fore God, Carlo, this is good ; let's read 'em again.

The first B I L L.

" If there be any lady or gentlewoman of good
" carriage that is desirous to entertain (to her private
" uses) a young, straight, and upright gentleman, of
" the age of five or six and twenty at the most ; who
" can serve in the nature of a gentleman-usher, and
" hath little legs of purpose, and a black sattin suit of
" his own, to go before her in ; which suit (for the more
" sweetning) now lies in lavender ; and can hide his
" face with her fan, if need require ; or sit in the cold
" at the stair-foot for her, as well as another gentle-
" man :

"man: let her subscribe her name and place, and
 "diligent respect shall be given."

Punt. This is above measure excellent! ha!

Car. No, this, this! here's a fine slave.

The second B I L L.

"If this city, or the suburbs of the same, do afford
 "any young gentleman, of the first, second, or third
 "head, more or less, whose friends are but lately de-
 "ceased, and whose lands are but new come into his
 "hands, that (to be as exactly qualified as the best of
 "our ordinary gallants are) is affected to entertain the
 "most gentleman-like use of tobacco; as first, to give
 "it the most exquisite perfume; then, to know all the
 "delicate sweet forms for the assumption of it; as
 "also the rare corollary and practice of the Cuban
 "ebolition, curipus and whiff; which he shall receive,
 "or take in here at London, and evaporate at Ux-
 "bridge, or farther, if it please him. If there be
 "any such generous spirit, that is truly enamour'd of
 "these good faculties: may it please him, but (by a
 "note of his hand) to specify the place or ordinary
 "where he uses to eat and lie; and most sweet atten-
 "dance, with tobacco and pipes of the best sort, shall
 "be ministred:" *Stet Quæso Candide Lector.*

Punt. Why this is without parallel, this!

Car. Well, I'll mark this fellow for Sogliardo's use
 presently.

Punt. Or rather, Sogliardo for his use.

Car. Faith either of them will serve, they are both
 good properties: I'll design the other a place too,
 that we may see him.

Punt. No better place than the mitre, that we may
 be spectators with you, Carlo. Soft, behold who en-
 ters here: Signior Sogliardo! save you.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

[To them] Segliardo.

Seg. Save you, good sir Puntarvolo; your dog's in health, sir, I see; how now, Carlo?

Car. We have ta'en simple pains, to chuse you out followers here.

Punt. Come hither, signior.

Clove. Monsieur Orange, yond' gallants observe us; pr'y thee let's talk fustian a little, and gull 'em; make 'em believe we are great scholars.

[They shew him the bills.]

Orange. O Lord, sir.

Clove. Nay, pr'y thee let's, believe me, you have an excellent habit in discourse.

Orange. It pleases you to say so, sir.

Clove. By this church, you ha' la; nay, come, begin: "Aristotle, in his *dæmonologia*, approves Scaliger for the best navigator in his time; and in his "hypercritics, he reports him to be Heautontimorumenos:" you understand the Greek, sir.

Orange. O God, sir.

Maci. For societies sake he does. O, here be a couple of fine tame parrots.

Clove. Now, sir, whereas the ingenuity of the time, and the souls Synderisis are but Embrions in nature, added to the panch of Esquiline, and the Intervalum of the Zodiack, besides the ecliptick line being optick, and not mental, but by the contemplative and theorick part thereof, doth demonstrate to us the vegetable circumference, and the ventosity of the tropicks, and whereas our intellectual, or mincing capreal (according to the Metaphysicks) as you may read in Plato's *Histriomastix*——You conceive me sir?

Orange. O Lord, sir.

Clove. Then coming to the pretty animal, as reason
long

long since is fled to animals*, you know, or indeed for the more modelizing, or enamelling or rather diamondizing of your subject, you shall perceive the Hypothesis, or Galaxia, (whereof the meteors long since had their initial inceptions and notions) to be merely Pythagorical, Mathematical and Aristocratical — For look you, sir, there is ever a kind of concinnity and species——Let us turn to our former discourse, for they mark us not.

Fast. Mafs, yonder's the knight Puntarvolo.

Deli. And my cousin Sogliardo, methinks.

Maci. I, and his familiar that haunts him, the devil with the shining face.

Deli. Let 'em alone, observe 'em not.

[*Sogliardo, Puntarvolo, Carlo, walk.*]

Sog. Nay, I will have him, I am resolute for that. By this parchment, gentlemen, I have been so toil'd among the harrots yonder, you will not believe, they do speak i' the strangest language, and give a man the hardest terms for his money, that ever you knew.

Car. But ha' you arms, ha' you arms?

Sog. Y'faith, I thank them, I can write myself gentleman now, here's my patent, it cost me thirty pound by this breath.

Punt. A very fair coat, well charged and full of armory.

Sog. Nay, it has as much variety of colours in it, as you have seen a coat have; how like you the crest sir?

Punt. I understand it not well, what is't?

Sog. Marry, sir, it is your boar without a head rampant. A boar without a head, that's very rare!

Car. I, and rampant too; troth, I commend the herald's wit, he has decyphered him well: a swine without a head, without brain, wit, any thing in-

* *As reason long since is fled to animals.*] Designed as a sneer on those philosophers, who, from the tractable and imitative qualities in brutes, maintained that they were reasonable creatures.

deed, ramping to gentility. You can blazon the rest, signior? can you not?

Sog. O, I, I have it in writing here of purpose, it cost me two shillings the tricking.

Car. Let's hear, let's hear.

Punt. It is the most vile, foolish, absurd, palpable, and ridiculous escutcheon that ever this eye furvis'd. Save you, good monsieur Fastidius.

[They salute as they meet in the walk.]

Car. Silence, good knight; on, on.

Sog. Gyrony, of eight pieces; azure and gules, between three plates: a chev'ron, engrailed checkey, or, vert, and ermins; on a chief argent between two ann'lets, fables; a boar's head, proper.

Car. How's that, on a chief argent.

Sog. On a chief argent, a boar's head proper, between two ann'lets fables.

Car. 'Slud, it's a hogs-cheek, and puddings in a pewter field this.

[Here they skift. Fastidius mixes with Puntarvolo, Carlo, and Sogliardo, Deliro and Macilente, Clove and Orange, four couple.]

Sog. How like you 'em, signior?

Punt. Let the word be, *Not without mustard*; your crest is very rare, fir.

Car. A frying-pan to the crest, had had no fellow.

Fast. Intreat your poor friend to walk off a little, signior, I will salute the knight.

Car. Come, lap't up, lap't up.

Fast. You are right well encounter'd, fir, how does your fair dog?

Punt. In reasonable state, fir; what citizen is that you were consorted with? a merchant of any worth?

Fast. 'Tis signior Deliro, fir.

Punt. Is it he? save you, fir.

Deli. Good fir Puntarvolo.

VOL. I.

O

[Salute.

Maci.

Maci. O what copy of fool would this place minister, to one endued with patience to observe it?

Car. Nay look you, sir, now you are a gentleman, you must carry a more exalted presence, change your mood and habit to a more austere form, be exceeding proud, stand upon your gentility, and scorn every man, speak nothing humbly, never discourse under a nobleman, though you ne'er saw him but riding to the star-chamber, it's all one. Love no man. Trust no Man. Speak ill of no man to his face; nor well of any man behind his back. Salute fairly on the front, and wish 'em hanged upon the turn. Spread yourself upon his bosom publickly, whose heart you would eat in private. These be principles, think on them, I'll come to you again presently.

Punt. Sirrah, keep close; yet not so close, thy breath will thaw my ruff¹.

Sog. O, good cousin, I am a little busy, how does my niece? I am to walk with a knight, here.

SCENE V.

[*To them*] *Fungoso, Teylor.*

Fung. O he is here, look you sir, that's the gentleman.

Tey. What, he i' the blush-coloured sattin?

Fung. I, he sir; though his suit blush, he blushes not, look you, that's the suit, sir: I would have mine such a suit without difference, such stuff, such a wing, such a sleeve, such a skirt, belly and all; therefore, pray you observe it. Have you a pair of tables?

¹ *Thy breath will DRAW MY RUFF.*] The reading of the last editions; the elder folios give it *thaw my ruff*: the expression is humorous, for the ruffs then wore were made extremely stiff with starch.

Fast. Why do you see, sir? they say I am phantastical; why, true, I know it, and I pursue my humour still, in contempt of this censorious age. 'Slight, an' a man should do nothing but what a sort of stale judgments about this town will approve in him, he were a sweet ass: I'd beg him i' faith. I ne'er knew any more find fault with a fashion, than they that knew not how to put themselves into 't. For mine own part, s, I please mine own appetite, I am careless what the fustly world speaks of me. Puh.

Fung. Do you mark, how it hangs at the knee there?

Tay. I warrant you, sir.

Fung. For God's sake do, note all; do you see the collar, sir?

Tay. Fear nothing, it shall not differ in a stitch, sir.

Fung. Pray heav'n it do not, you'll make these linings serve? and help me to a chapman for the outside, will you?

Tay. I'll do my best, sir; you'll put it off presently.

Fung. I, go with me to my chamber you shall have it—but make haste of it, for the love of a customer, for I'll sit i' my old suit, or else lye a bed, and read the *Arcadia* till you have done.

Car. O, if ever you were struck with a jest, gallants, now, now, now, I do usher the most strange piece of military profession that ever was discovered in *insula paulina*.

Fast. Where? where?

Punt. What is he for a creature?

Car. A pimp, a pimp, that I have observ'd yonder, the rarest superficies of a humour; he comes every morning to empty his lungs in Pauls here; and offers up some five or six hecatombs of faces and sighs and away again. Here he comes; nay, walk, walk, be

not seen to note him, and we shall have excellent sport¹.

S C E N E VI.

[*To them*] *Shift.*

Punt. 'Slid, he vented a sigh e'en now, I thought he would have blown up the church.

Car. O, you shall have him give a number of those false fires e'er he depart.

Fast. See, now he is expostulating with his rapier! look, look.

Car. Did you ever in your days observe better passion over a hilt?

Punt. Except it were in the person of a cutler's boy, or that the fellow were nothing but vapour, I should think it impossible.

Car. See again, he claps his sword o' the head, as who should say, well, go to.

Fast. O violence! I wonder the blade can contain itself, being so provok'd.

Car. "With that the moody squire thumpt his breast,
"And rear'd his eye to heaven for revenge.

Seg. Troth, an' you be good gentlemen, let's make

¹ *Here he comes; nay, walk, walk, &c.]* A modern reader will be surprized perhaps to find business of the foregoing and following scenes, to be transacted in the middle isle of St. Paul's church; but in the poet's days, it was the customary resort for bullies, knights of the post, and others of the like reputable professions to make their markets in; and indeed bargains of all kinds were then made there, as honourably as they now are in Exchange-Alley itself. An extract from a little piece published in the same age, will give us a true idea of it. "In like manner it is agreed upon, that what day soever St. Paul's church, hath in the middle isle of it, neither a broker, masterless man, or a pennyless companion, the usurers of London shall be sworn by oath to bestow a steeple upon it."

Penny's Parliament of Threadbare Poets, 1688.

em friends, and take up the matter between his rapier and him.

Car. Nay, if you intend that, you must lay down the matter; for this rapier (it seems) is in the nature of a hanger on, and the good gentleman would happily be rid of him.

Fast. By my faith, and 'tis to be suspected, I'll ask him.

Maci. O, here's rich stuff, for life's sake, let us go. A man would wish himself a senseless pillar, Rather than view these monstrous prodigies:

*Nil habet infelix paupertas durius in se,
Quàm quod ridiculos homines facit—*

Fast. Signior.

Shift. At your service.

Fast. Will you sell your rapier?

Car. He is turn'd wild upon the question, he looks as he had seen a serjeant.

Shift. Sell my rapier? now fate bless me.

Punt. Amen.

Shift. You ask'd me, if I would sell my rapier, sir?

Fast. I did indeed.

Shift. Now; Lord have mercy upon me.

Punt. Amen, I say still.

Shift. 'Slid sir, what should you behold in my face, sir, that should move you (as they say, sir) to ask me, sir, if I would sell my rapier?

Fast. Nay (let me pray you, sir) be not mov'd: I protest, I would rather have been silent, than any way offensive, had I known your nature.

Shift. Sell my rapier? 'ods lid! Nay, sir (for mine own part) as I am a man that has serv'd in causes, or so, so I am not apt to injure any gentleman in the degree of falling foul, but (sell my rapier?) I will tell you, sir, I have serv'd with this foolish rapier, where some of us dare not appear in haste; I name no man; but let that pass. (Sell my rapier?) death to my lungs.

lungs. This rapier, sir, has travell'd by my side, sir, the best part of France, and the Low Country : I have seen Flushing, Brill, and the Hague, with this rapier, sir, in my lord of Leyster's time : and (by Gods will) he that should offer to disrapier me now, I would— Look you sir, you presume to be a gentleman of sort, and so likewise your friends here, if you have any disposition to travel, for the sight of service, or so, one, two, or all of you, I can lend you letters to divers officers and commanders in the Low Countries, that shall for my cause do you all the good offices, that shall pertain or belong to gentlemen of your— Please you to shew the bounty of your mind, sir, to impart some ten groats or half a crown to our use, till our ability be of growth to return it, and we shall think our self——'Sblood, sell my rapier ?

Sog. I pray you, what said he, signior ? he's a proper man.

Fast. Marry he tells me, if I please to shew the bounty of my mind, to impart some ten groats to his use, or so——

Punt. Break his head and give it him.

Car. I thought he had been playing o' the Jews trump, I.

Sbift. My rapier ? no sir ; my rapier is my guard, my defence, my revenue, my honour ; (if you cannot impart, be secret, I beseech you) and I will maintain it, where there is a grain of dust, or a drop of water. (Hard is the choice when the valiant must eat their arms, or clem⁴.) Sell my rapier ? no my dear, I will not be divorc'd from thee, yet ; I have ever found thee true as steel——and (you cannot impart sir.) Save you gentlemen ; (nevertheless if you have a fancy to it, sir)

⁴ *Must eat their arms, or CLEM.] i. e. starve. Clem, or clam is a word yet in use in the midland parts of the kingdom.*

Fast. Prythee away; is signior Deliro departed?

Car. Ha' you seen a pimp out-face his own wants better?

Sog. I commend him, that can dissemble 'em so well.

Punt. True, and having no better a cloke for it than he has neither.

Fast. God's precious, what mischievous luck is this! adieu gentlemen.

Punt. Whither in such haste, monsieur Fastidius?

Fast. After my merchant, signior Deliro, sir.

Car. O hinder him not, he may hap lose his tide, a good flounder i' faith.

Orange. Hark you, signior Whiffe, a word with you.

[*Orange and Clove call Shift aside.*]

Car. How? signior Whiffe?

Orange. What was the difference between that gallant that's gone, and you, sir?

Shift. No difference; he would ha' given me five pound for my rapier, and I refus'd it; that's all.

Clove. O, was it no otherwise? we thought you had been upon some terms.

Shift. No other than you saw, sir.

Clove. Adieu, good master Apple-John.

Car. How? Whiffe, and Apple-John too? Heart, what'll you say if this be the appendix, or label, to both yond' indentures?

Punt. It may be.

Car. Resolve us of it Janus, thou that look'st every way; or thou Hercules, that hast travell'd all countries^s.

^s Or thou Hercules, that has travell'd all countries.] Jupiter, upon the arrival of Claudius among the Gods, dispatches Hercules, who had travelled all countries, to know who he was. *Tum Jupiter Herculem, quia totum orbem terrarum pererraverat, & nosse videbatur omnes nationes, jubet ire, &c. Seneca de morte Claudii.* The invocation of Janus is in the same spirit of humour.

216 *Every Man out of his Humour.*

Punt. Nay, Carlo, spend not time in invocations now, 'tis late.

Car. Signior, here's a gentleman desirous of your name, sir.

Shift. Sir, my name is cavalier Shift: I am known sufficiently in this walk, sir.

Car. Shift? I heard your name varied e'en now, as I take it.

Shift. True, sir, it pleases the world (as I am her excellent tobacco-nist) to give me the stile of signior Whiffe; as I am a poor esquire about the town here, they call me master Apple-John. Variety of good names does well, sir.

Car. I, and good parts, to make those good names; out of which I imagine yond' bills to be yours.

Shift. Sir, if I should deny the manuscripts, I were worthy to be banisht the middle isle for ever.

Car. I take your word, sir; this gentleman has subscribed to em, and is most desirous to become your pupil. Marry you must use expedition. Signior Insulso Sogliardo, this is the professor.

Seg. In good time, sir; nay, good sir, house your head; do you profess these flights in tobacco?

Shift. I do more than profess, sir, and (if you please to be a practioner) I will undertake in one fortnight to bring you, that you shall take it plausibly in any ordinary, theatre, or the Tilt-yard, if need be, i' the most popular assembly that is.

Punt. But you cannot bring him to the whiffe, so soon?

Shift. Yes, as soon, sir; he shall receive the first, second, and third whiffe, if it please him, and (upon the receipt) take his horse, drink his three cups of canary, and expose one at Hounslow, a second at Stains, and a third at Bagshot.

Car. Baw-waw!

Seg.

Seg. You will not serve me, sir, will you? I'll give you more than countenance.

Shift. Pardon me, sir, I do scorn to serve any man.

Car. Who? he serve? he! he keeps high men, and low men, he! he has a fair living at Fullam⁶.

Shift. But in the nature of a fellow, I'll be your follower, if you please.

Seg. Sir, you shall stay, and dine with me, and if we can agree, we'll not part in haste: I am very bountiful to men of quality. Where shall we go, signior?

Punt. Your *Mitre* is your best house.

Shift. I can make this dog take as many whiffes as I list, and he shall retain, or effume them, at my pleasure.

Punt. By your patience, follow me, fellows.

Seg. Sir, Puntarvolo!

Punt. Pardon me, my dog shall not eat in his company for a million.

Car. Nay, be not you amazed, signior Whiffie, what e'er that stiff-neckt gentleman says.

Seg. No, for you do not know the humour of the dog, as we do; where shall we dine, Carlo? I would fain go to one of these ordinaries, now I am a gentleman.

Car. So you may; were you never at any yet?

Seg. No faith, but they say there resorts your most choice gallants.

Car. True, and the fashion is, when any stranger comes in amongst 'em, they all stand up and stare at him, as he were some unknown beast, brought out of

⁶ *He keeps HIGH men, and LOW men; he! he has a fair living at FULLAM*] He is a sharpening gamester, and uses false dice. The dice were loaded to run high or low; hence they were called *high* or *low* men; and sometimes high and low *Fulbams*. Either because they were made there, or because it might be a resort for sharpers and others of the like fraternity: but the phrase is common in the authors of this age.

Africk; but that'll be help'd with a good adventurous face. You must be impudent enough, sit down, and use no respect; when any thing's propounded above your capacity, smile at it, make two or three faces, and 'tis excellent, they'll think you have travell'd, though you argue, a whole day, in silence thus, and discourse in nothing but laughter, 'twill pass. Only (now and then) give fire, discharge a good full oath, and offer a great wager, 'twill be admirable.

Sog. I warrant you, I am resolute; come, good signior, there's a poor French crown for your ordinary.

Sbift. It comes well, for I had not so much as the least portcullice of coyn before ⁷.

G R E X.

Mit. I travel with another objection, signior, which I fear will be enforc'd against the author, e'er I can be deliver'd of it.

Cor. What's that, fir?

Mit. That the argument of his comedy might have been of some other nature, as of a duke to be in love with a countess, and that countess to be in love with the duke's son, and the son to love the lady's waiting-maid; some such cross wooing, with a clown to their servingman, better than to be thus near, and familiarly allied to the time.

Cor. You say well, but I would fain hear one of these autumn-judgments define once, *Quid sit comœdia?*

⁷ *I had not so much as the least PORTCULLIS of coyn before.*] Some old coins have a *portcullice* stamped on their reverse; which I suppose gave rise to the expression. Thus Stow gives us an account of the fall of base money, in the second year of Queen Elizabeth: "It was published by proclamation, that the teston coined for twelve-pence, and in the reign of Edward VI. called down to six-pence should now forthwith (of the best sort marked with the *Portcullice*) be taken for four-pence half-penny." *Annals*, p. 1115.

if he cannot, let him content himself with Cicero's definition (till he have strength to propose to himself a better) who would have a comedy to be *imitatio vite, speculum consuetudinis, imago veritatis*; a thing throughout pleasant, and ridiculous, and accommodated to the correction of manners: if the maker have fail'd in any particle of this, they may worthily tax him; but if not, why — be you (that are for them) silent, as I will be for him; and give way to the actors.

S C E N E VII.

Sordido, with a balter about his neck, Hind.

Sord. Nay, God's pretious, if the weather and season be so respectless, that beggars shall live as well as their betters; and that my hunger and thirst for riches, shall not make them hunger and thirst with poverty; that my sleep shall be broken, and their hearts not broken; that my coffers shall be full, and yet care; their's empty, and yet merry! 'Tis time, that a cross should bear flesh and blood, since flesh and blood cannot bear this cross.

G R E X.

Mit. What, will he hang himself?

Cor. Faith I, it seems his prognostication has not kept touch with him, and that makes him despair.

Mit. Beshrew me, he will be out of his humour then, indeed.

Sord. Tut, these star-monger knaves, who would trust 'em? one says dark and rainy, when 'tis as clear as chrystal; another says, tempestuous blasts and storms, and 'twas as calm as a milk-bowl; here be sweet rascals for a man to credit his whole fortunes with: you sky-staring coxcombs you, you fat-brains, out upon you; you are good for nothing but to sweat
night-

night-caps, and make rug-gowns dear! you learned men, and have not a legion of devils, *a vostre service!* *a vostre service!* by heav'n, I think I shall die a better scholar than they! but soft, how now, firrah?

Hind. Here's a letter come from your son, sir.

Sord. From my son, sir! what would my son, sir? some good news no doubt.

THE LETTER.

“ Sweet and dear father, (desiring you first to send
 “ me your blessing, which is more worth to me than
 “ gold or silver) I desire you likewise to be adver-
 “ tised, that this shrove-tide (contrary to custom) we
 “ use always to have revels; which is indeed dancing,
 “ and makes an excellent shew in truth; especially if
 “ we gentlemen be well attir'd, which our seniors
 “ note, and think the better of our fathers, the better
 “ we are maintain'd, and that they shall know if they
 “ come up, and have any thing to do in the law;
 “ therefore, good father, these are (for your own sake
 “ as well as mine) to re-desire you, that you let me not
 “ want that which is fit for the setting up of our name,
 “ in the honourable volume of gentility, that I may
 “ say to our calumniators, with Tully, *Ego sum ortus*
 “ *domus meæ, tu occasus tuæ.* And thus (not doubting
 “ of your fatherly benevolence) I humbly ask your
 “ blessing, and pray God to bless you.

“ Yours, if his own.”

How's this! Yours, if his own? is he not my son, except he be his own son? belike this is some new kind of subscription the gallants use. Well! wherefore dost thou stay knave? away: go. Here's a letter indeed! revels? and benevolence? is this a weather to send benevolence? or is this a season to revel in? 'Slid the devil and all takes part to vex me, I think! this letter would never have come now else, now, now, when

when the sun shines, and the air thus clear. Soul, if this hold, we shall shortly have an excellent crop of corn spring out of the high ways: the streets and houses of the town will be hid with the rankness of the fruits, that grow there in spite of good husbandry. Go to, I'll prevent the sight of it, come as quickly as it can, I will prevent the sight of it. I have this remedy, heaven. Stay; I'll try the pain thus a little. O, nothing, nothing. Well now! shall my son gain a benevolence by my death? or any body be the better for my gold, or so forth? no; alive I kept it from 'em, and (dead) my ghost shall walk about it, and preserve it; my son and daughter shall starve e'er they touch it, I have hid it as deep as hell from the sight of heav'n, and to it I go now. *[Falls off.]*

S C E N E VIII.

[To him] Rustici.

1 *Rust.* Ay me, what pitiful sight is this! help, help, help.

2 *Rust.* How now? what's the matter?

1 *Rust.* O, here's a man has hang'd himself, help to get him again.

2 *Rust.* Hang'd himself? 'Slid carry him afore a justice, 'tis chance-medly, o' my word.

3 *Rust.* How now, what's here to do?

4 *Rust.* How comes this?

2 *Rust.* One has executed himself, contrary to order of law, and by my consent he shall answer't.

5 *Rust.* Would he were in case to answer it:

1 *Rust.* Stand by, he recovers, give him breath.

Sord. Oh!

5 *Rust.* Mafs, 'twas well you went the foot-way, neighbour.

1 *Rust.* I, an' I had not cut the halter.

Sord.

Sord. How ! cut the halter ? ay me, I am undone, I am undone.

2 Rust. Marry, if you had not been undone, you had been hang'd I can tell you.

Sord. You thread-bare horse-bread-eating rascals, if you would needs have been meddling, could you not have untied it, but you must cut it ; and in the midst too ! ay me.

1 Rust. Out on me, 'tis the catterpillar *Sordido* ! how curst are the poor, that the viper was blest with this good fortune ?

2 Rust. Nay, how accurst art thou, that art cause to the curse of the poor ?

3 Rust. I, and to save so wretched a caytiff ?

4 Rust. Curst be thy fingers that loos'd him.

2 Rust. Some desperate fury possess thee, that thou maist hang thy self too.

5 Rust. Never maist thou be sav'd, that sav'd so damn'd a monster.

Sord. What curses breathe these men ! how have my deeds

Made my looks differ from another man's,
That they should thus detest, and loth my life !
Out on my wretched humour, it is that
Makes me thus monstrous in true humane eyes.
Pardon me (gentle friends) I'll make fair 'mends
For my foul errors past, and twenty fold
Restore to all men, what with wrong I rob'd them ;
My barns and garners shall stand open still
To all the poor that come, and my best grain
Be made alms-bread, to feed half-famish'd mouths.
Though hitherto amongst you I have liv'd,
Like an unfavoury muck-hill to my self,
Yet now my gather'd heaps being spread abroad,
Shall turn to better and more fruitful uses.
Bless then this man, curse him no more for saving
My life and soul together. O, how deeply

The

The bitter curses of the poor do pierce !

I am by wonder chang'd ; come in with me

And witness my repentance ; now I prove,

" No life is blest, that is not grac'd with love.

1 Rust. O miracle ! see when a man has grace !

3 Rust. Had't not been pity, so good a man should
have been cast away ?

2 Rust. Well, I'll get our clerk put his conversion
in the acts and monuments.

4 Rust. Do, for I warrant him he's a martyr^a.

2 Rust. O God, how he wept, if you mark'd it ! did
you see how the tears tril'd ?

5 Rust. Yes believe me, like master Vicar's bowls
upon the green for all the world.

3 or 4. O neighbour, god's blessing o' your heart,
neighbour, 'twas a good grateful deed.

G R E X.

Cor. How now, Mitis ? what's that you consider
so seriously ?

Mit. Troth, that which doth essentially please me,
the warping condition of this green and foggy mul-
titude ; but in good faith, signior, your author hath
largely out-stript my expectation in this scene, I will
liberally confess it. For when I saw Sordido so de-
sperately intended, I thought I had had a hand of him,
then.

Cor. What ? you suppos'd he should have hung
himself indeed ?

Mit. I did, and had fram'd my objection to it ready,
which may yet be very fitly urg'd, and with some ne-

^a Well, I'll get our clerk put his conversion in the acts and monuments.

⁴ Rust Do, for I warrant him he's a martyr.] Satirically al-
luding to Fox's history of martyrs ; many of whom, we are told,
when he published the second edition of his book, were found to be
alive and well.

cessity ;

cessity ; for though his purpos'd violence lost th' effect, and extended not to death, yet the intent and horror of the object was more than the nature of a comedy will in any sort admit.

Cor. I ? what think you of Plautus, in his comedy called *Cistellaria*⁹, there ? where he brings in Alcemarchus with a drawn sword ready to kill himself, and as he is e'en fixing his breast upon it, to be restrain'd from his resolv'd outrage, by Silenium and the bawd, is not his authority of power to give our scene approbation ?

Mit. Sir, I have this only evasion left me, to say, I think it be so indeed, your memory is happier than mine : but I wonder, what engine he will use to bring the rest out of their humours !

Cor. That will appear anon, never pre-occupy your imagination withal. Let your mind keep company with the scene still, which now removes itself from the country to the court. Here comes Macilente and signior Brisk, freshly suited, lose not your self, for now the epitasis or busie part of our subject is in act.

S C E N E IX.

Macilente, Brisk, Cinedo, Saviolina.

Fast. Well, now, signior Macilente, you are not only welcome to the court, but also to my mistress's withdrawing chamber : boy, get me some tobacco, I'll but go in, and shew I am here, and come to you presently, sir.

Maci. What's that he said ? by heav'n, I mark'd him not :

My thoughts and I were of another world.

⁹ *Plautus, in his comedy called Cistellaria.*] Act 3. scene the last.

I was admiring mine own out-side here,
To think what privilege and palm it bears
Here, in the court! be a man ne'er so vile,
In wit, in judgment, manners, or what else;
If he can purchase but a filken cover,
He shall not only pass, but pass regarded:
Whereas, let him be poor, and meanly clad,
Though ne'er so richly parted, you shall have
A fellow (that knows nothing but his beef,
Or how to rince his clammy guts in beer)
Will take him by the shoulders, or the throat,
And kick him down the stairs. Such is the state
Of virtue in bad clothes! ha, ha, ha, ha,
That raiment should be in such high request!
How long should I be, e're I should put off
To the Lord Chancellor's tomb, or the sheriff's posts?
By heav'n (I think) a thousand, thousand year.
His gravity, his wisdom, and his faith
To my dread sovereign, (graces that survive him)
These I could well indure to reverence,
But not his tomb; no more than I'd commend
The chapel organ, for the gilt without,
Or this base-viol, for the varnish'd face.

Fast. I fear I have made you stay somewhat long sir;
but is my tobacco ready, boy?

Cine. I, sir.

Fast. Give me, my mistress is upon coming, you
shall see her presently, sir, — you'll say you never
accosted a more piercing wit. This tobacco is not
dried boy, or else the pipe is defective. Oh, your
wits of Italy are nothing comparable to her! her
brain's a very quiver of jests! and she does dart them

¹⁰ To the lord Chancellor's tomb, or the sheriff's posts.] The sheriff
had posts set up before his door, on which proclamations were
suspended; and these it was usual, out of respect, to read bare-headed.

abroad with that sweet, loose, and judicial aim, that you would ——— here she comes, sir.

[She is seen, and goes in again.]

Maci. 'Twas time, his invention had been bog'd else.

Savi. Give me my fan there.

Maci. How now, monsieur Brisk?

Fast. A kind of affectionate reverence strikes me with a cold shivering (methinks.)

Maci. I like such tempers well, as stand before their mistresses with fear and trembling; and before their maker, like impudent mountains.

Fast. By this hand, I'd spend twenty pound my vaulting-horse stood here now, she might see me do but one trick.

Maci. Why, does she love activity?

Cine. Or if you had but your long stockings on, to be dancing a galliard, as she comes by.

Fast. I, either. O, these stirring humours make ladies mad with desire; she comes. My good genius embolden me: boy, the pipe quickly.

Maci. What? will he give her musick?

Fast. A second good morrow to my fair mistress.

Savi. Fair servant, I'll thank you a day hence, when the date of your salutation comes forth.

Fast. How like you that answer? is't not admirable?

Maci. I were a simple courtier, if I could not admire trifles, sir.

Fast. Troth, sweet lady, I shall — be prepar'd to give you thanks for those thanks, and — study more officious, and obsequious regards — to your fair beauties. — Mend the pipe, boy.

[He talks, and takes tobacco between.]

Maci. Ine'er knew tobacco taken as a parenthesis before.

Fast. 'Fore God (sweet lady) believe it, I do honour the meanest rush in this chamber for your love.

Savi. I, you need not tell me that, sir; I do think you do prize a rush before my love.

Maci.

Maci. Is this the wonder of nations?

Fast. O, by this air, pardon me, I said for your love, by this light; but it is the accustomed sharpness of your ingenuity, sweet mistress, to ——— make your viol's new string, methinks.

[He takes down the viol, and plays between.]

Maci. Ingenuity! I see his ignorance will not suffer him to slander her, which he had done most notably, if he had said wit for ingenuity, as he meant it.

Fast. By the soul of musick, lady (hum, hum.)

Savi. Would we might hear it once.

Fast. I do more adore and admire your (hum, hum) predominant perfections, than (hum, hum) ever I shall have power and faculty to express (hum.)

Savi. Upon the viol de gambo, you mean?

Fast. It's miserably out of tune, by this hand.

Savi. Nay, rather by the fingers.

Maci. It makes good harmony with her wit.

Fast. Sweet lady, tune it. Boy, some tobacco.

Maci. Tobacco again? he does court his mistress with very exceeding good changes.

Fast. Signior Macilente, you take none, sir? —

Maci. No, unless I had a mistress, signior, it were a great indecorum for me to take tobacco.

Fast. How like you her wit? —

Maci. Her ingenuity is excellent, sir.

Fast. You see the subject of her sweet fingers there? — Oh, she tickles it so, that — She makes it laugh most divinely; — I'll tell you a good jest now, and your self shall say it's a good one: I have wish'd my self to be that instrument (I think) a thousand times, and not so few, by heav'n. —

Maci. Not unlike, sir; but how? to be cas'd up, and hung by on the wall?

Fast. O, no, sir, to be in use I assure you; as your judicious eyes may testify. —

Savi. Here, servant, if you will play, come.

Fast. Instantly, sweet lady. ——— In good faith, here's most divine tobacco!

Savi. Nay, I cannot stay to dance after your pipe.

Fast. Good! nay, dear lady, stay; by this sweet smoke, I think your wit be all fire. ———

Maci. And he's the salamander belongs to it.

Savi. Is your tobacco perfum'd, servant, that you swear by the sweet smoke?

Fast. Still more excellent! (before heav'n, and these bright lights) I think ——— you are made of ingenuity, I. ———

Maci. True, as your discourse is: O abominable!

Fast. Will your ladyship take any?

Savi. O, peace I pray you; I love not the breath of a woodcock's head.

Fast. Meaning my head, lady?

Savi. Not altogether so, sir; but (as it were fatal to their follies that think to grace themselves with taking tobacco, when they want better entertainment: you see your pipe bears the true form of a woodcock's head.

Fast. O admirable simile!

Savi. 'Tis best leaving of you in admiration, sir.

Maci. Are these the admired lady-wits, that having so good a plain song, can run no better division upon it? All her jests are of the stamp, (March was fifteen years ago.) Is this the comet, monsieur Fastidius, that you gallants wonder at so?

Fast. Heart of a gentleman, to neglect me afore presence thus! sweet sir, I beseech you be silent in my disgrace. By the muses, I was never in so vile a humour in my life, and her wit was at the flood too: Report it not for a million, good sir; let me be so far endear'd to your love.

G R E X.

Mit. What follows next, signior Cordatus? this gallant's humour is almost spent, methinks it ebbs apace, with this contrary breath of his mistress.

Cor. O, but it will flow again for all this, till there come a general drought of humour among all our actors, and then I fear not but his will fall as low as any. See who presents himself here!

Mit. What, is the old case?

Cor. I, faith, which makes it the more pitiful; you understand where the scene is?

A C T IV. S C E N E I.

Fallace, Fungoso.

Fal. **W**H Y are you so melancholy, brother?

Fung. I am not melancholy, I thank you sister.

Fal. Why are you not merry then? there are but two of us in all the world, and if we should not be comforts one to another, God help us.

Fung. Faith, I cannot tell sister, but if a man had any true melancholy in him, it would make him melancholy to see his yeomanly father cut his neighbours throats, to make his son a gentleman; and yet when he has cut 'em, he will see his son's throat cut too, ere he make him a true gentleman indeed, before death cut his own throat. I must be the first head of our house, and yet he will not give me the head till I

be made so. Is any man term'd a gentleman that is not always i' the fashion? I would know but that.

Fal. If you be melancholy for that, brother, I think I have as much cause to be melancholy as any one: for I'll be sworn, I live as little in the fashion as any woman in London. By the faith of a gentlewoman, (beast that I am to say it) I ha' not one friend i' the world besides my husband. When saw you master Fastidius Brisk, brother?

Fun. But a while since, sister, I think: I know not well in truth. By this hand, I could fight with all my heart, methinks.

Fal. Nay good brother, be not resolute.

Fung. I sent him a letter, and he writes me no answer neither.

Fal. Oh, sweet Fastidius Brisk! O fine courtier! thou art he mak'st me sigh, and say, how blessed is that woman that hath a courtier to her husband! and how miserable a dame she is, that hath neither husband, nor friend i' the court! O sweet Fastidius! O fine courtier! How comely he bows him in his court'sie! how full he hits a woman between the lips when he kisses! how upright he sits at the table! how daintily he carves! how sweetly he talks, and tells news of this lord, and of that lady! how cleanly he wipes his spoon at every spoonful of any white-meat he eats! and what a neat case of pick-tooths he carries about him still! O, sweet Fastidius! O, fine courtier!

SCENE II.

Deliro, Musicians, Macilente, Fungoso.

Del. See, yonder she is, gentlemen. Now, (as ever you'll bear the name of musicians) touch your instruments sweetly, she has a delicate ear, I tell you: play not a false note, I beseech you,

Musi.

Musi. Fear not, signior Deliro.

Del. O, begin, begin, some sprightly thing : Lord, how my imagination labours with the success of it ! Well said, good i'faith ! Heav'n grant it please her. I'll not be seen, for then she'll be sure to dislike it.

Fal. Hey——da ! this is excellent ! I'll lay my life this is my husband's dotage. I thought so ; nay, never play bo-peep with me, I know you do nothing but study how to anger me, sir.

Del. Anger thee, sweet wife ? why, didst thou not send for musicians at supper last night thy self ?

Fal. To supper, sir ? now come up to supper, I beseech you : as though there were no difference between supper-time, when folks should be merry, and this time when they should be melancholy ? I would never take upon me to take a wife, if I had no more judgment to please her.

Del. Be pleas'd, sweet wife, and they shall ha' done, and would to fate my life were done, if I can never please thee.

Maci. Save you, lady, where is master Deliro ?

Del. Here, master Macilente : you are welcome from court, sir ; no doubt you have been grac'd exceedingly of master Brisk's mistress, and the rest of the ladies for his sake.

Maci. Alas, the poor phantastick ! he's scarce known To any lady there ; and those that know him, Know him the simplest man of all they know : Deride, and play upon his amorous humours, Though he but apishly doth imitate The gallant'st courtiers, kissing ladies pumps, Holding the cloth for them, praising their wits, And servilely observing every one May do them pleasure : fearful to be seen With any man (though he be ne'er so worthy) That's not in grace with some that are the greatest. Thus courtiers do, and these he counterfeits,

But sets not such a sightly carriage
 Upon their vanities, as they themselves;
 And therefore they despise him: for indeed
 He's like the zani to a tumbler,
 That tries tricks after him, to make men laugh.

Fal. Here's an unthankful spiteful wretch! the good gentleman vouchsafe to make him his companion, (because my husband put him into a few rags) and now see how the unrude rascal back-bites him!

Deli. Is he no more grac'd amongst 'em then, say you?

Maci. Faith, like a pawn at chess: fills up a room, that's all.

Fal. O monster of men! can the earth bear such an envious caytiff?

Deli. Well, I repent me I e'er credited him so much: but (now I see what he is, and that his masking vizor is off) I'll forbear him no longer. All his lands are mortgag'd to me, and forfeited: besides, I have bonds of his in my hand, for the receipt of now fifty pound, now a hundred, now two hundred: still, as he has had a fan but wagg'd at him, he would be in a new suit. Well, I'll salute him by a serjeant, the next time I see him i' faith, I'll suit him.

Maci. Why, you may soon see him, sir, for he is to meet signior Puntarvolo at a notary's by the Exchange, presently; where he means to take up, upon return —

Fal. Now, out upon thee, Judas; can'st thou not be content to back bite thy friend, but thou must betray him? wilt thou seek the undoing of any man? and of such a man too? and will you, sir, get your living by the counsel of traytors?

Deli. Dear wife, have patience.

Fal. The house will fall, the ground will open and swallow us: I'll not bide here, for all the gold and silver in heav'n.

Deli.

Deli. O, good Macilente, let's follow and appease her, or the peace of my life is at an end.

Maci. Now pease, and not peace, feed that life, whose head hangs so heavily over a woman's manger.

Fal. Help me, brother: 'ods body, an' you come here I'll do my self a mischief.

[Deliro follows his wife.]

Deli. Nay, hear me, sweet wife, unless thou wilt have me go, I will not go.

Fal. Tut, you shall ne'er ha' that vantage of me, to say, you are undone by me. I'll not bid you stay, I. Brother, sweet brother, here's four angels, I'll give you towards your suit: for the love of gentry, and as ever you came of christian creature, make haste to the water-side, (you know where master Fastidius uses to land) and give him warning of my husband's malicious intent; and tell him of that lean rascal's treachery: O heav'ns! how my flesh rises at him! Nay, sweet brother, make haste: you may say, I would have writ to him, but that the necessity of the time would not permit. He cannot chuse but take it extraordinarily from me: and commend me to him, good brother; say, I sent you.

Fung. Let me see, these four angels, and then forty shillings more I can borrow on my gown in Fetter-lane. Well, I will go presently; 'say on my suit, pay as much money as I have, and swear my self into credit with my taylor for the rest.

Del. O, on my soul you wrong her, Macilente. Though she be froward, yet I know she is honest.

[Deliro and Macilente pass over the stage.]

Maci. Well, then have I no judgment. Would any woman (but one that were wild in her affections) have broke out into that immodest and violent passion against her husband? or is't possible——

Deli.

234 *Every Man out of his Humour.*

Del. If you love me, forbear ; all the arguments of the world shall never wrest my heart to believe it.

G R E X.

Cor. How like you the decyphering of his dotage ?

Mit. O, strangely ! and of the other's envy too, that labours so seriously to set debate betwixt a man and his wife. Stay, here comes the knight adventurer.

Cor. I, and his scrivener with him.

S C E N E III.

Puntarvolo, Notary, Carlo, Servants.

Pun. I wonder monsieur Fastidius comes not ! But Notary, if thou please to draw the indentures the while, I will give thee thy instructions.

Not. With all my heart, sir ; and I'll fall in hand with 'em presently.

Pun. Well then, first the sum is to be understood.

Not. Good, sir.

Pun. Next, our several appellations, and character of my dog and cat, must be known. Shew him the cat, firrah.

Not. So, sir.

Pun. Then, that the intended bound is the Turk's court in Constantinople ; the time limited for our return, a year ; and that if either of us miscarry, the whole venture is lost. These are general, conceiv'st thou ; or if either of us turn Turk.

Not. I, sir.

Pun. Now for particulars : that I may make my travels by sea or land, to my best liking ; and that (hiring a coach for myself) it shall be lawful for my
dog

dog or cat, or both, to ride with me in the said coach.

Not. Very good, sir.

Pun. That I may chuse to give my dog, or cat, fish, for fear of bones; or any other nutriment that (by the judgment of the most authentical physicians where I travel) shall be thought dangerous.

Not. Well, sir.

Pun. That (after the receipt of his money) he shall neither in his own person, nor any other, either by direct or indirect means, as magick, witchcraft, or other such exotick arts, attempt, practise, or complot any thing to the prejudice of me, my dog, or my cat: neither shall I use the help of any such forceries or enchantments, as unctions to make our skins impene- trable, or to travel invisible by virtue of a powder, or a ring, or to hang any three-forked charm about my dog's neck, secretly convey'd into his collar', (under- stand you?) but that all be performed sincerely, with- out fraud or imposture.

Not. So, sir.

Pun. That (for testimony of the performance) my self am to bring thence a Turk's mustachio, my dog

¹ Or to hang any three-forked charm about my dog's neck, secretly con- veyed into his collar.] Alluding probably to Cornelius Agrippa's dog. Paulus Jovius gives the following account of the master and his dog: (Elog. doct. viror. edit. Basil. 1577. p. 187.) *Excessit de vita nondum senex apud Lugdunum, ignobili & tenebroso in diversorio, multis eum tanquam necromantiæ suspitione infamem execrantibus; quod cacodæmonem nigri canis specie circumduceret; ita ut quum propinquâ mor- tu ad penitentiam urgeretur, cani collare loreum magicis per clavorum emblemata inscriptum notis exsolverit; in hæc suprema verba irate pro- rumpens, abi perdita bestia, quæ me totum perdidisti! nec usquam fami- liaris ille canis, aut assiduus itinerum omnium comes, & tum morientis domini desertor postea conspectus est, quum præcipiti fugæ saltu in Ararim se immerfisse, nec enatusse, ab his qui id vidisse asserabant, existimetur.*

Dr. GREY.

a Gre-

a Grecian hair's lip, and my cat the train or tail of a Thracian rat.

Not. 'Tis done, sir.

Pun. 'Tis said, sir; not done, sir. But forward; that upon my return, and landing on the Tower-wharf, with the aforesaid testimony, I am to receive five for one*, according to the proportion of the sums put forth.

Not. Well, sir.

Pun. Provided, that if before our departure, or setting forth, either myself or these be visited with sickness, or any other casual event, so that the whole course of the adventure be hindered thereby, that then he is to return, and I am to receive the prenominated proportion upon fair and equal terms.

Not. Very good, sir; is this all?

Pun. It is all, sir; and dispatch them, good Notary.

Not. As fast as is possible, sir.

Pun. O Carlo! welcome: saw you monsieur Brisk?

Car. Not I: did he appoint you to meet here?

Pun. I, and I muse he should be so tardy; he is to take an hundred pounds of me in venture, if he maintain his promise.

Car. Is his hour past?

Pun. Not yet, but it comes on apace.

Car. Tut, be not jealous of him; he will sooner

* *I am to receive five for one.*] As travelling in search of adventures was now the mode, it was customary for those who engaged in expeditions of this kind, to place out a sum of money, on condition of receiving great interest for it, at their return home. This circumstance we find likewise alluded to in SHAKESPEARE'S *Tempest*.

" Each putter out on five for one will bring us

" Good warrant of ——"

Act III. Sc. 3.

Five for one was the usual terms, we find, on which these agreements were generally made.

break

break all the commandments, than his hour ; upon my life, in such a case trust him.

Pun. Methinks, Carlo, you look very smooth ! ha ?

Car. Why, I came but now from a hot-house, I must needs look smooth.

Pun. From a hot-house !

Car. I. do you make a wonder on't ? why it's your only physick. Let a man sweat once a week in a hot-house, and be well rubb'd, and froted, with a good plump juicy wench, and sweet linnen, he shall ne'er ha' the pox.

Pun. What, the French pox ?

Car. The French pox ! our pox. We have them in as good a form as they, man : what ?

Pun. Let me perish, but thou art a salt one ! was your new-created gallant there with you ? Sogliardo ?

Car. O porpuse ! hang him, no : he's a leiger at Horn's ordinary yonder ; his villainous Ganymede and he ha' been droning a tobacco-pipe there ever sin' yesterday noon.

Pun. Who ? signior Tripartite, that would give my dog the whiff ?

Car. I, he. They have hir'd a chamber and all, private to practise in, for the making of the patoun, the receipt reciprocal, and a number of other mysteries not yet extant. I brought some dozen or twenty gallants this morning to view 'em (as you'd do a piece of perspective) in at a key-hole ; and there we might see Sogliardo sit in a chair, holding his snowt up like a sow under an apple-tree, while th' other open'd his nostrils with a poking-stick, to give the smoke a more free delivery. They had spit some three or fourscore ounces between 'em, afore we came away.

Pun. How ! spit three or fourscore ounces ?

Car. I, and preserv'd it in porrengers, as a barber does his blood when he opens a vein.

Pun.

Pun. Out, pagan ; how dost thou open the vein of thy friend ?

Car. Friend ? is there any such foolish thing i' the world ? ha ? 'slid, I ne'er relish'd it yet.

Pun. Thy humour is the more dangerous.

Car. No, not a whit, signior. Tut, a man must keep time in all ; I can oyl my tongue when I meet him next, and look with a good sleek forehead ; 'twill take away all soil of suspicion, and that's enough ; what Lynceus can see my heart ? Pish, the title of a friend, it's a vain idle thing, only venerable among fools ; you shall not have one that has any opinion of wit affect it.

S C E N E IV.

[*To them*] *Deliro, Macilente.*

Deli. Save you, good sir Puntarvolo.

Pun. Signior Deliro ! welcome.

Deli. Pray you, sir, did you see master Fastidius Brisk ?

I heard he was to meet your worship here.

Pun. You heard no figment, sir ; I do expect him at every pulse of my watch.

Deli. In good time, sir.

Car. There's a fellow now 'looks like one of the patri-cians of Sparta ; marry, his wit's after ten i' the hundred : a good blood-hound, a close-mouthed dog, he follows the scent well ; marry, he's at a fault now me-thinks.

Pun. I should wonder at that creature is free from the danger of thy tongue.

Car. O, I cannot abide these limbs of fatten, or rather Satan indeed, that'll walk (like the children of darkness) all day in a melancholy shop, with their pockets

pockets full of blanks, ready to swallow up as many poor unthrifts as come within the verge.

Pun. So! and what hast thou for him that is with him, now?

Car. O, (dam me) immortality! I'll not meddle with him, the pure element of fire, all spirit, extraction.

Pun. How Carlo? ha? what is he, man?

Car. A scholar, Macilente, do you not know him? a rank raw-bon'd anatomy, he walks up and down like a charg'd musket, no man dares encounter him: that's his rest there.

Pun. His rest? why has he a forked head?

Car. Pardon me, that's to be suspended, you are too quick, too apprehensive.

Deli. Troth (now I think on't) I'll defer it till some other time.

Maci. Not by any means, signior, you shall not lose this opportunity, he will be here presently now.

Deli. Yes faith, Macilente, 'tis best. For, look you, sir, I shall so exceedingly offend my wife in't, that——

Maci. Your wife? now for shame lose these thoughts, and become the master of your own spirits. Should I (if I had a wife) suffer myself to be thus passionately carried to and fro with the stream of her humour? and neglect my deepest affairs, to serve her affections? Slight, I would geld my self first.

Deli. O but, signior, had you such a wife as mine is, you would——

Maci. Such a wife? Now hate me, sir, if ever I discern'd any wonder in your wife yet, with all the speculation I have: I have seen some that ha' been thought fairer than she, in my time; and I have seen those, ha' not been altogether so tall, esteem'd properer women; and I have seen less noses grow upon sweeter faces

faces^a, that have done very well too, in my judgment: but in good faith, signior, for all this, the gentlewoman is a good pretty proud hard-favour'd thing, marry not so peerlessly to be doted upon, I must confess: nay, be not angry.

Deli. Well, sir, (however you please to forget your self) I have not deserv'd to be thus plaid upon; but henceforth, pray you forbear my house, for I can but faintly endure the favour of his breath at my table, that shall thus jade me from my courtesies.

Maci. Nay, then, signior, let me tell you, your wife is no proper woman, and by my life, I suspect her honesty, that's more, which you may likewise suspect (if you please :) do you see? I'll urge you to nothing against your appetite, but if you please, you may suspect it.

Deli. Good, sir.

Maci. Good sir? now horn upon horn pursue thee, thou blind egregious dotard.

Car. O, you shall hear him speak like envy. Signior Macilente, you saw monsieur Brisk lately? I heard you were with him at court.

Maci. I, Buffone, I was with him.

Car. And how is he respected there? (I know you'll deal ingenuously with us) is he made much of amongst the sweeter sort of gallants?

Maci. Faith I, his civet and his casting-glass Have helpt him to a place amongst the rest: And there, his seniors give him good slight looks, After their garb, smile, and salute in French With some new compliment.

Car. What, is this all?

^a *And I have seen less roses grow upon sweeter faces.*] Had the lady been represented as using paint, the satire would have been just enough; but as that doth not seem to be the case, we adopt the reading of the first folio, which gives it, *less noses grow upon sweeter faces.*

Maci.

Maci. Why say, that they should shew the frothy fool
Such grace as they pretend comes from the heart,
He had a mighty wind-fall out of doubt.

Why, all their graces are not to do grace
To virtue, or desert : but to ride both
With their gilt spurs quite breathless, from themselves.
Tis now esteem'd precisianism in wit,
And a disease in nature, to be kind
Toward desert, to love, or seek good names.
Who feeds with a good name? who thrives with
loving?

Who can provide feast for his own desires,
With serving others? ha, ha, ha :
'Tis folly, by our wisest worldlings prov'd,
(If not to gain by love) to be belov'd.

Car. How like you him? is't not a good spiteful
slave? ha?

Punt. Shrewd, shrewd.

Car. Dam me, I could eat his flesh now : divine
sweet villain !

Maci. Nay prythee leave : what's he there?

Car. Who? this i' the starch'd beard? it's the dull
stiff knight Puntarvolo, man; he's to travel now pre-
sently : he has a good knotty wit, marry he carries
little on't out of the land with him.

Maci. How then?

Car. He puts it forth in venture, as he does his
money upon the return of a dog, and cat.

Maci. Is this he?

Car. I, this is he; a good tough gentleman : he
looks like a shield of brawn at shrovetide, out of date,
and ready to take his leave ; or a dry poul of ling
upon easter-eve, that has furnish'd the table all lent,
as he has done the city this last vacation.

Maci. Come, you'll never leave your stabbing si-
miles : I shall ha' you aiming at me with 'em by and
by, but —

Car. O, renounce me then : pure, honest, good devil, I love thee above the love of women : I could e'en melt in admiration of thee, now ! Gods so, look here, man ; sir Dagonet, and his squire !

SCENE V.

[*To them*] *Sogliardo, Shift.*

Sog. Save you, my dear gallanto's : nay, come approach, good Cavalier : prythee (sweet knight, know this gentleman, he's one that it pleases me to use as my good friend and companion ; and therefore do him good offices : I beseech you, gentles, know him, know him all over.

Punt. Sir (for signior Sogliardo's sake) let it suffice, I know you.

Sog. Why (as I am a gentleman) I thank you, knight, and it shall suffice. Hark you, sir Puntarvolo, you'd little think it ; he's as resolute a piece of flesh as any i' the world.

Punt. Indeed, sir ?

Sog. Upon my gentility, sir : Carlo, a word with you ; do you see that same fellow, there ?

Car. What cavalier Shift ?

Sog. O, you know him ; cry you mercy : before me, I think him the tallest man living within the walls of Europe.

Car. The walls of Europe ! take heed what you say signior, Europe's a huge thing within the walls.

Sog. Tut, (an' 'twere as huge again) I'd justify what I speak. 'Slid, he swagger'd e'en now in a place where we were : I never saw a man do it more resolute.

Car. Nay, indeed swaggering is a good argument of resolution. Do you hear this, signior.

Maci. I, to my grief. O, that such muddy flags, For every drunken flourish, should achieve
The name of manhood ; whilst true perfect valour
(Hating to shew it self) goes by despis'd !

Heart,

Heart, I do know now (in a fair just cause)
I dare do more than he, a thousand times :
Why should not they take knowledge of this ? ha ?
And give my worth allowance before his ?
Because I cannot swagger ! now the pox
Light on your pickt-hatch prowess.

Sog. Why, I tell you, sir, he has been the only bid-stand that ever kept New-market, Salisbury-plain, Hockley i' the hole, Gads-hill ; and all the high places of any request : he has had his mares and his geldings, he, ha' been worth forty, threescore, a hundred pound a horse, would ha' sprung you over hedge and ditch like your grey-hound : he has done five hundred robberies in his time, more or less, I assure you.

Punt. What ? and scap'd ?

Sog. Scap'd ! i' faith I : he has broken the jayl when he has been in irons and irons ; and been out, and in again : and out, and in ; forty times, and not so few, he.

Maci. A fit trumpet, to proclaim such a person.

Car. But can this be possible ?

Shift. Why, 'tis nothing, sir, when a man gives his affections to it.

Sog. Good Pylades, discourse a robbery or two, to satisfie these gentlemen of thy worth.

Shift. Pardon me, my dear Orestes : causes have their quiddits, and 'tis ill jesting with bell-ropes.

Car. How ? Pylades and Orestes ?

Sog. I, he is my Pylades, and I am his Orestes : how like you the conceit ?

Car. O, it's an old stale enterlude device : no, I'll give you names my self, look you, he shall be your Pylades, and you shall be his elder-tree to hang on.

Maci. Nay, rather, let him be captain Pod, and his his motion⁴ ; for he does nothing but shew him.

⁴ Let him be captain Pod, and this his motion.] The celebrated owner of a puppet-shew, which in our author's days was called a motion. Pod is often mentioned in Jonson's works.

Car. Excellent: or thus, you shall be Holden, and he your camel.

Shift. You do not mean to ride, gentlemen?

Punt. Faith, let me end it for you, gallants: you shall be his countenance, and he your resolution.

Sog. Troth, that's pretty: how say you, Cavalier, shall't be so?

Car. I, I, most voices.

Shift. Faith, I am easily yielding to any good impressions.

Sog. Then give hands, good resolution.

Car. Mafs, he cannot say, good countenance, now (properly) to him again.

Punt. Yes, by an irony.

Maci. O, sir, the countenance of resolution should, as he is, be altogether grim and unpleasant.

SCENE VI.

[To them] *Fastidius Brisk.*

Fast. Good hours, make musick with your mirth, gentlemen, and keep time to your humours: how now, Carlo?

Punt. Monsieur Brisk! many a long look have I extended for you, sir.

Fast. Good faith I must crave pardon: I was invited this morning e'er I was out of my bed, by a bevy of ladies, to a banquet: whence it was almost one of Hercules's labours for me to come away, but that the respect of my promise did so prevail with me. I know they'll take it very ill, especially one, that gave me this bracelet of her hair but over night, and this pearl another gave me from her forehead, marry she — what? are the writings ready?

Punt. I will send my man to know. Sirrah, go you

to the notaries, and learn if he be ready: leave the dog, fir.

Fast. And how does my rare qualified friend, Soggiardo? Oh, signior Macilente! by these eyes, I saw you not, I had saluted you sooner else, o' my troth: I hope, fir, I may presume upon you, that you will not divulge my late check, or disgrace (indeed) fir.

Maci. You may, fir.

Car. He knows some notorious jest by this gull, that he hath him so obsequious.

Sog. Monsieur Fallidius, do you see this fellow there? does he not look like a clown? would you think there were any thing in him?

Fast. Any thing in him? beshrew me, I: the fellow hath a good ingenious face.

Sog. By this element he is as ingenious a tall man as ever swagger'd about London: he, and I, call countenance and resolution, but his name is cavalier Shift.

Punt. Cavalier, you knew signior Clog, that was hang'd for the robbery, at Harrow o' the hill?

Sog. Knew him, fir! why, 'twas he gave all the directions for the action.

Punt. How, was it your project, fir?

Shift. Pardon me, countenance, you do me some wrong to make occasions publick, which I imparted to you in private.

Sog. Gods will! here are none but friends, resolution.

Shift. That's all one; things of consequence must have their respects: where, how, and to whom. Yes, fir, he shewed himself a true Clog in the coherence of that affair, fir: for if he had manag'd matters as they were corroborated to him, it had been better for him by a forty or fifty score of pounds, fir, and he himself might ha' liv'd (in despite of fates) to have fed an woodcocks, with the rest: but it was his heavy fortune to sink, poor Clog, and therefore talk no more of him.

Punt. Why had he more aiders then?

Sog. O God, sir! I, there were some present there, that were the nine worthies to him, i' faith.

Shift. I, sir, I can satisfie you at more convenient conference: but (for mine own part) I have now reconcil'd my self to other courses, and profess a living out of my other qualities.

Sog. Nay, he has left all now (I assure you) and is able to live like a gentleman, by his qualities. By this dog, he has the most rare gift in tobacco that ever you knew.

Car. He keeps more ado with this monster, than ever Bankes did with his horse^s, or the fellow with the elephant.

Maci. He will hang out his picture shortly, in a cloth, you shall see.

Sog. O, he does manage a quarrel the best that ever you saw, for terms and circumstances.

Fast. Good faith, signior, (now you speak of a quarrel) I'll acquaint you with a difference, that happened between a gallant, and my self; sir Pontarvolo, you know him if I should name him, signior Luculento.

Punt. Luculento! what in-auspicious chance interpos'd itself to your two loves?

Fast. Faith, sir, the same that sundred Agamemnon and great Thetis' son; but let the cause escape, sir: he sent me a challenge (mixt with some few braves) which I restor'd, and in fine we met. Now indeed, sir, (I must tell you) he did offer at first very desperately, but without judgment: for, look you, sir; I cast my self into this figure; now he comes violently on, and withal advancing his rapier to strike, I thought to

^s *He keeps more ado with this monster, than ever BANKES did with his horse.*] This same Mr. Bankes, was a man of note too in his time; famous for a horse, which was taught to shew tricks, and perform several feats of art, to the great admiration of the virtuoso spectator. See sir KENELM DIGBY of *bodies*, p. 393.

have took his arm (for he had left his whole body to my election, and I was sure he could not recover his guard.) Sir, I mist my purpose in his arm, rash'd his doublet sleeve, ran him close by the left cheek, and through his hair. He again lights me here, (I had on a gold cable hat-band, then new come up, which I wore about a murrey French hat I had) cuts my hat-band, (and yet it was massie goldsmiths work) cuts my brims, which by good fortune (being thick embroidered with gold twist and spangles) disappointed the force of the blow : nevertheless, it graz'd on my shoulder, takes me away six purls of an Italian cut-work band I wore (cost me three pound in the exchange but three days before.)

Punt. This was a strange encounter.

Fast. Nay, you shall hear, sir : with this we both fell out, and breath'd. Now (upon the second sign of his assault) I betook me to the former manner of my defence ; he (on the other side) abandon'd his body to the same danger as before, and follows me still with blows : but I (being loth to take the deadly advantage that lay before me of his left side) made a kind of stramazoun, ran him up to the hilts through the doublet, through the shirt, and yet miss'd the skin. He (making a reverse blow) falls upon my emboss'd girdle, (I had thrown off the hangers a little before) strikes off a skirt of a thick-lac'd sattin doublet I had (lin'd with four taffataes) cuts off two panes embroidered with pearl, rends through the drawings-out of tissue, enters the linings, and skips the flesh.

Car. I wonder he speaks not of his wrought shirt.

Fast. Here (in the opinion of mutual damage) we paus'd ; but (e'er I proceed) I must tell you, signior, that (in this last encounter) not having leisure to put off my silver spurs, one of the rowels catch'd hold of the ruffle of my boot, and (being Spanish leather, and subject to tear) overthrows me, rends me two pair of

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silk stockings, (that I put on, being somewhat a raw morning, a peach-colour and another) and strikes me some half-inch deep into the side of the calf: he (seeing the blood come) presently takes horse, and away: I (having bound up my wound with a piece of my wrought shirt)——

Car. O! comes it in there?

Fast. Rid after him, and (lighting at the court-gate both together) embrac'd, and march'd hand in hand up into the presence. Was not this business well carried?

Maci. Well? yes, and by this we can guess what apparel the gentleman wore.

Punt. 'Fore valour, it was a designment begun with much resolution, maintain'd with as much prowess, and ended with more humanity. How now, what says the notary?

Serv. He says, he is ready, sir; he stays but your worship's pleasure.

Punt. Come, we will go to him, monsieur. Gentlemen, shall we entreat you to be witnesses?

Seg. You shall entreat me, sir. Come, resolution.

Sbift. I follow you, good countenance.

Car. Come, signior, come, come.

Maci. O, that there should be fortune
To clothe these men, so naked in desert!
And that the just storm of a wretched life
Beats 'em not ragged, for their wretched souls,
And, since as fruitless, even as black as coals!

G R E X.

Mit. Why, but signior, how comes it that Fungoso appear'd not with his sister's intelligence to Brisk?

Cor. Marry, long of the evil angels that she gave him, who have indeed tempted the good simple youth to follow the tail of the fashion, and neglect the imposition

position of his friends. Behold, here he comes, very worshipfully attended, and with good variety.

S C E N E VII.

Fungoso, Taylor, Shoe-maker, Haberdasher.

Fung. Gramercy, good shoe-maker, I'll put to stringa my self. Now, sir, let me see, what must you have for this hat?

Habe. Here's the bill, sir.

Fung. How does't become me? well?

Tay. Excellent sir, as ever you had any hat in your life.

Fung. Nay, you'll say so all.

Habe. In faith, sir, the hat's as good as any man i' this town can serve you, and will maintain fashion as long; ne'er trust me for a groat else.

Fung. Do's it apply well to my suit?

Tay. Exceeding well, sir.

Fung. How lik'it thou my suit, haberdasher?

Habe. By my troth, sir, 'tis very rarely well made; I never saw a suit sit better, I can tell on.

Tay. Nay, we have no art to please our friends, we.

Fung. Here, haberdasher, tell this same.

Habe. Good faith, sir, it makes you have an excellent body.

Fung. Nay (believe me) I think I have as good a body in clothes as another.

Tay. You lack points to bring your apparel together, sir.

Fung. I'll have points anon: how now? is't right?

Habe. Faith, sir, 'tis too little; but upon farther hopes ——— Good morrow to you, sir.

Fung. Farewel, good haberdasher. Well, now master Snip, let me see your bill.

G R E X.

G R E X.

Mit. Methinks he discharges his followers too thick.

Cor. O, therein he saucily imitates some great man. I warrant you, though he turns off them, he keeps this taylor, in place of a page, to follow him still.

Fung. This bill is very reasonable, in faith (hark you master Snip) troth, sir, I am not altogether so well furnish'd at this present, as I could wish I were; but ——— if you'll do me the favour to take part in hand, you shall have all I have, by this hand —

Tay. Sir —

Fung. And but give me credit for the rest, till the beginning of the next term.

Tay. O Lord, sir —

Fung. 'Fore God, and by this light, I'll pay you to the utmost, and acknowledge my self very deeply engag'd to you by the courtesie.

Tay. Why, how much have you there, sir?

Fung. Marry, I have here four angels, and fifteen shillings of white money, it's all I have, as I hope to be blest.

Tay. You will not fail me at the next term with the rest?

Fung. No, an' I do, pray heav'n I be hang'd. Let me never breathe again upon this mortal stage, as the philosopher calls it. By this air, (and as I am a gentleman) I'll hold.

G R E X.

Cor. He were an iron-hearted fellow, in my judgment, that would not credit upon his volley of oaths.

Tay. Well, sir, I'll not stick with any gentleman for a trifle: you know what 'tis remains?

Fung.

Fung. I, sir, and I give you thanks in good faith. O fate! how happy am I made in this good fortune! well, now I'll go seek out monsieur Brisk. 'Ods so, I have forgot ribband for my shoes, and points. 'Slid, what luck's this! how shall I do? master Snip, pray let me deduct some two or three shillings for points and ribbands; as I am an honest man, I have utterly disfur-nished myself, in the default of memory, pray let me be beholding to you, it shall come home i' the bill, be-lieve me.

Tay. Faith, sir, I can hardly depart with ready money, but I'll take up and send you some by my boy, presently. What colour'd ribband would you have?

Fung. What you shall think meet i' your judgment, sir, to my suit.

Tay. Well, I'll send you some presently.

Fung. And points too, sir?

Tay. And points too, sir.

Fung. Good Lord! how shall I study to deserve this kindness of you, sir? Pray let your youth make haste, for I should have done a business an hour since, that I doubt I shall come too late. Now, in good faith, I am exceeding proud of my suit.

G R E X.

Cor. Do you observe the plunges that this poor gal-lant is put to (signior) to purchase the fashion?

Mit. I, and to be still a fashion behind with the world, that's the sport.

Cor. Stay: O here they come from *seal'd and deliver'd*.

S C E N E

S C E N E IV.

Puntarvolo, Fastidius Brisk, Servants, Carlo, Sogliardo, Macilente, Shift, Fungoso.

Punt. Well, now my whole venture is forth, I will resolve to depart shortly.

Fast. Faith, Sir Puntarvolo, go to the court, and take leave of the ladies first.

Punt. I care not, if it be this afternoon's labour. Where is Carlo?

Fast. Here he comes.

Car. Faith, gallants, I am persuading this gentleman to turn courtier. He is a man of fair revenue, and his estate will bear the charge well. Besides, for his other gifts of the mind, or so, why they are as nature lent him 'em, pure, simple, without any artificial drug or mixture of these two thredbare beggarly qualities, learning, and knowledge, and therefore the more accommodate and genuine. Now, for the life itself —

Fast. ⁶ O, the most celestial, and full of wonder and delight, that can be imagined, signior, beyond thought and apprehension of pleasure! A man lives there, in that divine rapture, that he will think himself i' the ninth heaven for the time, and lose all sense of mortality whatsoever, when he shall behold such glorious (and almost immortal) beauties, hear such angelical and harmonious voices, discourse with such flowing and ambrosial spirits, whose wits are as sudden as lightning, and humorous as nectar; oh, it makes a man all quin-

⁶ *Fast.* O, the most celestial, and full of wonder, &c.] This interruption of Brisk's is very artful in the poet: Carlo was more a man of the town, whose elysium was the inside of a tavern, or an ordinary, and not the presence chamber at court; but Brisk, whose happiness centred in the circle of courtiers, may with great propriety break out into a rapturous harangue on the pleasures of a court-life.

ressence and flame, and lifts him up, in a moment, to the very crystal crown of the sky, where (hovering in the strength of his imagination) he shall behold all the delights of the Hesperides, the *insule fortunatæ*, Adonis' gardens, Tempe or what else (confin'd within the amplest verge of poësie) to be meer Umbræ, and imperfect figures, confer'd with the most essential felicity of your court.

Maci. Well, this encomion was not extemporal, it came too perfectly off.

Car. Besides, sir, you shall never need to go to a hoc-house[?], you shall sweat there with courting your mistress, or losing your money at primero, as well as in all the stoves in Sweden. Marry this, sir, you must ever be sure to carry a good strong perfume about you, that your mistresses dog may smell you out amongst the rest; and (in making love to her) never fear to be out: for you may have a pipe of tobacco, or a bass viol shall hang o' the wall, of purpose, will put you in presently. The tricks your resolution has taught you in tobacco (the whiffe, and those sleights) will stand you in very good ornament there.

Fast. I, to some perhaps; but, an' he should come to my mistress with tobacco (this gentleman knows) she'd reply upon him, i' faith. O, (~~by~~ this bright sun) she has the most acute, ready, and facetious wit, that — tut there's no spirit able to stand her. You can report it, signior, you have seen her.

Punt. Then can he report no less, out of his judgment, I assure him.

Maci. Troth, I like her well enough, but she's too self-conceited, methinks.

Fast. I indeed, she's a little too self-conceited, an' 'twere not for that humour, she were the most-to-be-admir'd lady in the world.

? *A hot house.*] A bagnio.

Punt.

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Punt. Indeed, it is a humour that takes from her other excellencies.

Maci. Why it may easily be made to forsake her, in my thought.

Fast. Easily, sir, then are all impossibilities easy.

Maci. You conclude too quick upon me, signior; what will you say, if I make it so perspicuously appear now, that your self shall confess nothing more possible?

Fast. Marry, I will say, I will both applaud, and admire you for it.

Punt. And I will second him in the admiration.

Maci. Why, I'll shew you, gentlemen. Carlo, come hither.

[*They whisper.*]

Sog. Good faith, I have a great humour to the court, what thinks my resolution? shall I adventure?

Shift. Troth, countenance, as you please; the place is a place of good reputation and capacity.

Sog. O, my tricks in tobacco (as Carlo says) will shew excellent there.

Shift. Why, you may go with these gentlemen now, and see fashions; and after, as you shall see correspondence.

Sog. You say true. You will go with me, resolution?

Shift. I will meet you, countenance, about three or four a clock; but, to say to go with you, I cannot, for (as I am Apple John) I am to go before the cockatrice you saw this morning, and therefore pray, present me excus'd, good countenance.

Sog. Farewel, good resolution, but fail not to meet.

Shift. As I live.

Punt. Admirably excellent!

Maci. If you can but persuade Sogliardo to court, there's all now.

Car. O let me alone, that's my task.

Fast.

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Fast. Now, by wit, Macilente, its above measure excellent: 'twill be the only court-exploit that ever prov'd courtier ingenious.

Punt. Upon my soul, it puts the lady quite out of her humour, and we shall laugh with judgment.

Car. Come, the gentleman was of himself resolv'd to go with you, afore I mov'd it.

Maci. Why then, gallants, you two, and Carlo, go afore to prepare the jest: Sogliardo and I will come some while after you.

Car. Pardon me, I am not for the court.

Punt. That's true; Carlo comes not at court, indeed. Well, you shall leave it to the faculty of monsieur Brisk, and my self; upon our lives we will manage it happily. Carlo shall bespeak supper at the Mitre, against we come back; where we will meet, and dimple our cheeks with laughter at the success.

Car. I, but will you promise to come?

Punt. My self shall undertake for them; he that fails, let his reputation lie under the lash of thy tongue.

Car. Gods so, look who comes here!

Sog. What, nephew!

Fung. Uncle, God save you; did you see a gentleman, one monsieur Brisk, a courtier? he goes in such a suit as I do.

Sog. Here is the gentleman, nephew, but not in such a suit.

Fung. Another suit!

[*He swoons.*]

Sog. How now, nephew?

Fast. Would you speak with me, sir?

Car. I, when he has recovered himself, poor Poll!

Punt. Some rosa-folis.

Maci. How now, signior?

Fung. I am not well, sir.

Fast. [Poor poll!] He calls him parrot, from his imitating the dress of parrots, as that bird is taught to repeat a set of words.

Maci.

Maci. Why, this it is, to dog the fashion?

Car. Nay, come gentlemen remember your affairs; his disease is nothing but the flux of apparel.

Punt. Sirs, return to the lodging, keep the cat safe: I'll be the dog's guardian my self.

Sag. Nephew, will you go to court with us? these gentlemen and I are for the court: nay, be not so melancholy.

Fung. By Gods lid, I think no man in Christendom has that rascally fortune that I have.

Maci. Faith, your suit is well enough, signior.

Fung. Nay, not for that, I protest, but I had an errand to monsieur Fastidius, and I have forgot it.

Maci. Why, go along to court with us, and remember it; come gentlemen, you three take one boat, and Sogliardo and I will take another: we shall be there instantly.

Fast. Content: good sir, vouchsafe us your pleasure.

Punt. Farewel, Carlo; remember.

Car. I warrant you: would I had one of Kemp's shoes to throw after you¹⁰.

Punt. Good fortune will close the eyes of our jest, fear not: and we shall frolick.

G R E X.

Mit. This Macilente, signior, begins to be more sociable on a sudden, methinks, than he was before: there's some portent in't, I believe.

⁹ *This it is to DODGE the fashion.*] The oldest folio reads *dog*, which is the true word. Fungoso follows the fashion at a distance, as a dog follows after his master.

¹⁰ *Would I had one of KEMP'S SHOES to throw after you.*] "I'll fling an old shoe after you," is jocularly said to any one whom we wish good luck to. But why *Kemp's shoe* is mentioned preferably to any other's, I cannot say; it refers perhaps to the origin of the proverb, or to Kemp a celebrated player of that age.

Cor. O, he's a fellow of a strange nature. Now does he (in this calm of his humour) plot, and store up a world of malicious thoughts in his brain, till he is so full with 'em, that you shall see the very torrent of his envy break forth like a land-flood: and, against the course of all their affections oppose it self so violently, that you will almost have wonder to think, how 'tis possible the current of their dispositions shall receive so quick and strong an alteration.

Mit. I marry, sir, this is that, on which my expectation has dwelt all this while: for I must tell you, signior (though I was loth to interrupt the scene) yet I made it a question in mine own private discourse, how he should properly call it *Every man out of his humour*, when I saw all his actors so strongly pursue, and continue their humours?

Cor. Why, therein his art appears most full of lustre, and approacheth nearest the life: especially when in the flame and height of their humours, they are laid flat, it fills the eye better, and with more contentment. How tedious a sight were it to behold a proud exalted tree lopt, and cut down by degrees, when it might be fell'd in a moment? and to set the ax to it before it came to that pride and fulness, were, as not to have it grow.

Mit. Well, I shall long till I see this fall, you talk of.

Cor. To help your longing, signior, let your imagination be swifter than a pair of oars: and by this, suppose Puntarvolo, Brisk, Fungoso, and the dog arriv'd at the court-gate, and going up to the great chamber. Macilente, and Sogliardo, we'll leave them on the water, 'till possibility and natural means may land 'em. Here come the gallants, now prepare your expectation.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Puntarvolo, Fastidius Brisk, Fungoso, Groom, Macilento, Sogliardo.

Punt. **C**OME, gentles'. Signior, you are sufficiently instructed.

Fast. Who, I, sir?

Punt. No, this gentleman. But stay, I take thought how to bestow my dog, he is no competent attendant for the presence.

Fast. Mass, that's true indeed, knight, you must not carry him into the presence.

Punt. I know it, and I (like a dull beast) forgot to bring one of my cormorants to attend me.

Fast. Why, you were best leave him at the porters lodge.

Punt. Not so; his worth is too well known amongst them, to be forth-coming.

Fast. 'Slight how'll you do then?

Punt. I must leave him with one that is ignorant of his quality, if I will have him to be safe. And see! here comes one that will carry coals¹, ergo will hold my dog. My honest friend, may I commit the tuition of this dog to thy prudent care?

Groom. You may, if you please, sir.

Punt. Pray thee let me find thee here at my return; it shall not be long, till I will ease thee of thy employment, and please thee. Forth, gentles.

Fast. Why, but will you leave him with so slight command, and infuse no more charge upon the fellow?

Punt. Charge? no; there were no policy in that;

¹ *Come, gentile signior.*] The folio has the words as above, "Come, gentles. Signior, you are sufficiently instructed."

² *Here comes one that will CARRY COALS.*] A phrase at that time in use, to signify the bearing injuries, or putting up an affront. So *Shakespeare*, in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act I. Scene I. "Gregory, we'll not carry coals, that's certain."

that were to let him know the value of the gem he holds, and so to tempt frail nature against her disposition. No, pray thee let thy honesty be sweet, as it shall be short.

Groom. Yes, sir.

Punt. But hark you gallants, and chiefly monsieur Brisk, when we come in eye-shot, or presence of this lady, let not other matters carry us from our project; but (if we can) single her forth to some place——

Fast. I warrant you.

Punt. And be not too sudden, but let the device induce itself with good circumstance. On.

Fung. Is this the way? good truth, here be fine hangings.

Groom. Honesty sweet, and short? marry it shall, sir, doubt you not; for even at this instant if one would give me twenty pounds, I would not deliver him; there's for the sweet: but now, if any man come offer me but two pence, he shall have him; there's for the short now. 'Slid, what a mad humorous gentleman is this to leave his dog with me? I could run away with him now, an' he were worth any thing.

Maci. Come on, signior, now prepare to court this all-witted lady, most naturally, and like your self.

Sog. Faith, an' you say the word, I'll begin to her in tobacco.

Maci. O, fie on't; no; you shall begin with, how does my sweet lady, or, why are you so melancholy, madam? though she be very merry, it's all one; be sure to kiss your hand often enough; pray for her health, and tell her, how, more than most fair she is. Screw your face at' one side thus, and protest; let her flee, and look askew¹, and hide her teeth with her

¹ *Flee and look askew.*] The first folio *askew*. The speech ridicules the folly of the amorous courtiers of those days, who could not find words even for common conversation with their mistresses.

fan, when she laughs a fit, to bring her into more matter, that's nothing; you must talk forward (though it be without sense, so it be without blushing) 'tis most court-like, and well.

Sog. But shall I not use tobacco at all?

Maci. O, by no means, 'twill but make your breath suspected, and that you use it only to confound the rankness of that.

Sog. Nay, I'll be advis'd, sir, by my friends.

Maci. God's my life, see where sir Puntar's dog is.

Groom. I would the gentleman would return for his follower here, I'll leave him to his fortunes else.

Maci. 'Twere the only true jest in the world to poison him now; ha? by this hand I'll do it, if I could but get him of the fellow. Signior Sogliardo, walk aside, and think upon some device to entertain the lady with.

Sog. So I do, sir.

Maci. How now, mine honest friend? whose dog-keeper art thou?

Groom. Dog-keeper, sir? I hope I scorn that i'faith.

Maci. Why? dost thou not keep a dog?

Groom. Sir, now I do, and now I do not: I think this be sweet and short. Make me his dog-keeper!

[He throws off the dog.]

Maci. This is excellent, above expectation! nay, stay, sir, you'd be travelling; but I'll give you a dram shall shorten your voyage, here. So sir, I'll be bold to take my leave of you. Now to the Turks court in the devil's name, for you shall never go o' God's name. Sogliardo, come.

Sog. I ha' 't i'faith now, will sting it.

Maci. Take heed you leese it not, signior, e'er you come there; preserve it.

G R E X.

Cor. How like you this first exploit of his?

Mit. O, a piece of true envy; but I expect the issue of the other device.

Cor. Here they come, will make it appear.

S C E N E II.

[*To them*] *Saviolina, Puntarvolo, Fastidius Brisk, Fungoso, Macilente, Sogliardo.*

Savi. Why, I thought, sir Puntarvolo, you had been gone your voyage?

Punt. Dear, and most amiable lady, your divine beauties do bind me to those offices, that I cannot depart when I would.

Savi. 'Tis most court-like spoken, sir; but how might we do to have a sight of your dog and cat?

Fast. His dog is in the court, lady.

Savi. And not your cat? how dare you trust her behind you, sir?

Punt. Troth, madam, she hath fore eyes, and she doth keep her chamber; marry I have left her under sufficient guard, there are two of my followers to attend her.

Savi. I'll give you some water for her eyes; when do you go, sir?

Punt. Certes, sweet lady, I know not.

Fast. He doth stay the rather, madam, to present your acute judgment with so courtly and well-parted a gentleman as yet your ladyship hath never seen.

Savi. What's he, gentle monsieur Brisk? not that gentleman?

Fast. No lady, this is a kinsman to justice Silence:

Punt. Pray, sir, give me leave to report him; he's a gentleman (lady) of that rare and admirable faculty,

as (I protest) I know not his like in Europe; he is exceedingly valiant, an excellent scholar, and so exactly travel'd, that he is able, in discourse, to deliver you a model of any prince's court in the world; speaks the languages with that purity of phrase, and facility of accent, that it breeds astonishment; his wit, the most exuberant, and (above wonder) pleasant, of all that ever entred the concave of this ear.

Fast. 'Tis most true, lady; marry he is no such excellent proper man.

Punt. His travels have chang'd his complexion, madam.

Savi. O, sir Puntarvolo, you must think every man was not born to have my servant Brisk's feature.

Punt. But that which transcends all, lady; he doth so peerlessly imitate any manner of person for gesture, action, passion, or whatever——

Fast. I, especially a rustick, or a clown, madam, that it is not possible for the sharpest-sighted wit (in the world) to discern any sparks of the gentleman in him, when he does it.

Savi. O, monsieur Brisk, be not so tyrannous to confine all wits within the compass of your own; not find the sparks of a gentleman in him, if he be a gentleman?

Fung. No in truth (sweet lady) I believe you cannot.

Savi. Do you believe so? why, I can find sparks of a gentleman in you, sir.

Punt. I, he is a gentleman, madam, and a reveller.

Fung. Indeed, I think I have seen your ladyship at our revels.

Savi. Like enough, sir; but would I might see this wonder you talk of; may one have a sight of him, for any reasonable sum?

Punt. Yes, madam, he will arrive presently.

Savi. What, and shall we see him clown it?

Fast.

Fast. I'faith (sweet lady) that you shall; see, here he comes.

Punt. This is he! pray observe him, lady.

Savi. Beshrew me, he clowns it properly indeed.

Punt. Nay, mark his courtship.

Sog. How does my sweet lady? hot and moist? beautiful and lusty? ha?

Savi. Beautiful, an' it please you, sir, but not lusty.

Sog. O ho, lady; it pleases you to say so in truth; and how does my sweet lady? in health? *bona roba, queso, quæ nouvelles? quæ nouvelles?* sweet creature!

Savi. O excellent! why gallants, is this he that cannot be decipher'd? they were very blear-witted, i'faith, that could not discern the gentleman in him.

Punt. But you do, in earnest, lady.

Savi. Do I sir? why, if you had any true court-judgment in the carriage of his eye, and that inward power that forms his countenance, you might perceive his counterfeiting as clear as the noon-day; alas — nay, if you would have tried my wit, indeed, you should never have told me he was a gentleman, but presented him for a true clown indeed; and then have seen if I could have decipher'd him.

Fast. 'Fore God, her ladyship says true (knight) but does he not affect the clown most naturally, mistress?

Punt. O, she cannot but affirm that, out of the bounty of her judgment.

Savi. Nay, out of doubt he does well, for a gentleman to imitate; but I warrant you, he becomes his natural carriage of the gentleman, much better than his clownery.

Fast. 'Tis strange, in truth, her ladyship should see so far into him!

Punt. I, is't not?

Savi. Faith, as easily as may be; not decipher him, quoth you?

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Fung. Good sadness, I wonder at it !

Maci. Why, has she decipher'd him, gentlemen ?

Punt. O, most miraculously, and beyond admiration ?

Maci. Is't possible ?

Fast. She hath gather'd most infallible signs of the gentleman in him, that's certain.

Savi. Why gallants, let me laugh at you a little, was this your device, to try my judgment in a gentleman ?

Maci. Nay, lady, do not scorn us, though you have this gift of perspicacy above others : what if he should be no gentleman now, but a clown indeed, lady ?

Punt. How think you of that ? would not your ladyship be out of your humour ?

Fast. O, but she knows it is not so.

Savi. What if he were not a man, ye may as well say ? nay, if your worships could gull me so, indeed, you were wiser than you are taken for.

Maci. In good faith, lady, he is a very perfect clown, both by father and mother ; that I'll assure you.

Savi. O, sir, you are very pleasurable.

Maci. Nay, do but look on his hand, and that shall resolve you ; look you, lady, what a palm here is.

Sog. Tut, that was with holding the plough.

Maci. The plough ! did you discern any such thing in him, madam ?

Fast. Faith no, she saw the gentleman as bright as at noon-day, she ; she decipher'd him at first.

Maci. Troth, I am sorry your ladyship's sight should be so suddenly struck.

Savi. O, you're goodly beagles !

Fast. What, is she gone ?

Sog. Nay, stay, sweet lady, *que nouvelles ? que nouvelles ?*

Savi. Out, you fool, you.

Fung. She's out of her humour i'faith.

Fast. Nay, let's follow it while 'tis hot, gentlemen.

Punt.

Punt. Come, on mine honour we shall make her
dost in the presence ; my spleen is great with laughter.

Maci. Your laughter will be a child of a feeble life,
I believe, sir. Come signior, your looks are too de-
jected, methinks ; why mix you not mirth with the
rest ?

Fung. By God's will, this suit frets me at the soul.
I'll have it alter'd to-morrow, sure.

S C E N E III.

Shift, Fastidius, Puntarvolo, Sogliardo, Fungoso, Macilente.

Shift. I am come to the court, to meet with my
countenance Sogliardo ; poor men must be glad of
such countenance, when they can get no better. Well,
need may insult upon a man, but it shall never make
him despair of consequence. The world will say, 'tis
base ; tush, base ! 'tis base to live under the earth, not
base to live above it by any means.

Fast. The poor lady is most miserably out of her
humour, i'faith.

Punt. There was never so witty a jest broken, at
the tilt of all the court-wits christen'd.

Maci. O, this applause taints it foully:

Sog. I think I did my part in courting. O ! reso-
lution !

Punt. Ay me, my dog.

Maci. Where is he ?

Fast. God's precious, go seek for the fellow, good
signior. *[He sends away Fungoso.]*

Punt. Here, here I left him.

Maci. Why, none was here when we came in now,
but cavalier Shift ; enquire of him.

Fast. Did you see sir Puntarvolo's dog here, cavalier,
since you came ?

Shift.

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Shift. His dog, sir? he may look his dog, sir. I saw none of his dog, sir.

Maci. Upon my life, he has stol'n your dog, sir, and been hir'd to it by some that have ventur'd with you; you may guess by his peremptory answers.

Punt. Not unlike; for he hath been a notorious thief by his own confession. Sirrah, where is my dog?

Shift. Charge me with your dog, sir? I ha' none of your dog, sir.

Punt. Villain, thou lyeest.

Shift. Lye, sir? y' are but a man, sir.

Punt. Rogue, and thief, restore him.

Sog. Take heed, sir Puntarvolo, what you do; he'll bear no coals, I can tell you (o'my word.)

Maci. This is rare.

Sog. It's mar'le he stabs you not; by this light, he hath stab'd forty, for forty times less matter, I can tell you of my knowledge.

Punt. I will make thee stoop, thou abject.

Sog. Make him stoop, sir! Gentlemen, pacify him or he'll be kill'd.

Maci. Is he so tall a man? *

Sog. Tall a man? if you love his life, stand betwixt 'em: make him stoop!

Punt. My dog, villain, or I will hang thee; thou hast confest robberies, and other felonious acts, to this gentleman thy countenance——

Sog. I'll bear no witness.

Punt. And, without my dog, I will hang thee, for them.

Sog. What? kneel to thine enemies? [*Shift kneels.*]

Shift. Pardon me, good sir; God is my witness, I never did robbery in all my life. [*Fungoso return'd.*]

* *Is he so tall a man?*] For the explication of this phrase, see *Every Man in his Humour*, Act IV. Sc. 6. not. 14.

Fung. O, sir Puntarvolo, your dog lies giving up the ghost in the wood-yard.

Maci. Heart ! is he not dead yet ?

Punt. O, my dog, born to disastrous fortune ! pray you conduct me, sir.

Sog. How ? did you never do any robbery in your life ?

Maci. O, this is good ; so he swore, sir.

Sog. I, I heard him. And did you swear true, sir ?

Shift. I, (as I hope to be forgiven, sir) I ne'er robb'd any man, I never stood by the high-way side, sir, but only said so, because I would get my self a name, and be counted a tall man.

Sog. Now out, base viliaco ; thou my resolution ? I thy countenance ? By this light, gentlemen, he hath confest to me the most inexorable company of robberies, and damn'd himself that he did 'em ; you never heard the like : out scoundrel, out ; follow me no more, I command thee, out of my sight, go, hence, speak not ; I will not hear thee ; away Camouccio.

Maci. O, how I do feed upon this now, and fat my self ! here were a couple unexpectedly dishumour'd ; well, by this time, I hope, sir Puntarvolo and his dog are both out of humour to travel. Nay, gentlemen, why do you not seek out the knight, and comfort him ? our supper at the Mitre must of necessity hold to-night, if you love your reputations.

Fast. 'Fore God, I am so melancholy for his dog's disaster, but I'll go.

Sog. Faith, and I may go too, but I know I shall be so melancholy.

Maci. Tush, melancholy ? you must forget that now, and remember you lie at the mercy of a fury : Carlo will rack your sinews afunder, and rail you to dust, if you come not,

G R E X.

G R E X.

Mit. O, then their fear of Carlo, belike, makes them hold their meeting.

Cor. I, here he comes; conceive him but to be enter'd the Mitre, and 'tis enough.

S C E N E IV.

Carlo, Drawer, George.

Car. Holla; where be these shot-sharks?

Draw. By and by; you're welcome, good master Buffone.

Car. Where's George? call me George hither, quickly.

Draw. What wine please you have, sir; I'll draw you that's neat, master Buffone.

Car. Away Neophite, do as I bid thee, bring my dear George to me: mass, here he comes.

George. Welcome, master Carlo.

Car. What! is supper ready, George?

George. I sir, almost; will you have the cloth laid, master Carlo?

Car. O, what else? are none of the gallants come yet?

George. None yet, sir.

Car. Stay, take me with you, George; let me have a good fat loin of pork laid to the fire, presently.

George. It shall, sir.

Car. And withal, hear you? draw me the biggest shaft you have, out of the butt you wot of; away, you know my meaning, George, quick.

George. Done, sir.

Car. I never hungered so much for any thing in my life, as I do to know our gallants success at court; now

is that lean bald-rib Macilente, that salt villain, plotting some mischievous device, and lies a soaking in their frothy humours like a dry crust, till he has drunk 'em all up; could the pummise but hold up his eyes at other mens happiness, in any reasonable proportion, 'Tid, the slave were to be lov'd next heav'n, above honour, wealth, rich fare, apparel, wenches, all the delights of the belly and the groin, whatever.

George. Here, master Carlo.

Car. Is't right, boy?

George. I, sir, I assure you 'tis right.

Car. Well said, my dear George, depart: come, my small gimblet, you in the false scabberd, away, so. Now to you, sir Burgomaster, let's taste of your bounty.

[He puts forth the drawers, and shuts the door.]

G R E X.

Mit. What will he deal upon such quantities of wine, alone?

Cor. You will perceive that, sir.

Car. I marry, sir, here's purity; O George, I could bite off his nose for this, now: sweet rogue he has drawn nectar, the very soul of the grape! I'll wash my temples with some on't presently, and drink some half a score draughts; 'twill heat the brain, kindle my imagination, I shall talk nothing but crackers and fire-works to night. So, sir! please you to be here, sir, and I here: so¹.

[He sets the two cups asunder, and first drinks with the one, and pledges with the other.]

G R E X.

¹ So, sir! please you to be here, sir, and I here: so.] The reader may possibly imagine the following scene to be extremely ridiculous, and that

G R E X.

Cor. This is worth the observation, signior.

Car. 1 Cup. Now, fir; here's to you; and I present you with so much of my love.

2 Cup. I take it kindly from you, fir, and will return you the like proportion; but withal, fir, remembering the merry night we had at the countesses, you know where, fir.

1. By heav'n, you put me in mind now of a very necessary office, which I will propose in your pledge, fir; the health of that honourable countess, and the sweet lady that sat by her, fir.

2. I do vail to it with reverence. And now, signior, with these ladies, I'll be bold to mix the health of your divine mistress.

1. Do you know her, fir?

2. O Lord, fir, I; and in the respectful memory and mention of her, I could wish this wine were the most precious drug in the world.

1. Good faith, fir, you do honour me in't exceedingly.

that the incident it contains could hardly be copied from real life. Mr. Dryden, I believe, thought otherwise. He hath given us a close imitation of it in one of his comedies, if I mistake not *The wild Gallant*. A person is represented playing by himself at back-gammon, who throws first out of one dice-box, and then out of the other; just as Carlo drinks alternately out of the two cups. In the progress of the game, words arise between the players, which bring on a quarrel; and it ends in the actor's overturning the tables, and throwing the men about the floor. This may sufficiently vindicate our author from the charge of singularity in this instance. Perhaps, he may be further justified, by supposing the character to be personal. A hint of this kind hath been already given; the following note will explain it more fully.

G R E X.

G R E X.

Mit. Whom should he personate in this, signior?

Cor. Faith, I know not, sir; observe, observe him.

1. If it were the basest filth, or mud that runs in the channel, I am bound to pledge it respectfully, sir. And now, sir, here is a replenish'd bowl, which I will reciprocally turn upon you, to the health of the count Frugale.

Mit. Whom should he personate in this, signior?

Cor. Faith, I know not sir, observe, observe him.] The question of *Mit.* is natural enough, upon seeing so peculiar an extravagance: but the answer of *Cordatus* is not in the usual manner. It is rather an evasion of the question, than a satisfactory reply. He doth not attempt to clear the poet by a parallel example, either in some ancient comic writer, or from what might be observed in common life; but puts off the inquirer's curiosity, by desiring him to attend to what follows. This looks as if the matter wou'd not bear a very nice examination, lest a discovery should be made of what the author did not chuse to have publickly known. Hence one is induced to imagine, that the character is personal; and that the humour exposed in it was the humour of a particular man. An author of the following age, places this suspicion out of all doubt. *Cleaveland*, in an elegy upon *Jonson*, refers to this very character; he mentions what our poet's adversaries were wont to accuse him of; and from thence we find, that he was taxed with quarrelling with the person represented under the name of *Carlo*, and afterwards revenging himself by exposing his foibles on the stage. The verses of *Cleaveland* are as follow:

"That thou didst quarrel first, and then in spite

"Didst 'gainst a person of such vices write;

"That 'twas revenge, not truth; that on thy stage

"*CARLO* was not presented, but thy rage."

CLEAVELAND'S Works, p. 313.

Who was the real person intended by it, I cannot take upon me to determine. Our poet, in different places, purgeth himself from accusations of this sort, by professing to spare the party, and brand only the offence; and I believe he seldom trespassed against this rule. The *Poetaster* indeed must be excepted, which is a personal satire against *Decker* the poet, who first began the attack. But these instances, and more which may be taken notice of, confute the observation which some have made, that *Jonson* never copied from living manners, and that the characters of his plays were only passions or humours personized.

1. The

1. The count Frugale's health, sir? I'll pledge it on my knees, by this light.

2. Will you, sir? I'll drink it on my knees then, by the light.

G R E X.

Mit. Why this is strange!

Cor. Ha' you heard a better drunken dialogue?

2. Nay, do me right, sir?

1. So I do, in good faith.

2. Good faith you do not; mine was fuller.

1. Why, believe me, it was not.

2. Believe me it was; and you do lye.

1. Lye, sir?

2. I, sir.

1. 'Swounds!

2. O, come, stab if you have a mind to it.

1. Stab? dost thou think I dare not?

Car. Nay, I beseech you gentlemen, what means this? nay, look, for shame respect your reputations.

[Speaks in his own person, and over-turns wine, pot, cups, and all.]

2. Nay, do me right, sir.

So I do in good faith.] This was the usual expression in pledging healths. By the rules of drinking, a man was to pledge the other in the same quantity of liquor, which he drank to him. Bishop Hall alludes to the expression in his *Censure of Travel*; "where had we those forms of ceremonious quaffing, in which men have learned to make gods of others, and beasts of themselves? and lose their reason, while they pretend to do reason." When Peireskius was in England, he was introduced into the company of Thorius, a celebrated poet, and physician to James I.—Thorius, a boon companion, drank to Peireskius in a large bumper of wine: Peireskius would have gladly been excused from pledging him; but to do the physician right, at last returned the compliment in kind. Peireskius, to cool his stomach, and by way of punishment to the challenger, immediately replenished the glass with water, and took off the whole at one draught. The doctor, *quia ex condicio agebatur*, says Gassendus, who tells the story, (*vitâ Piereskii*, p. 51.) was thunderstruck at this ingenious piece of revenge, and with much regret submitted to the task. But, continues Gassendus, *toties admisit, removitque ora, tot interea carmina ex omnibus Græcis Latinisque poetis profudit, ut diem pene contriverit stillandæ aquæ in inductum guttur*.

S C E N E

S C E N E V.

Macilente, Carlo, George.

Maci. Why, how now Carlo ! what humour's this ?

Car. O, my good mischief ! art thou come ? where are the rest ? where are the rest ?

Maci. Faith, three of our ordinance are burst

Car. Burst ? how comes that ?

Maci. Faith, over-charg'd, over-charg'd.

Car. But did not the train hold ?

Maci. O, yes, and the poor lady is irrecoverably blown up.

Car. Why, but which of the munition is miscarried ? ha ?

Maci. *Imprimis*, sir Puntarvolo ; next, the countenance and resolution.

Car. How, how, for the love of wit ?

Maci. Troth, the resolution is prov'd recreant ; the countenance hath chang'd his copy ; and the passionate knight is shedding funeral tears over his departed dog.

Car. What's his dog dead ?

Maci. Poison'd, 'tis thought ; marry, how, or by whom, that's left for some cunning woman here o' the bank side to resolve. For my part, I know nothing, more than that we are like to have an exceeding melancholy supper of it.

Car. 'Slife, and I had purpos'd to be extraordinarily merry, I had drunk off a good preparative of old sack here ; but will they come, will they come ?

Maci. They will assuredly come ; marry, Carlo, (as thou lov'st me) run over 'em all freely to-night, and especially the knight ; * spare no sulphurous jest that

* *Spare no jest that may come out of that SWEATY forge of thine.]* Mr. Theobald puts in the magin, *qu. sooty*, and claps *L. T.* to support his emendation ; but I must leave it to the reader for his mature consideration.

may come out of that sweaty forge of thine; but pay 'em with all manner of shot, minion, saker, culverine, or any thing what thou wilt.

Car. I warrant thee, my dear case of petrionels, so I stand not in dread of thee, but that thou'lt second me.

Maci. Why, my good German tapster, I will.

Car. What, George. Lomtero, Lomtero, &c.

[*He dances.*]

George. Did you call, master Carlo?

Car. More nectar, George: Lomtero, &c.

George. Your meat's ready, sir, an' your company were come.

Car. Is the loin of pork enough?

George. I, sir, it is enough.

Maci. Pork? heart, what dost thou with such a greasy dish? I think thou dost varnish thy face with the fat on't, it looks so like a glew-pot.

Car. True, my raw-bon'd rogue, and if thou would'st farce thy lean ribs with it too, they would not (like ragged laths) rub out so many doublets as they do; but thou know'st not a good dish, thou. O, it's the only nourishing meat in the world. No marvel tho' that saucy, stubborn generation, the Jews, were forbidden it; for what would they ha' done, well pamper'd with fat pork, that durst murmur at their maker out of garlick and onions? 'Slight, fed with it, the whoreson strummel, patch'd, goggle eyed grumble-dories, would ha' gigantomachiz'd. Well said, my sweet George, fill, fill.

G R E X.

Mit. This favours too much of prophanation.

Cor. O ———— *Servetur ad imum,*

Qualis ab inepto processerit, & sibi constet.

The necessity of his vein compels a toleration, for bar this, and dash him out of humour before his time.

Car.

Car. 'Tis an axiom in natural philosophy, "What comes nearest the nature of that it feeds, converts quicker to nourishment, and doth sooner essentiate." Now nothing in flesh and entrails, assimilates or resembles man more than a hog or swine——

Maci. True; and he (to requite their courtesie) oftentimes doffeth his own nature, and puts on theirs; as when he becomes as churlish as a hog, or as drunk as a sow; but to your conclusion.

Car. Marry, I say, nothing resembling man more than a swine, it follows, nothing can be more nourishing; for indeed (but that it abhors from our nice nature) if we fed one upon another, we should shoot up a great deal faster, and thrive much better; I refer me to your usurous cannibals, or such like; but since it is so contrary, pork, pork, is your only feed.

Maci. I take it, your devil be of the same diet; he would ne'er ha' desir'd to have been incorporated into swine else. O, here comes the melancholy mess; upon 'em Carlo, charge, charge.

Car. 'Fore God, sir Puntarvolo, I am sorry for your heaviness; body o' me, a shrewd mischance! why, had you no unicorns horn, nor Bezoars stone about you? ha?

S C E N E VI.

Puntarvolo, Carlo, Macilente, Fast. Brisk, Sogliardo, Fungoso.

Punt. Sir, I would request you be silent.

Maci. Nay, to him again.

Car. Take comfort, good knight, if your cat ha' recovered her catarrh, fear nothing; your dog's mischance may be holpen.

Fast. Say how (sweet Carlo) for so God mend me, the poor knight's moans draw me into fellowship of his misfortunes. But be not discourag'd good sir Puntarvolo,

tarvolo, I am content your adventure shall be performed upon your cat.

Maci. I believe you, musk-cod, I believe you; for rather than thou would'st make present repayment, thou would'st take it upon his own bare return from Calais.

Car. Nay, 'ds life, he'd be content (so he were well rid out of his company) to pay him five for one, at his next meeting him in Pauls. But for your dog, sir Puntar. if he be not out-right dead, there is a friend of mine, a quack-salver, shall put life in him again, that's certain.

Fung. O, no, that comes too late.

Maci. Gods precious, knight, will you suffer this?

Punt. Drawer, get me a candle and hard wax presently.

Sog. I, and bring up supper; for I am so melancholy.

Car. O, signior, where's your resolution?

Sog. Resolution! hang him rascal: O Carlo, if you love me, do not mention him.

Car. Why, how so?

Sog. O, the arrant'st crocodile that ever christian was acquainted with. By my gentry, I shall think the worse of tobacco while I live, for his sake: I did think him to be as tall a man——

Maci. Nay, Buffone, the knight, the knight.

Car. 'Slud, he looks like an image carv'd out of box, full of knots; his face is (for all the world) like a Dutch purse, with the mouth downward, his beard the tassels; and he walks (let me see) as melancholy as one o' the masters side in the Counter? Do you hear, sir Puntar?

Punt. Sir, I do intreat you no more, but enjoin you to silence, as you affect your peace.

Car. Nay, but dear knight, understand (here are none but friends, and such as wish you well) I would ha'

ha' you do this now; flea me your dog presently (but in any case keep the head) and stuff his skin well with straw, as you see these dead monsters at Bartholomew fair.

Punt. I shall be sudden, I tell you.

Car. Or if you like not that, sir, get me somewhat a less dog, and clap into the skin; here's a slave about the town here, a Jew, one Yohan; or a fellow that makes perukes will glew it on artificially, it shall ne'er be discern'd; besides, 'twill be so much the warmer for the hound to travel in, you know.

Maci. Sir Puntarvolo, death, can you be so patient?

Car. Or thus, sir; you may have (as you come through Germany) a familiar for little or nothing, shall turn itself into the shape of your dog, or any thing (what you will) for certain hours——

[*The knight beats him:*

'Ods my life, knight what do you mean? you'll offer no violence, will you? hold, hold.

Punt. 'Sdeath, you slave, you ban-dog, you.

Car. As you love wit, stay the enraged knight, gentlemen.

Punt. By my knight-hood, he that stirs in his rescue, dyes. Drawer, begone.

Car. Murder, murder, murder.

Punt. I, are you howling, you wolf? gentlemen, as you tender your lives, suffer no man to enter, till my revenge be perfect. Sirrah, Buffone, lie down; make no exclamations, but down; down, you cur, or I will make thy blood flow on my rapier hilts.

Car. Sweet knight hold in thy fury, and 'fore heaven I'll honour thee more than the Turk does Mahomet.

Punt. Down (I say.) Who's there? [Within.

Conf. Here's the constable, open the doors.

Car. Good Macilente——

Punt. Open no door, if the Adalantado of Spain were

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were here he should not enter : one help me with the light, gentlemen ; you knock in vain, fir officer.

Car. *Et tu Brute !*

Punt. Sirrah, close your lips, or I will drop it in thine eyes by heav'n.

Car. O, O.

[He seals up his lips.]

Conf. Open the door, or I will break it open.

Maci. Nay, good constable, have patience a little, you shall come in presently, we have almost done.

Punt. So, now, are you out of your humour, fir ? Shift, gentlemen.

[They all draw and disperse.]

S C E N E VII.

[To them] Constable, Officers, Drawers.

Conf. Lay hold upon this gallant, and pursue the rest.

Fast. Lay hold on me, fir, for what ?

Conf. Marry, for your riot here, fir, with the rest of your companions.

Fast. My riot ! master Constable, take heed what you do. Carlo, did I offer any violence ?

Conf. O, fir, you see he is not in case to answer you, and that makes you so peremptory.

Fast. Peremptory ? 'Slife I appeal to the drawers, if I did him any hard measure.

George. They are all gone, there's none of them will be laid any hold on.

Conf. Well, fir, you are like to answer till the rest can be found out.

Fast. 'Slid, I appeal to George, here.

Conf. Tut, George was not here ; away with him to the Counter, firs. Come, fir, you were best get your self drest somewhere.

George. Good Lord, that master Carlo could not take heed, and knowing what a gentleman the knight is, if he be angry.

Draw.

Draw. A pox on 'em, they have left all the meat on our hands, would they were chok'd with it for me.

Maci. What, are they gone, sirs?

[Macilente comes back.]

George. O, here's master Macilente.

Maci. Sirrah, George, do you see that concealment there? that napkin under the table?

George. Gods so, signior Fungoso!

Maci. He's good pawn for the reckoning; be sure you keep him here, and let him not go away till I come again, though he offer to discharge all: I'll return presently.

George. Sirrah, we have a pawn for the reckoning.

Draw. What, of Macilente?

George. No, look under the table.

Fung. I hope all be quiet now; if I can get but forth of this street, I care not; masters, I pray you tell me, is the constable gone?

[He looks out under the table.]

George. What? master Fungoso?

Fung. Was't not a good device this same of me, sirs?

George. Yes faith; ha' you been here all this while?

Fung. O God, I; good sir, look an' the coast be clear, I'd fain be going.

George. All's clear, sir, but the reckoning; and that you must clear and pay before you go, I assure you.

Fung. I pay? 'Slight, I eat not a bit since I came into the house, yet.

Draw. Why, you may when you please, 'tis all ready below that was bespoken.

Fung. Bespoken? not by me, I hope?

George. By you, sir? I know not that; but 'twas for you and your company, I am sure.

Fun. My company? 'Slid, I was an invited guest, so I was.

Draw. Faith we have nothing to do with that, sir.

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They're all gone but you, and we must be answer'd ;
that's the short and the long on't.

Fung. Nay, if you will grow to extremities, my
masters, then would this pot, cup, and all were in my
belly, if I have a cross about me.

George. What, and have such apparel ? do not say
so, signior, that mightily discredits your clothes.

Fung. As I am an honest man, my taylor had all my
money this morning, and yet I must be fain to alter
my suit too ; good sirs, let me go, 'tis Friday night,
and in good truth I have no stomach in the world to
eat any thing.

Draw. That's no matter, so you pay, sir.

Fung. God's light, with what conscience can you ask
me to pay that I never drank for ?

George. Yes, sir, I did see you drink once.

Fung. By this cup (which is silver) but you did not ;
you do me infinite wrong, I look'd in the pot once, in-
deed, but I did not drink.

Draw. Well, sir, if you can satisfy our master, it
shall be all one to us. (By and by.)

G R E X.

Cor. Lose not your self now, signior.

S C E N E VII.

Macilente, Deliro, Fallace.

Maci. Tut, sir, you did bear too hard a conceit of
me in that, but I will now make my love to you most
transparent, in spite of any dust of suspicion that
may be raised to cloud it ; and henceforth, since I see
it is so against your humour, I will never labour to
persuade you.

Deli. Why, I thank you, signior ; but what's that
you tell me may concern my peace so much ?

Maci.

Maci. Faith, sir, 'tis thus. Your wife's brother, signior Fungoso, being at supper to-night at a tavern, with a sort of gallants, there happened some division amongst 'em, and he is left in pawn for the reckoning; now, if ever you look that time shall present you with an happy occasion to do your wife some gracious and acceptable service, take hold of this opportunity, and presently go and redeem him; for, being her brother, and his credit so amply engag'd as now it is, when she shall hear (as he cannot himself, but he must out of extremity report it) that you came, and offered your self so kindly, and with that respect of his reputation, why, the benefit cannot but make her dote, and grow mad of your affections.

Deli. Now, by heaven, Macilente, I acknowledge my self exceedingly indebted to you, by this kind tender of your love; and I am sorry to remember that I was ever so rude, to neglect a friend of your importance; bring me shoes and a cloke there; I was going to bed, if you had not come; what tavern is it?

Maci. The Mitre, sir.

Deli. O, why Fido, my shoes. Good faith it cannot but please her exceedingly.

Fal. Come, I mar'l what piece of night-work you have in hand now, that you call for a cloke, and your shoes! what, is this your pandar?

Deli. O, sweet wife, speak lower, I would not he should hear thee for a world —

Fal. Hang him rascal, I cannot abide him for his treachery, with his wild quick-set beard there^s. Whither go you now with him?

^{With his wild QUICK-SET BEARD there.] His beard cut like a quick-set hedge. The several figures into which they pruned their beards, and this among the rest, are mentioned by Taylor the water-poet, in his *Whip of pride*:}

" And some to set their loves desire on edge,
" Are cut and prun'd, like to a quick-set hedge.

Deli.

Del. No whither with him, dear wife, I go alone to a place, from whence I will return instantly. Good *Macilente*, acquaint not her with it by any means, it may come so much the more accepted, frame some other answer. I'll come back immediately.

Fal. Nay, an' I be not worthy to know whither you go, stay till I take knowledge of your coming back.

Maci. Hear you, mistress *Deliro*.

Fal. So sir, and what say you?

Maci. Faith lady, my intents will not deserve this slight respect, when you shall know 'em.

Fal. Your intents? why, what may your intents be, for God's sake?

Maci. Troth, the time allows no circumstance, lady, therefore know this was but a device to remove your husband hence, and bestow him securely, whilst (with more conveniency) I might report to you a misfortune that hath happened to monsieur *Brisk* ——— nay comfort, sweet lady. This night (being at supper) a sort of young gallants committed a riot, for the which he (only) is apprehended and carried to the Counter; where if your husband, and other creditors, should but have knowledge of him, the poor gentleman were undone for ever.

Fal. Ay me! that he were.

Maci. Now therefore, if you can think upon any present means for his delivery, do not foreflow it. A bribe to the officer that committed him, will do it.

Fal. O God, sir, he shall not want for a bribe; pray you, will you commend me to him, and say I'll visit him presently.

Maci. No, lady, I shall do you better service, in protracting your husband's return, that you may go with more safety.

Fal. Good truth, so you may; farewell, good sir. Lord, how a woman may be mistaken in a man? I would have sworn upon all the testaments in the world
he

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he had not lov'd master Brisk. Bring me my keys
here, maid. Alas, good gentleman, if all I have i'
this earthly world will pleasure him, it shall be at his
service.

G R E X.

Mit. How Macilente sweats i' this business, if you
mark him.

Cor. I. you shall see the true picture of spight anon:
here comes the pawn, and his redeemer.

S C E N E IX.

Deliro, Fungoso, Drawers, Macilente.

Deli. Come, brother, be not discourag'd for this,
man; what?

Fung. No truly, I am not discourag'd; but I pro-
test to you brother, I have done imitating any more
gallants either in purse or apparel, but as shall become
a gentleman, for good carriage, or so.

Deli. You say well. This is all i' the bill here? is't
not?

George. I. fir.

Deli. There's your money, tell it; and brother, I
am glad I met with so good occasion to shew my love
to you.

Fung. I will study to deserve it in good truth, an'
I live.

Deli. What, is't right?

George. I. fir, and I thank you.

Fung. Let me have a capon's leg sav'd, now the
reckoning is paid.

George. You shall, fir.

Maci. Where's signior Deliro?

Deli. Here, Macilente.

Maci.

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Maci. Hark you, sir, ha' you dispatcht this same?

Deli. I marry have I.

Maci. Well then, I can tell you news, Brisk is i' the Counter.

Deli. I' the Counter?

Maci. 'Tis true, sir, committed for the stir here to-night. Now would I have you send your brother home afore, with the report of this your kindness done him, to his sister, which will so pleasingly possess her, and out of his mouth too, that i' the mean time you may clap your action on Brisk, and your wife (being in so happy a mood) cannot entertain it ill, by any means.

Deli. 'Tis very true, she cannot indeed, I think.

Maci. Think? why 'tis past thought, you shall never meet the like opportunity, I assure you.

Deli. I will do it. Brother, pray you go home afore (this gentleman and I have some private business) and tell my sweet wife, I'll come presently.

Fung. I will, brother.

Maci. And, signior, acquaint your sister, how liberally, and out of his bounty, your brother has us'd you, (do you see?) made you a man of good reckoning; redeem'd that you never were possess'd of, credit; gave you as gentleman-like terms as might be; found no fault with your coming behind the fashion; nor nothing.

Fung. Nay, I am out of those humours now.

Maci. Well, if you be out, keep your distance, and be not made a shot-clog any more. Come, signior, let's make haste.

S C E N E X.

Fallace, Fastidius Brisk.

Fal. O master Fastidius, what pity is't to see so sweet a man as you are, in so sower a place?

G R E X.

G R E X.

Cor. As upon her lips, does she mean?

Mit. O, this is to be imagin'd the Counter belike?

Fast. Troth, fair lady, 'tis first the pleasure of the fates, and next of the constable, to have it so: but I am patient, and indeed comforted the more in your kind visit.

Fal. Nay, you shall be comforted in me more than this, if you please, sir. I sent you word by my brother, sir, that my husband laid to rest you this morning. I know not whether you receiv'd it or no.

Fast. No believe it, sweet creature, your brother gave me no such intelligence.

Fal. O, the Lord!

Fast. But has your husband any such purpose?

Fal. O sweet master Brisk, yes: and therefore be presently discharg'd, for if he come with his actions upon you (Lord deliver you) you are in for one half a score year; he kept a poor man in Ludgate once twelve year for sixteen shillings. Where's your keeper? for love's-sake call him, let him take a bribe, and dispatch you. Lord, how my heart trembles! here are no spies? are there?

Fast. No, sweet mistress, why are you in this passion?

Fal. O Lord, master Fastidius, if you knew how I took up my husband to-day, when he said he would arrest you; and how I rail'd at him that persuaded him to't, the scholar there, (who on my conscience loves you now) and what care I took to send you intelligence by my brother; and how I gave him four sovereigns for his pains: and now, how I came running out hither without man or boy with me, so soon as I heard on't; you'd say I were in a passion indeed: your keeper, for God's sake. O, master Brisk (as 'tis in

in Euphues) "Hard is the choice", when one is compell'd either by silence to die with grief, or by speaking to livewith shame."

Fal. Fair lady, I conceive you, and may this kiss assure you, that where adversity hath (as it were) contracted, prosperity shall not — Gods me! your husband,

Fal. O me!

S C E N E XI.

Deliro, Macilente, Fallace, Fastidius Brisk.

Deli. I? is't thus!

Maci. Why, how now, signior Deliro? has the wolf seen you? ha? hath Gorgon's head made marble of you?

Deli. Some planet strike me dead.

Maci. Why, look you, sir, I told you, you might have suspected this long afore, had you pleas'd, and ha' sav'd this labour of admiration now, and passion, and such extremities as this frail lump of flesh is subject unto. Nay, why do you not dote now, signior? methinks you should say it were some enchantment, *deceptio visus*, or so, ha? if you could persuade your self it were a dream now, 'twere excellent: faith, try what you can do, signior; it may be your imagination will be brought to it in time; there's nothing impossible.

Fal. Sweet husband.

Deli. Out lascivious strumpet.

Maci. What? did you see how ill that stale vein became him afore, of sweet wife, and dear heart? and

⁹ O master Brisk, as 'tis in EUPHUES, *Hard is the choice.* Euphues is the title of a romance, wrote by one Lilly, that was in the highest vogue at this time. The court ladies had all the phrases by heart. The language is extremely affected; and like the specimen here quoted, consists chiefly of antitheses in the thought and expression.

are

are you slain just into the same now, with sweet husband? away, follow him, go, keep state; what? remember you are a woman, turn impudent; gi' him not the head, though you gi' him the horns. Away. And yet methinks you should take your leave of *enfants perdus* here, your forlorn hope¹⁰. How now, monsieur Brisk? what? Friday-night? and in affliction too? and yet your pulpamenta? your delicate morsels? I perceive, the affection of ladies and gentlewomen pursues you wheresoever you go, monsieur.

Fast. Now in good faith (and as I am gentle) there could not have come a thing i' this world to have distracted me more, than the wrinkled fortunes of this poor spinster.

Maci. O yes, sir; I can tell you a thing will distract you much better, believe it. Signior Deliro has en-

¹⁰ And yet methinks you should take your leave of *ENFANS PERDUS* here, your forlorn hope.] These are military terms, well known by common use, and denote a body of select men, placed even in the cannons mouth, or sent out upon any desperate service; but as I do not remember to have seen any account of the origin of this expression, the reader will permit me to transcribe a passage from Paulus Jovius, which is to be met with in *MENAGE*, under the article *Perdus*. *Illuc audacissimorum juvenum globus, aliquanto certiore mitis, quam victoria, pervadere non dubitavit. Erant enim ex omnibus pueri florenti aetate, & singulari promptitudine, leclissimi; qui pervegens gentis more, ut raris, ante provecam aetatem, militie honores aliquo insigni virtutis opere edito consequantur, aspera quoque & difficilia bellorum ultra sibi deprecere, & sepius cum exitiabili laude propositam mortem subire consueverunt. Hos ab immoderata fortitudine PERDITOS vocant, & in summo honore atque admiratione habent. Licetque illis, qui virtutis prerogativa, & vexillum ferre, & ducere ordines, & duplicata per omnem aetatem stipendia accipere. Neque alio felici audacia assigni a ceteris perditis dignoscuntur, quam candidissimis pennarum manipulis, quos more ducum, & pileis speciosa luxurie descentes, in tergum vertunt.* PAUL. JOV. Hist. l. 15. fol. verso 175. edit. Paris 1558. It is not clear from this passage of what nations he is speaking, whether of the Turks, or Hungarians, or any other northern European nation, and I have not the book itself by me to consult; but *MENAGE* adds, *Il y a apparence, que c'est de ces jeunes gens qui sont avens appellez nos ENFANS PERDUS.*

tred three actions against you, three actions, monsieur ; marry, one of them (I'll put you in comfort) is but three thousand, and the other two, some five thousand apiece : trifles, trifles.

Fal. O, I am undone.

Maci. Nay, not altogether so, sir ; the knight must have his hundred pound repaid, that'll help too ; and then six-score pounds for a diamond, you know where. These be things will weigh, monsieur, they will weigh.

Fest. O heav'n !

Maci. What, do you sigh ? this it is to kiss the hand of a countess, to have her coach sent for you, to hang poniards in ladies garters, to wear bracelets of their hair, and for every one of these great favours to give some slight jewel of five hundred crowns, or so, why 'tis nothing. Now, monsieur, you see the plague that treads o' the heels o' your soppery : well, go your ways in, remove your self to the two-penny ward quickly, to save charges, and there set up your rest to spend sir Puntar's hundred pound for him. Away good pomander, go.

Why, here's a change ! now is my soul at peace :

I am as empty of all envy now,

As they of merit to be envied at.

My humour (like a flame) no longer lasts

Than it hath stuff to feed it ; and their folly

Being now rak'd up in their repentant ashes,

Affords no ampler subject to my spleen.

I am so far from malicing their states,

That I begin to pity 'em. It grieves me

To think they have a being. I could wish

They might turn wise upon it, and be sav'd now,

So heav'n were pleas'd ; but let them vanish, vapors.

Gentlemen, how like you it ! has't not been tedious ?

G R E X.

Cor. Nay, we ha' done censuring now.

Mit. Yes, faith.

Maci. How so?

Cor. Marry, because we'll imitate your actors, and be out of our humours. Besides, here are those (round about you) of more ability in censure than we, whose judgments can give it a more satisfying allowance; we'll refer you to them.

Maci. I? is't e'en so? Well, gentleman, I should have gone in, and return'd to you as I was Asper at the first; but (by reason the shift would have been somewhat long, and we are loth to draw your patience farther) we'll intreat you to imagine it. And now (that you may see I will be out of humour for company) I stand wholly to your kind approbation, and (indeed) am nothing so perempory as I was in the beginning: marry, I will not do as Plautus in his *Amphytrio*, for all this (*summi Jovis causâ, plaudite* :) beg a plaudite for God's sake; but if you (out of the bounty of your good-liking) will bestow it, why, you may (in time) make lean Macilente as fat as sir John Falstaff.

THE
EPILOGUE,

At the PRESENTATION before QUEEN
ELIZABETH.

By MACILENTE.

NEVER till now did object greet mine eyes
With any light content : but in her graces¹
All my malicious powers have lost their stings.
Envy is fled my soul at sight of her,
And she hath chas'd all black thoughts from my bosom,
Like as the sun doth darkness from the world.
My stream of humour is run out of me.
And as our cities torrent (bent t'infest
The hallow'd bowels of the silver Thames)
Is checkt by strength and clearness of the river,
Till it hath spent itself ev'n at the shore ;
So in the ample and unmeasur'd flood
Of her perfections, are my passions drown'd ;
And I have now a spirit as sweet and clear
As the more rarify'd and subtil air :
With which, and with a heart as pure as fire,
(Yet humble as the earth) do I implore,
O heav'n that she (whose presence hath effected
This change in me) may suffer most late change

¹ *Her Graces.*] The Queen's.

In her admir'd and happy government :
 May still this Island be call'd Fortunate,
 And rugged treason tremble at the sound,
 When fame shall speak it with an emphasis.
 Let foreign polity be dull as lead,
 And pale invasion come with half a heart,
 When he but looks upon her blessed soil.
 The throat of war be stopt within her land,
 And turtle-footed peace dance fairie rings
 About her court²; where never may there come
 Suspect or danger, but all trust and safety.
 Let flattery be dumb, and envy blind
 In her dread presence; death himself admire her :
 And may her virtues make him to forget
 The use of his inevitable hand.
 Fly from her, age; sleep, time, before her throne;
 Our strongest wall falls down, when she is gone.

² *And turtle-footed peace dance FAIRIE rings*

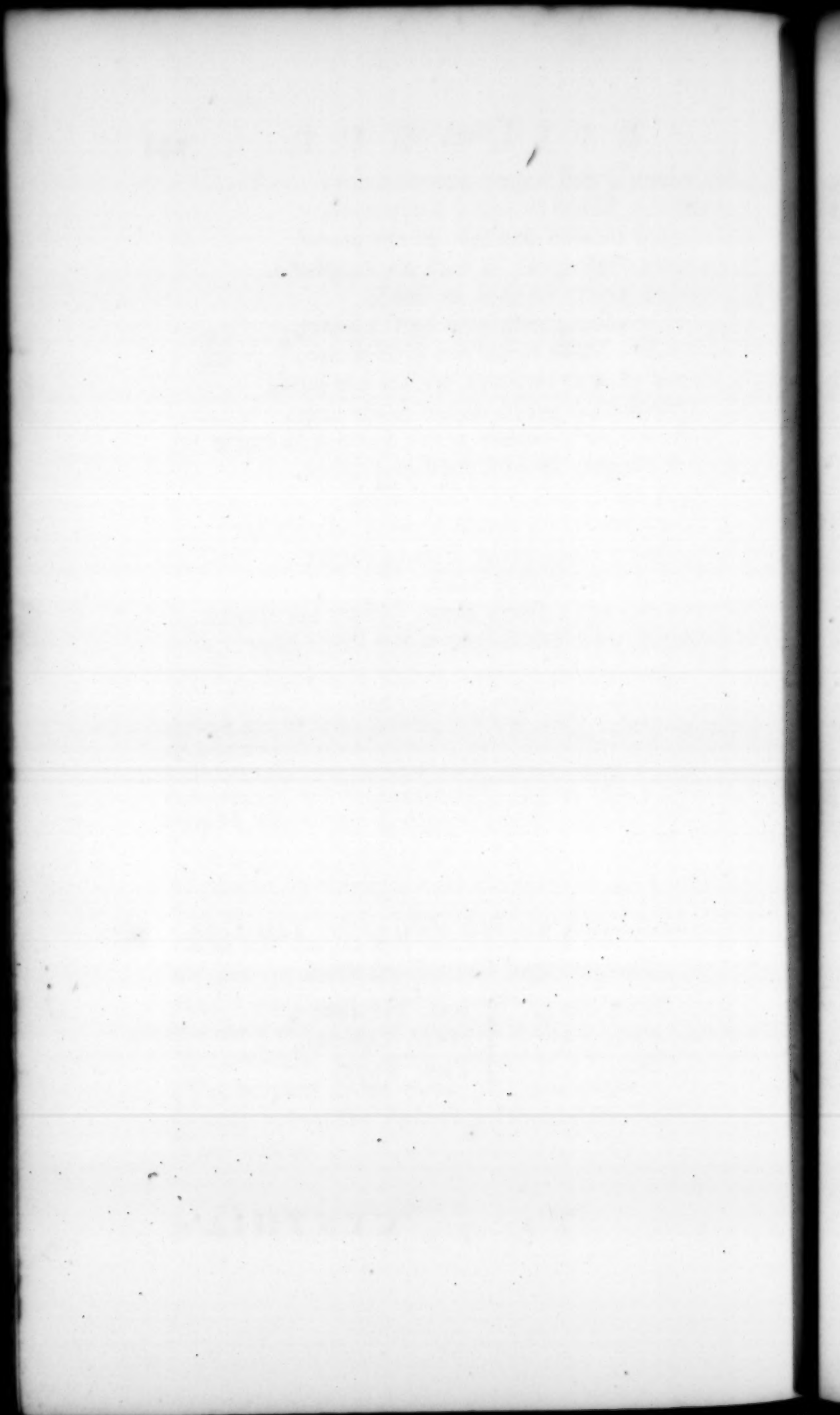
About her court.] There is a true poetical spirit in the preceding and following verses; and the principal occurrences which distinguished the reign of queen Elizabeth, are touched upon with extreme delicacy and justice. The allusion of this line refers to SPENSER'S *Fairy Queen*, which was a compliment to the princess then on the throne.

This comical Satire was first acted in the Year 1599.

The principal Comedians were,

RIC. BURBADGE,
 AUG. PHILIPS,
 WIL. SLY,

JOH. HEMINGS,
 HEN. CONDEL,
 THO. POPE.







Cynthia's Revels *Lud. Du Guernier inv. et sculp.*

CYNTHIA'S REVELS:

OR, THE

Fountain of Self-Love.

A
COMICAL SATIRE.

First Acted in the Year 1600,

By the then

Children of Queen ELIZABETH'S Chapel.

With the Allowance of the Master of Ravens.

Nasutum volo, nolo pallosum

ACT.

The principal Comedians were,

NAT. FIELD,
SAL. PAVY,
THO. DAY,

JOH. UNDERWOOD,
ROB. BANTRE,
JOH. PROST.



Lincoln's Revolt

CYNTHIA'S REVELS:

OR, THE

Fountain of Self-Love.

A

COMICAL SATIRE.

First Acted in the Year 1600,

By the then

Children of Queen ELIZABETH'S Chapel.

With the Allowance of the Master of REVELS.

Nasutum volo, nolo polyposum.

MART.

The principal Comedians were,

NAT. FIELD,
SAL. PAVY,
THO. DAY,

JOH. UNDERWOOD,
ROB. BAXTER,
JOH. FROST.

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2

T O T H E
Special Fountain of Manners,
The C O U R T.

THOU art a bountiful and brave spring, and waterest all the noble plants of this Island. In thee the whole kingdom dresseth it self, and is ambitious to use thee as her glass. Beware then thou render mens figures truly, and teach them no less to hate their deformities, than to love their forms: for, to grace, there should come reverence; and no man can call that lovely, which is not also venerable. It is not powdering, perfuming, and every day smelling of the taylor, that converteth to a beautiful object: but a mind shining through any suit, which needs no false light, either of riches or honours, to help it. Such shalt thou find some here, even in the reign of Cynthia, (a Crites and an Arete.) Now, under thy Phœbus¹, it will be thy province to make more: except thou desirest to have thy source mix with the spring of self-love, and so wilt draw upon thee as welcome a discovery of thy days, as was then made of her nights².

Thy Servant, but not Slave,

BEN. JONSON.

¹ *Now under thy PHOEBUS, it will be thy province to make more.*] This was intended as a compliment to James the I. whom he designs by the name of Phœbus, as Cynthia was queen Elizabeth. Our poet growing into reputation by the representation of his last comedy, in the presence of the queen and court, endeavours to ingratiate himself by the following performance; which he designed, with an honest freedom, for the correction of the fantastic humour, and extravagance of courtiers.

² *As was then made of her nights.*] When the play was first acted before the Queen: this dedication not being added till the publication of the folio in 1616.

Dramatis Personæ.

CYNTHIA.
MERCURY.
HESPERUS.
CRITES.
AMORPHUS.
ASOTUS.
HEDON.
ANAIDES.
MORPHIDES.
PROSAITES.
MORUS.
CUPID.

ECCHO.
ARETE.
PHANTASTE.
ARGURION.
PHILAUTIA.
MORIA.
COS.
GELATA.
PHRONESIS,
THAUMA, } Mutes.
TIME, }

The SCENE, GARGAPHIE.

CYNTHIA'S REVELS.

After the second Sounding.

I N D U C T I O N.

By three of the Children.

1 CHILD.

PRAY you away ; why fellows ? Gods so ? what do you mean ?

2. Marry, that you shall not speak the prologue, fir.

3. Why ? do you hope to speak it ?

2. I, and I think I have most right to it : I am sure I studied it first.

3. That's all one, if the author think I can speak it better.

1. I plead possession of the cloke¹ : gentles, your suffrages I pray you.

¶. Why children, are you not asham'd ? come in there. [Within.

¹ I plead possession of the cloke.] The usual dress of the person who spoke the prologue.

3. 'Slid,

3. Slid, I'll play nothing i' the play, unless I speak it.
 1. Why, will you stand to most voices of the gentlemen? let that decide it.

3. O, no, sir gallant; you presume to have the start of us there, and that makes you offer so prodigally.

1. No, would I were whip'd, if I had any such thought; try it by lots either.

2. Faith, I dare tempt my fortune in a greater venture than this.

3. Well said, resolute Jack, I am content too; so we draw first. Make the cuts.

1. But will you not snatch my cloke, while I am stooping?

3. No, we scorn treachery.

2. Which cut shall speak it?

3. The shortest.

1. Agreed: draw. The shortest is come to the shortest. Fortune was not altogether blind in this. Now, sir, I hope I shall go forward without your envy.

2. A spite of all mischievous luck! I was once plucking at the other.

3. Stay, Jack: 'slid, I'll do somewhat now afore I go in, though it be nothing but to revenge my self on the author: since I speak not his prologue. I'll go tell all the argument of his play afore-hand, and so stale his invention to the auditory before it come forth.

1. O, do not so.

2. By no means.

[*At the breaches in this speech following, the other two interrupt him still.*]

3. First, the title of his play is *Cynthia's Revels*, as any man (that hath hope to be saved by his book) can witness; the scene Gargaphie, which I do vehemently suspect for some fustian country; but let that vanish. Here is the court of Cynthia, whither he brings Cupid (travelling on foot) resolv'd to turn page. By the way

Cupid

Cupid meets with Mercury, (as that's a thing to be noted, take any of our play-books without a Cupid, or a Mercury in it, and burn it for an heretick in poetry)——Pray thee let me alone. Mercury, he (in the nature of a conjurer) raises up Eccho, who weeps over her love, or daffodil, Narcissus, a little; sings; curses the spring wherein the pretty foolish gentleman melted himself away: and there's an end of her.——Now I am to inform you, that Cupid and Mercury do both become pages. Cupid attends on Philautia or Self-love, a court-lady: Mercury follows Hedon, the Voluptuous, and a courtier; one that ranks himself even with Anaides, or the Impudent, a gallant, and that's my part; one that keeps Laughter, Gelaia the daughter of Folly, (a wench in boy's attire) to wait on him.——These in the court meet with Amorphus, or the Deformed, a traveller that hath drunk of the fountain, and there tells the wonders of the water. They presently dispatch away their pages with bottles to fetch of it, and themselves go to visit the ladies. But I should have told you——(Look, these emmets put me out here) that with this Amorphus, there comes along a citizen's heir, Afotus, or the Prodigal, who (in imitation of the traveller, who hath the whetstone following him) entertains the beggar, to be his attendant——Now, the nymphs who are mistresses to these gallants, are Philautia, Self-love; Phantaste, a light Wittiness; Argurion, Money; and their guardian, mother Moria or mistress Folly.——

1. Pray thee no more.

3. There Cupid strikes Money in love with the Prodigal, makes her dote upon him, give him jewels, bracelets, carkenets, &c. All which he most ingeniously departs withal to be made known to the other ladies and gallants; and in the heat of this, increases his train with the fool to follow him, as well as the beggar——By this time, your beggar begins to wait close,

close, who is return'd with the rest of his fellow bottle-men.—There they all drink, save Argurion, who is fain into a sudden apoplexy.—

1. Stop his mouth.

3. And then, there's a retired scholar there, you would not wish a thing to be better contemn'd of a society of gallants, than it is; and he applies his service (good gentleman) to the lady Arete or Virtue, a poor nymph of Cynthia's train, that's scarce able to buy herself a gown, you shall see her play in a black robe anon: a creature that (I assure you) is no less scorn'd than himself. Where am I now? at a stand?

2. Come, leave at last, yet.

3. O, the night is come, ('twas somewhat dark, methought) and Cynthia intends to come forth: (that helps it a little yet.) All the courtiers must provide for revels; they conclude upon a masque, the device of which, is—(what, will you ravish me?) that each of these vices, being to appear before Cynthia, would seem other than indeed they are; and therefore assume the most neighbouring virtues as their masking habit.—(I'd cry a rape, but that you are children.)

2. Come, we'll have no more of this anticipation; to give them the inventory of their cates aforehand, were the discipline of a tavern, and not fitting this presence.

1. Tut, this was but to shew us the happiness of his memory. I thought at first he would have plaid the ignorant critick with every thing, along as he had gone; I expected some such device.

3. O, you shall see me do that, rarely; lend me thy cloke.

1. Soft, sir, you'll speak my prologue in it.

3. No, would I might never stir then.

2. Lend it him, lend it him.

1. Well

1. Well, you have sworn.

3. I have. Now, sir, suppose I am one of your gentile auditors, that am come in (having paid my money at the door, with much ado) and here I take my place and sit down: I have my three sorts of tobacco in my pocket, my light by me, and thus I begin. [*At the breaches he takes his tobacco.*] By this light, I wonder that any man is so mad, to come to see these rascally tits play here——They do act like so many wrens or pismires——not the fifth part of a good face amongst them all.——And then their music is abominable——able to stretch a man's ears worse than ten——pillories, and their ditties——most lamentable things, like the pitiful fellows that make them——poets. By this vapour, an' 'twere not for tobacco——I think——the very stench of 'em would poison me, I should not dare to come in at their gates——A man were better visit fifteen jayls,——or a dozen or two of hospitals——than once adventure to come near them. How is't? well?

1. Excellent; give me my cloke.

3. Stay; you shall see me do another now; but a more sober, or better-gather'd gallant; that is (as it may be thought) some friend, or well-wisher to the house: and here I enter.

1. What? upon the stage, too?

2. Yes; and I step forth like one of the children, and ask you, would you have a stool, sir?

3. A stool, boy?

2. I, sir, if you'll give me six-pence I'll fetch you one.

3. For what I pray thee? what shall I do with it?

2. O Lord, sir! will you betray your ignorance so much? why throne your self in state on the stage, as other gentlemen use, sir.

3. Away, wag; what, would'st thou make an implement of me? 'Slid the boy takes me for a piece of perspective (I hold my life) or some silk curtain, come

to

to hang the stage here! Sir Crack, I am none of your fresh pictures, that use to beautifie the decayed dead arras in a publick theatre.

2. 'Tis a sign, sir, you put not that confidence in your good cloaths, and your better face, that a gentleman should do, sir. But I pray you, sir, let me be a suiter to you, that you will quit our stage then, and take a place, the play is instantly to begin.

3. Most willingly, my good wag; but I would speak with your author, where's he?

2. Not this way, I assure you, sir; we are not so officiously befriended by him, as to have his presence in the tiring-house, to prompt us aloud, stamp at the book-holder, swear for our properties, curse the poor tire-man, rail the musick out of tune, and sweat for every venial trespass we commit, as some author would, if he had such fine enghles as we. Well, 'tis but our hard fortune.

3. Nay, crack, be not dishearten'd.

2. Not I, sir; but if you please to confer with our author, by attorney, you may, sir; our proper self here, stands for him.

3. Troth, I have no such serious affair to negotiate with him, but what may very safely be turn'd upon thy trust. It is in the general behalf of this fair society here that I am to speak, at least the more judicious part of it, which seems much distasted with the immodest and obscene writing of many in their plays. Besides, they could wish, your poets would leave to be promoters of other mens jests, and to way-lay all the stale apothegms, or old books, they can hear of (in print, or otherwise) to farce their scenes withal. That they would not so penuriously glean wit from every laundress or hackney-man, or derive their best grace (with servile imitation) from common stages, or observation of the company they converse with; as if their invention liv'd wholly upon another man's trencher.

Again,

Again, 'that feeding their friends with nothing of their own, but what they have twice or thrice cook'd, they should not wantonly give out, how soon they had drest it'; nor how many coaches came to carry away the broken meat, besides hobby-horses, and foot-cloth nags.

1. So, sir, this is all the reformation you seek?

3. It is; do not you think it necessary to be practis'd, my little wag?

2. Yes, where any such ill-habited custom is receiv'd.

3. O (I had almost forgot it too) they say, the *ombres*, or ghosts of some three or four plays, departed a dozen years since, have been seen walking on your stage here; take heed, boy, if your house be haunted with such hob-goblins, 'twill fright away all your spectators quickly.

2. Good, sir; but what will you say now, if a poet (untouch'd with any breath of this disease) find the tokens upon you, that are of the auditory? As some one civet-wit among you, that knows no other learning, than the price of sattin and velvets; nor other perfection, than the wearing of a neat suit; and yet will censure as desperately as the most profess'd critick in the house: presuming his cloths should bear him out in't. Another (whom it hath pleas'd nature to furnish with more beard, than brain) prunes his mustaccio, lips, (and with some score of affected oaths) swears down all that sit about him; "That the old *Hieronimo* (as it was first acted) was the only best, and judiciously pen'd play of Europe." A third great bellied juggler talks of twenty years since, and when Monsieur was here*, and would enforce all wits to be of that

* They should not wantonly give out, how soon they had drest it.] In this speech, the poet obliquely commends himself; and in these words he retorts the accusation of his adversaries, who charged him with being a year about every play.

* A third talks of twenty years since, and when Monsieur was here.] In 1579 the duke of Anjou came into England, and made his addresses personally to queen Elizabeth.

MR. THEOBALD.

fashion,

fashion, because his doublet is still so. A fourth mistake calls all by the name of sustian, that his grounded capacity cannot aspire to. A fifth only shakes his bottle-head, and out of his corky brain squeezeth out a pitiful-learned face, and is silent.

3. By my faith, Jack, you have put me down: I would I knew how to get off with any indifferent grace. Here, take your cloke, and promise some satisfaction in your prologue, or (I'll be sworn) we have marr'd all.

2. Tut, fear not, child, this will never distaste a true sense: be not out, and good enough. I would thou hadst some sugar-candied to sweeten thy mouth.

The Third Sounding.

P R O L O G U E.

IF gracious silence, sweet attention,
Quick sight, and quicker apprehension,
(The lights of judgment's throne) shine any where;
Our doubtful author hopes this is their sphere.
And therefore opens he himself to those;
To other weaker beams his labours close:
As loth to prostitute their virgin-strain,
To ev'ry vulgar and adult'rate brain.
In this alone, his muse her sweetness hath,
She shuns the print of any beaten path;
And proves new ways to come to learned ears:
Pied ignorance she neither loves nor fears.
Nor hunts she after popular applause,
Or foamy praise, that drops from common jaws:
The garland that she wears, their hands must twine,
Who can both censure, understand, define
What merit is: then cast those piercing rays,
Round as a crown, instead of honour'd bays,
About his poesie; which (he knows) affords
Words, above action; matter, above words.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Cupid, Mercury.

Cup. **W**HO goes there?
Mer. 'Tis I, blind archer.

Cup. Who? Mercury?

Mer. I.

Cup. Farewel.

Mer. Stay, Cupid.

Cup. Not in your company, Hermes, except your hands were rivetted at your back.

Mer. Why so, my little rover?

Cup. Because I know, you ha' not a finger, but is as long as my quiver, (cousin Mercury) when you please to extend it.

Mer. Whence derive you this speech, boy?

Cup. O! 'tis your best polity to be ignorant. You did never steal Mars his sword out of the sheath, you? nor Neptune's trident? nor Apollo's bow? no, not you? Alas, your palms (Jupiter knows) they are as tender as the foot of a foundred nag, or a lady's face new mercuried, they'll touch nothing.

Mer. Go too (infant) you'll be daring still.

Cup. Daring? O Janus! what a word is there? why, my light feather-heel'd couz, what are you? any more than my uncle Jove's pandar, a lacquey that runs on errands for him, and can whisper a light message to a loose wench with some round volubility, wait mannerly at a table with a trencher, and warble upon a crowd a little, fill out Nectar when Ganymede's away, one that sweeps the gods drinking-room every morn;

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ing,

ing, and sets the cushions in order again, which they threw one at another's head over night, can brush the carpets, call the stools again to their places, play the cryer of the court with an audible voice, and take state of a president upon you at wrestlings, pleadings, negotiations, &c. Here's the catalogue of your employments now. O no, I err, you have the marshaling of all the ghosts too that pass the Stygian ferry, and I suspect you for a share with the old sculler there, if the truth were known; but let that scape. One other peculiar virtue you possess, in *lifting*¹, or *lieger-du-main*, (which few of the house of heaven have else besides) I must confess. But (methinks) that should not make you put that extreme distance 'twixt your self and others, that we should be said to over-dare in speaking to your nimble deity? So Hercules might challenge priority of us both, because he can throw the bar farther, or lift more joyn'd stools at the arms end, than we. If this might carry it, then we who have made the whole body of divinity tremble at the twang of our bow, and enforc'd Saturnius himself to lay by his curled front, thunder, and three-fork'd fires, and put on a masking suit, too light for a reveller of eighteen to be seen in——

Mer. How now! my dancing braggart in *decimo sexto*! charm your skipping tongue, or I'll——

Cup. What? use the virtue of your snaky tip-staff there upon us?

Mer. No, boy, but the smart vigour of my palm about your ears. You have forgot since I took your heels up into air (on the very hour I was born) in sight of all the bench of deities, when the silver roof of the Olympian palace rung again with applause of the fact.

¹ In *LIFTING*] Stealing: hence the modern word *Shop-lifter*.

Cup. O no, I remember it freshly, and by a particular instance; for my mother Venus (at the same time) but stoop'd to imbrace you, and (to speak by metaphor) you borrowed a girdle of hers, as you did Jove's scepter (while he was laughing) and would have done his thunder too, but that 'twas too hot for your itching fingers.

Mer. 'Tis well, sir.

Cup. I heard, you but look'd in at Vulcan's forge the other day, and intreated a pair of his new tongs along with you for company: 'tis joy on you (y' faith) that you will keep your hook'd talons in practice with any thing. 'Slight, now you are on earth, we shall have you filch spoons and candlesticks rather than fail: pray Jove the perfum'd courtiers keep their casting-bottles, pick-tooths, and shittle-cocks from you; or our more ordinary gallants their tobacco boxes, for I am strangely jealous of your nails.

Mer. Ne'er trust me, Cupid, but you are turn'd a most acute gallant of late, the edge of my wit is clean taken off with the fine and subtile stroke of your thin-ground tongue, you fight with too poinant a phrase, for me to deal with.

Cup. O Hermes, your craft cannot make me confident. I know my own steel to be almost spent, and therefore intreat my peace with you, in time: you are too cunning for me to encounter at length, and I think it my safest ward to close.

Mer. Well, for once, I'll suffer you to win upon me, wag, but use not these strains too often, they'll stretch my patience. Whither might you march, now?

Cup. Faith (to recover thy good thoughts) I'll discover my whole project. The huntress and queen of these groves, Diana, (in regard of some black and envious slanders hourly breath'd against her, for her divine justice on Acteon, as she pretends) hath here in

the vale of Gargaphie², proclaim'd a solemn revels, which (her god-head put off, she will descend to grace, with the full and royal expence of one of her clearest moons: in which time it shall be lawful for all sorts of ingenious persons, to visit her palace, to court her nymphs, to exercise all variety of generous and noble pastimes, as well to intimate how far she treads such malicious imputations beneath her, as also to shew how clear her beauties are from the least wrinkle of austerity they may be charg'd with.

Mer. But, what is all this to Cupid?

Cup. Here do I mean to put off the title of a god, and take the habit of a page, in which disguise (during the interim of these revels) I will get to follow some one of Diana's maids, where (if my bow hold, and my shafts fly but with half the willingness, and aim they are directed) I doubt not, but I shall really redeem the minutes I have lost, by their so long and over-nice proscription of my deity from their court.

Mer. Pursue it, (divine Cupid) it will be rare.

Cup. But will Hermes second me?

Mer. I am now to put in act an especial designment from my father Jove, but that perform'd, I am for any fresh action that offers itself.

Cup. Well, then we part.

Mer. Farewel, good wag.

Now to my charge: Eccho, fair Eccho, speak,
'Tis Mercury that calls thee, sorrowful nymph,
Salute me with thy repercussive voice,
That I may know what cavern of the earth
Contains thy airy spirit, how, or where
I may direct my speech, that thou may'st hear.

² *Here in the vale of Gargaphie.*] The vale where Aëleon was torn to pieces by his own hounds;

*Vallis erat piceis, & acutâ densa cupresso
Nemine Gargaphie.*

OVID. *Metam.* l. 3.

SCENE II.

Eccho, Mercury.

Ecc. Here.

Mer. So nigh?

Ecc. I.

Mer. Know (gentle soul) then, I am sent from Jove,
Who (pitying the sad burthen of thy woes,
Still growing on thee, in thy want of words,
To vent thy passion for Narcissus' death)
Commands, that now (after three thousand years,
Which have been exercis'd in Juno's spight)
Thou take a corporal figure, and ascend,
Enrich'd with vocal and articulate power.
Make haste, sad nymph, thrice shall my winged rod
Strike the obsequious earth, to give thee way.
Arise, and speak thy sorrows, Eccho, rise,
Here, by this fountain, where thy love did pine,
Whose memory lives fresh to vulgar fame,
Shrin'd in this yellow flower, that bears his name.

Ecc. His name revives, and lifts me up from earth.
O, which way shall I first convert my self?
Or in what mood shall I essay to speak,
That (in a moment) I may be delivered
Of the prodigious grief I go withal?
See, see, the mourning fount, whose springs weep yet
Th' untimely fate of that too beauteous boy,
That trophy of self-love, and spoil of nature,

¹ *His name revives, and lifts me up from earth.*] The poet by this piece of machinery in giving Eccho a body, hath avoided an inconsistency which some writers have committed, in making the invisible Eccho hold a continued conversation. Jonson might perhaps have prevented this objection by the ridicule of Aristophanes, who rallied Euripides for a dialogue of this nature in a tragedy now lost. But he hath made Eccho begin her speeches, by the repetition of Mercury's last words.

Who (now transform'd into this drooping flower)
 Hangs the repentant head, back from the stream,
 As if it wish'd, would I had never look'd
 In such a flattering mirror. O Narcissus;
 Thou that wast once (and yet art) my Narcissus;
 Had Eccho but been private with thy thoughts,
 She would have dropt away her self in tears,
 Till she had all turn'd water, that in her,
 (As in a truer glass) thou mightst have gaz'd,
 And seen thy beauties by more kind reflection.
 But self-love never yet could look on truth,
 But with blear'd beams; slick flattery and she
 Are twin-born sisters, and so mix their eyes,
 As if you sever one, the other dies.
 Why did the gods give thee a heav'nly form,
 And earthy thoughts to make thee proud of it?
 Why do I ask? 'Tis now the known disease
 That beauty hath, to bear too deep a sense
 Of her own self-conceived excellence.
 O, hadst thou known the worth of heav'n's rich gift,
 Thou wouldst have turn'd it to a truer use,
 And not (with starv'd, and covetous ignorance)
 Pin'd in continual eyeing that bright gem,
 The glance whereof to others had been more,
 Than to thy famish'd mind the wide world's store:
 "So wretched is it to be meerly rich."
 Witness thy youth's dear sweets, here spent untasted,
 Like a fair taper, with his own flame wasted.

Mer. Eccho be brief, Saturnia is abroad,
 And if she hear, she'll storm at Jove's high will.

Ecc. I will (kind Mercury) be brief as Time.
 Vouchsafe me, I may do him these last rites,
 But kiss his flower, and sing some mourning strain
 Over his watry hearse.

Mer. Thou dost obtain.

I were

I were no son to Jove, should I deny thee.
 Begin, and (more to grace thy cunning voice)
 The humorous air shall mix her solemn tunes
 With thy sad words : strike musick from the spheres,
 And with your golden raptures swell our ears.

S O N G.

" **S**LOW, slow, fresh fount, keep time with my salt
 " [tears ;
 " Yet slower, yet, O faintly gentle springs :
 " List to the heavy part the musick bears,
 " Woe weeps out her division, when she sings.
 " Droop herbs and flowers ;
 " Fall grief in showers ;
 " Our beauties are not ours :
 " O, I could still
 " (Like melting snow upon some craggy hill)
 " Drop, drop, drop, drop,
 " Since nature's pride is, now, a wither'd daffodil."

Mer. Now, ha' you done ?

Ecc. Done presently, (good Hermes) bide a little,
 Suffer my thirsty eye to gaze a while *,
 But e'en to taste the place, and I am vanish'd.

Mer. Forego thy use, and liberty of tongue,
 And thou may'st dwell on earth, and sport thee there.

Ecc. Here young Acteon fell, pursu'd and torn
 By Cynthia's wrath (more eager than his hounds)
 And here (ah me, the place is fatal) see
 The weeping Niobe, translated hither
 From Phrygian mountains ; and by Phœbe rear'd,
 As the proud trophy of her sharp revenge.

Mer. Nay, but hear.

Ecc. But here, O here, the fountain of self-love,

* Suffer **THY** thirsty eye to gaze a while.] Read, according to the first edition, my thirsty eye.

In which Latona, and her careless nymphs,
(Regardless of my sorrows) bathe themselves
In hourly pleasures.

Mer. Stint thy babbling tongue :
Fond Eccho, thou profan'st the grace is done thee :
So idle worldlings (meerly made of voice)
Censure the powers above them. Come, away,
Jove calls thee hence, and his will brooks no stay.

Ecc. O, stay : I have but one poor thought to clothe
In airy garments, and then (faith) I go.
Henceforth thou treacherous and murdering spring,
Be ever call'd the *Fountain of Self-Love* :
And with thy water let this curse remain,
(As an inseparate plague) that who but tastes
A drop thereof, may, with the instant touch,
Grow dotingly enamour'd on themselves.
Now, Hermes, I have finish'd

Mer. Then thy speech.
Must here forsake thee, Eccho, and thy voice
(As it was wont) rebound but the last words.
Farewel.

Ecc. Well.

Mer. Now, Cupid, I am for you, and your mirth,
To make me light before I leave the earth.

SCENE III.

Amorphus, Eccho, Mercury.

Amo. Dear spark of beauty, make not so fast away.

Ecc. Away.

Mer. Stay, let me observe this portent yet.

Amo. I am neither your Minotaure, nor your Centaure, nor your Satyr, nor your Hyæna, nor your Babion, but your meer traveller, believe me.

Ecc. Leave me.

Mer. I guess'd it should be some travelling motion
pursu'd Eccho so.

Amo.

Amo. Know you from whom you fly? or whence?

Ecc. Hence.

Amo. This is somewhat above strange! a nymph of her feature and lineament, to be so preposterously rude! well, I will but cool my self at yon' spring, and follow her.

Mer. Nay, then I am familiar with the issue: I'll leave you too.

Amo. I am a Rhinoceros, if I had thought a creature of her symmetry could have dar'd so disproportionable and abrupt a digression. Liberal, and divine fount, suffer my prophane hand to take of thy bounties. By the purity of my taste, here is most ambrosiack water; I will sup of it again. By thy favour, sweet fount. See, the water (a more running, subtle, and humorous nymph than she) permits me to touch, and handle her. What should I infer? if my behaviours had been of a cheap or customary garb; my accent or phrase vulgar; my garments trite; my countenance illiterate, or unpractis'd in the incounter of a beautiful and brave attir'd piece; then I might (with some change of colour) have suspected my faculties: but knowing my self an essence so sublimated, and refin'd by travel; of so studied, and well exercis'd a gesture; so alone in fashion; able to render the face of any statesman living^s; and to speak the meer extraction of language; one that hath now made the sixth return upon venture; and was your first that ever enrich'd his country with the true laws of the duello; whose optiques have drunk the spirit of beauty, in some eight-score and eighteen princes courts, where I have resided, and been there fortunate in the amours of three hundred forty and five ladies (all nobly, if

^s *Able to RENDER the face of any statesman living.*] To explain his looks, and guess at his intention, and thoughts by them. The first folio hath, *tender the face*, which seems to be corrupt.

not princely descended) whose names I have in catalogue; to conclude, in all so happy, as even admiration her self doth seem to fasten her kisses upon me: certes, I do neither see, nor feel, nor taste, nor savour the least steam, or fume of a reason, that should invite this foolish fastidious nymph, so peevishly to abandon me. Well, let the memory of her fleet into air; my thoughts and I am for this other element, water.

S C E N E IV.

Crites, Asotus, Amorphus.

Cri. What! the well-dieted Amorphus become a water-drinker? I see he means not to write verses then.

Aso. No, Crites? why?

Cri. Because —

*Nec placere diu, nec vivere carmina possunt,
Quæ scribuntur aquæ potoribus.*

Amo. What say you to your Helicon?

Cri. O, the muses well! that's ever excepted.

Amo. Sir, your muses have no such water, I assure you; your nectar, or the juice of your nepenthe is nothing to it; 'tis above your metheglin, believe it.

Aso. Metheglin! what's that, sir? may I be so audacious to demand?

Amo. A kind of Greek wine I have met with, sir, in my travels; it is the same that Demosthenes usually drunk, in the composure of all his exquisite and mellifluous orations.

Cri. That's to be argued (Amorphus) if we may credit ⁶ Lucian, who in his encomio Demosthenis, affirms, he never drunk but water in any of his compositions.

Amo. Lucian is absurd, he knew nothing: I will believe mine own travels, before all the Lucians of Eu-

⁶ Lucian, in his encomio Demosthenis, affirms he never drunk but water.] These are the words of Lucian, *οτι οτις ο Δημοσθενος συνταξις προς μεθην της λογους, αλλ' υδωρ πινει.*

rope. He doth feed you with fittons*, figments, and leafings.

Cri. Indeed (I think) next a traveller, he do's prettily well.

Amo. I assure you it was wine, I have tasted it, and from the hand of an Italian antiquary, who derives it authentically from the duke of Ferrara's bottles. How name you the gentleman you are in rank with there, sir?

Cri. 'Tis Afolus, son to the late deceas'd Philargyrus the citizen.

Amo. Was his father of any eminent place or means?

Cri. He was to have been prætor next year.

Amo. Ha! A pretty formal young gallant, in good sooth: pity, he is not more gentilely propagated. Hark you, Crites, you may say to him, what I am, if you please: though I affect not popularity, yet I would be loth to stand out to any, whom you shall vouchsafe to call friend.

Cri. Sir, I fear I may do wrong to your sufficiencies in the reporting them, by forgetting or misplacing some one; your self can best inform him of your self, sir: except you had some catalogue, or list of your faculties ready drawn, which you would request me to shew him for you, and him to take notice of.

Amo. This Crites is sour: I will think, sir.

Cri. Do so, sir. O heaven! that any thing (in the likeness of man) should suffer these rack'd extremities, for the uttering of his sophisticate good parts.

Afo. Crites, I have a suit to you; but you must not deny me: pray you make this gentleman and I friends.

Cri. Friends! why? is there any difference between you?

* *He doth feed you with FITTONS.*] Perhaps the reading of the quarto is most eligible, and that is *fictions*: unless we suppose that *fittons* is an affected expression of this travelled gallant, which is not improbable.

Afo.

Afo. No, I mean acquaintance, to know one another.

Cri. O, now I apprehend you; your phrase was without me before.

Afo. In good faith, he's a most excellent rare man, I warrant him!

Cri. 'Slight, they are mutually enamour'd by this time!

Afo. Will you, sweet Crites?

Cri. Yes, yes.

Afo. Nay, but when? you'll defer it now, and forget it.

Cri. Why, is't a thing of such present necessity, that it requires so violent a dispatch?

Afo. No, but (would I might never stir) he's a most ravishing man! good Crites, you shall endear me to you, in good faith-law.

Cri. Well, your longing shall be satisfied, sir.

Afo. And withal, you may tell him what my father was, and how well he left me, and that I am his heir.

Cri. Leave it to me, I'll forget none of your dear graces, I warrant you.

Afo. Nay, I know you can better marshal these affairs than I can ——— O gods! I'd give all the world (if I had it) for abundance of such acquaintance.

Cri. What ridiculous circumstance might I devise now, to bestow this reciprocal brace of butter-flies one upon another?

Amo. Since I trod on this side the Alpes, I was not so frozen in my invention. Let me see: to accost him with some choice remnant of Spanish, or Italian? that would indifferently express my languages now: marry then, if he should fall out to be ignorant, it were both hard and harsh. How else? step into some *ragioni del stato*, and so make my induction? that were above him too; and out of his element, I fear. Feign to have

have seen him in Venice or Padua? or some face near his in similitude? 'tis too pointed, and open. No, it must be a more quaint, and collateral device, as — stay: to frame some encomiastick speech upon this our metropolis, or the wise magistrates thereof, in which politick number, 'tis odds, but his father fill'd up a room? descend into a particular admiration of their justice, for the due measuring of coals, burning of cans, and such like? ⁷ as also their religion, in pulling down a superstitious cross, and advancing a Venus, or Priapus, in place of it? ha? 'twill do well. Or to talk of some hospital, whose walls record his father a benefactor? or of so many buckets bestow'd on his parish-church, in his life-time, with his name at length (for want of arms) trickt upon them? any of these? or to praise the cleannels of the street, wherein he dwelt? ⁸ or the provident painting of his posts, against he should have been prætor? or (leaving his parent) come to some special ornament about himself, as his rapier, or some other of his accoutrements? I have it: thanks, gracious Minerva.

Afo. Would I had but once spoke to him, and then — he comes to me.

Anno. 'Tis a most curious and neatly-wrought band, this same, as I have seen, sir.

⁷ *As also their religion, in pulling down a superstitious cross, and advancing a Venus, or Priapus, in place of it*] This alludes to the temper and practices of the Puritans at that time. Stow tells us, that many of the lower images belonging to the crosses in Cheapside, were frequently broke, or pulled down: and particularly, that about the year 1596, under the image of Christ's resurrection defaced, was set up a curious wrought tabernacle of grey marble; and in the same, an alabaster image of Diana, a woman for the most part naked, and water conveyed from the Thames, prilling from her naked breast. *Stow's survey by Strype, l. 3. p. 35.*

⁸ *Or the provident painting of his POSTS, against he should have been prætor.*] Alluding to the custom of sheriffs, who had *posts* at their doors, upon which were pasted proclamations, &c.

DE. GREY.

Afo.

Afo. O God, sir.

Amo. You forgive the humour of mine eye, in observing it.

Cri. His eye waters after it, it seems.

Afo. O Lord, sir, there needs no such apology, I assure you.

Cri. I am anticipated : they'll make a solemn deed of gift of themselves, you shall see.

Amo. Your ribband too do's most gracefully, in troth.

Afo. 'Tis the most gentile, and receiv'd wear now, sir.

Amo. Believe me, sir, (I speak it not to humour you) I have not seen a young gentleman (generally) put on his cloaths with more judgment.

Afo. O, 'tis your pleasure to say so, sir.

Amo. No, as I am virtuous (being altogether untravel'd) it strikes me into wonder.

Afo. I do purpose to travel, sir, at spring.

Amo. I think I shall affect you, sir. This last speech of yours hath begun to make you dear to me.

Afo. O God, sir, I would there were any thing in me, sir, that might appear worthy the least worthiness of your worth, sir. I protest, sir, I should endeavour to shew it, sir, with more than common regard, sir.

Cri. O, here's rare motly, sir.

Amo. Both your desert, and your endeavours are plentiful, suspect them not : but your sweet disposition to travel (I assure you) hath made you another myself in mine eye, and struck me inamour'd on your beauties.

Afo. I would I were the fairest lady of France for your sake, sir, and yet I would travel too.

Amo. O, you should digress from your self else : for (believe it) your travel is your only thing that rectifies, or (as the Italian says) *vi rendi pronto all' attioni*, makes you fit for action.

Afo. I think it be great charge though, sir.

Amo.

Amo. Charge? why 'tis nothing for a gentleman that goes private, as your self, or so; my intelligence shall quit my charge at all time. Good faith, this hat hath possess'd mine eye exceedingly; 'tis so pretty, and fantastick: what? is't a beaver?

Afo. I, sir, I'll assure you 'tis a beaver, it cost me eight crowns but this morning.

Amo. After your French account?

Afo. Yes sir.

Cri. And so near his head? beshrew me, dangerous?

Amo. A very pretty fashion (believe me) and a most novel kind of trim: your band is conceited too!

Afo. Sir, it is all at your service.

Amo. O, pardon me.

Afo. I beseech you, sir, if you please to wear it, you shall do me a most infinite grace.

Cri. 'Slight, will he be prais'd out of his clothes?

Afo. By heaven, sir, I do not offer it you after the Italian manner; I would you should conceive so of me.

Amo. Sir, I shall fear to appear rude in denying your courtesies, especially being invited by so proper a distinction: may I pray your name, sir?

Afo. My name is Asotus, sir.

Amo. I take your love, (gentle Asotus) but let me win you to receive this, in exchange——

Cri. They'll change doublets anon.

Amo. And (from this time) esteem your self, in the first rank, of those few, whom I profess to love. What make you in company of this scholar here? I will bring you known to gallants, as Anaides of the ordinary, Hedon the courtier, and others, whose society shall render you grac'd and respected: this is a trivial fellow, too mean, too cheap, too coarse for you to converse with.

⁹ And so near his head? beshrew me, dangerous.] This alludes to the corona Veneris. See Every man out of his humour, Act 2. Not. 4.

Afo.

Afo. 'Slid, this is not worth a crown, and mine cost me eight but this morning.

Cri. I lookt when he would repent him, he has begun to be sad a good while.

Amo. Sir, shall I say to you for that hat? be not so sad, be not so sad: it is a relick I could not so easily have departed with, but as the hieroglyphick of my affection; you shall alter it to what form you please, it will take any block; I have receiv'd it varied (on record) to the three thousandth time, and not so few: it hath these virtues beside; your head shall not ake under it; nor your brain leave you, without licence; it will preserve your complexion to eternity; for no beam of the sun (should you wear it under *zona torrida*) hath power to approach it by two ells. It is proof against thunder, and enchantment: and was given me by a great man (in Russia) as an especial-priz'd present, and constantly affirm'd to be the hat that accompanied the politick Ulysses, in his tedious and ten years travels.

Afo. By Jove, I will not depart withal, whosoever would give me a million.

S C E N E V.

Cos, Crites, Amorphus, Afotus, Profaites.

Cos. Save you, sweet bloods: do's any of you want a creature, or a dependant?

Cri. Beshrew me, a fine blunt slave!

Amo. A page of good timber! it will now be my grace to entertain him first, though I cashier him again in private: how art thou call'd?

Cos. Cos, sir, Cos.

Cri. Cos? how happily hath fortune furnish'd him with a whetstone¹⁰?

¹⁰ Cos? how happily hath fortune furnish'd him with a whetstone? *Cos* is the Latin word for a whetstone; and the joke con-

Amo. I do entertain you, Cos, conceal your quality till we be private; if your parts be worthy of me, I will countenance you; if not, catechize you: gentles, shall we go?

Afo. Stay, sir; I'll but entertain this other fellow, and then — I have a great humour to taste of this water too, but I'll come again alone for that — mark the place. What's your name, youth?

Prof. Profaites, sir.

Afo. Profaites? a very fine name, Crites? is't not?

Cri. Yes, and a very ancient one, sir, the beggar.

Afo. Follow me, good Profaites: let's talk.

Cri. He will rank even with you (ere't be long)

if you hold on your course. O vanity,

how are thy painted beauties doated on,

light, and empty ideots! how pursu'd

with open and extended appetite!

how they do sweat, and run themselves from breath,

rais'd on their toes, to catch thy airy forms,

till turning giddy, till they reel like drunkards,

That buy the merry madness of one hour,

With the long irksomness of following time!"

how despis'd and base a thing is man,

he not strive t' erect his groveling thoughts

above the strain of flesh! but how more cheap,

When, ev'n his best and understanding part,

The crown and strength of all his faculties)

floats like a dead drown'd body, on the stream

of vulgar humour, mixt with common'st dregs?

suffer for their guilt now, and my soul

like one that looks on ill affected eyes)

hurt with meer intention on their follies.

Why will I view them then? my sense might ask me:

in the allusion of his name to his manners. A *whetstone* was a term of that age, to denote the faculty of lying, or any instrument to tell a lye. So in the *induction*, the traveller is said to see the *whetstone* following him.

Or is't a rarity, or some new object,
 That strains my strict observance to this point?
 O would it were, therein I could afford
 My spirit should draw a little near to theirs,
 To gaze on novelties: so vice were one.
 Tut, she is stale, rank, foul, and were it not
 That those (that woo her) greet her with lockt eyes,
 (In spite of all th' impostures, paintings, drugs,
 Which her bawd custom dawbs her cheeks withal)
 She would betray her loth'd and leprous face,
 And fright th' enamour'd dotards from themselves:
 But such is the perverseness of our nature,
 That if we once but fancy levity,
 (How antick and ridiculous soe'er
 It suit with us) yet will our muffled thought
 Chuse rather not to see it, than avoid it:
 And if we can but banish our own sense,
 We act our mimick tricks with that free license,
 That lust, that pleasure, that security,
 As if we practis'd in a paste-board case,
 And no one saw the motion, but the motion".
 Well, check thy passion, lest it grow too loud:
 "While fools are pitied, they wax fat and proud."

A C T II. S C E N E I.

Cupid, Mercury.

Cup. **W**HY, this was most unexpectedly followed
 (my divine delicate Mercury) by the beard
 of Jove, thou art a precious deity.

"*As if we practis'd in a paste-board case,
 And no one saw the MOTION, but the MOTION.*" A simile taken from
 the management of puppets, behind the curtain, with strings and
 wires: the cause of whole *motion* must be kept from the eyes of the
 spectators. The obscurity lies in the different senses of the word
motion; the first is taken in the common sense, the last signifies the
 puppet itself.

Mer.

Mer. Nay, Cupid, leave to speak improperly, since we are turn'd cracks, let's study to be like cracks; practise their language and behaviours, and not with a dead imitation: act freely, carelessly, and capriciously, as if our veins ran with quick-silver, and not utter a phrase, but what shall come forth steeped in the very brine of conceit, and sparkle like salt in fire.

Cup. That's not every one's happiness, (*Hermes*) though you can presume upon the easiness and dexterity of your wit, you shall give me leave to be a little jealous of mine; and not desperately to hazard it after your capring humour.

Mer. Nay, then, Cupid, I think we must have you hood-winkt again; for you are grown too prying since your eyes were at liberty.

Cup. Not so, (*Mercury*) I am still blind Cupid to thee.

Mer. And what to the lady nymph you serve?

Cup. Troth, page, boy, and sirrah: these are all my titles.

Mer. Then thou hast not altered thy name, with thy disguise?

Cup. O, no, that had been supererogation; you shall never hear your courtier call but by one of these three.

Mer. Faith, then both our fortunes are the same.

Cup. Why? what parcel of man hast thou lighted on for a master?

Mer. Such a one (as before I begin to decypher him) I dare not affirm to be any thing less than a courtier. So much he is, during this open time of revels, and would be longer, but that his means are to leave him shortly after. His name is Hedon, a gallant wholly consecrated to his pleasures. —

Cup. Hedon? he uses much to my lady's chamber, I think.

Mer. How is she call'd, and then I can shew thee?

Cup. Madam Philautia.

Mer. O I, he affects her very particularly indeed. These are his graces. He doth (besides me) keep a barber and a monkey: he has a rich wrought waistcoat to entertain his visitants in, with a cap almost suitable. His curtains and bedding are thought to be his own: his 'bathing-tub is not suspected. He loves to have a fencer, 'a pedant, and a musician seen in his lodging a-mornings.

Cup. And not a poet?

Mer. Fie no: himself is a rimer, and that's thought better than a poet. He is not lightly within to his mercer, no, though he come when he takes physic, which is commonly after his play. He beats a tay'or very well, but a stocking-seller admirably: and so consequently any one he owes money to, that dares not resist him. He never makes general invitemment, but against the publishing of a new suit; marry then you shall have more drawn to his lodging, than come to the launching of some three ships; especially if he be furnish'd with supplies for the retiring of his old wardrobe from pawn: if not, he do's hire a stock of apparel, and some forty or fifty pound in gold, for that forenoon to shew. He's thought a very necessary perfume for the presence, and for that only cause welcome thither: six milleners shops afford you not the like scent. He courts ladies with how many great horse he hath rid that morning, or how oft he hath done the whole, or half the pommado in a seven-night before: and sometime ventures so far upon the virtue of his pomander, that he dares tell 'em how many shirts he has sweat at tennis that week, but wisely con-

¹ *His bathing-tub is not suspected.*] He is not suspected of being tainted with the venereal disease. In the regimen used at that time for the cure of this distemper, the patient was obliged to a long course of bathing.

² *A pedant.*] i. e. a teacher of the languages.

ceals so many dozen of balls he is on the score. Here he comes, that is all this.

S C E N E II.

Hedon, Mercury, Anaides, Gelaia, Cupid.

Hed. Boy.

Mer. Sir.

Hed. Are any of the ladies in the presence?

Mer. None yet, sir.

Hed. Give me some gold, more.

Ana. Is that thy boy, Hedon?

Hed. I, what think'st thou of him?

Ana. I'd geld him; I warrant he has the philosophers stone.

Hed. Well said, my good melancholy devil: firrah, I have devis'd one or two of the prettiest oaths (this morning in my bed) as ever thou heard'st, to protest withal in the presence.

Ana. Prythee, let's hear 'em.

Hed. Soft, thou'lt use 'em afore me.

Ana. No (dam' me then) I have more oaths than I know how to utter, by this air.

Hed. Faith, one is, by the tip of your ear, sweet lady. Is't not pretty, and genteel?

Ana. Yes, for the person 'tis applied to, a lady. It should be light, and ———

Hed. Nay, the other is better, exceeds it much: the invention is farther set too. By the white valley that lies between the alpine hills of your bosom, I protest ——— &c.

Ana. Well, you travel'd for that, Hedon.

Mer. I, in a map, where his eyes were but blind guides to his understanding, it seems.

Hed. And then I have a salutation will nick all, by this caper: hay!

Ana. How is that?

Hed. You know I call madam Philautia, my honour; and she calls me, her ambition. Now, (when I meet her in the presence anon) I will come to her, and say, sweet honour, I have hitherto contented my sense with the lilies of your hand, but now I will taste the roses of your lip; and (withal) kiss her: to which she cannot but blushing answer, nay, now you are too ambitious. And then do I reply; I cannot be too ambitious of honour, sweet lady. Will't not be good? ha? ha?

Ana. O, assure your soul.

Hed. By heav'n, I think 'twill be excellent, and a very politick atchievement of a kiss.

Ana. I have thought upon one for Moria, of a sudden too, if it take.

Hed. What is't, my dear invention?

Ana. Marry, I will come to her, (and she always wears a muff, if you be remembered) and I will tell her, madam, your whole self cannot but be perfectly wise: for your hands have wit enough to keep themselves warm.

Hed. Now (before Jove) admirable! look, thy page takes it too; by Phœbus, my sweet facetious rascal, I could eat water-gruel with thee a month, for this jest, my dear rogue.

Ana. O, (by Hercules) 'tis your only dish above all your potato's, or oyster-pyes in the world.

Hed. I have ruminated upon a most rare wish too, and the prophesie to it, but I'll have some friend to be the prophet; as thus: I do wish my self one of my mistress's cioppini. Another demands, why would he be one of his mistress's cioppini? a third answers, because he would make her higher. A fourth shall say, that will make her proud. And a fifth shall conclude then do I prophesie pride will have a fall, and he shall give it her.

Ana.

Ana. I'll be your prophet. By gods so, it will be most exquisite; thou art a fine inventious rogue, firrah.

Hed. Nay, an' I have poesies for rings too, and riddles that they dream not of.

Ana. Tut, they'll do that, when they come to sleep on 'em, time enough: but were thy devices never in the presence yet, Hedon?

Hed. O, no I disdain that.

Ana. 'Twere good we went afore then, and brought them acquainted with the room where they shall act, lest the strangeness of it put them out of countenance, when they should come forth.

Cup. Is that a courtier too?

Mer. Troth no; he has two essential parts of the courtier, pride, and ignorance; marry, the rest come somewhat after the ordinary gallant. 'Tis impudence it self, Anaides; one that speaks all that comes in his cheeks, and will blush no more than a sackbut. He lightly occupies the jester's room at the table, and keeps laughter, Gelaia, (a wench in pages attire) following him in place of a squire, whom he now and then tickles with some strange ridiculous stuff, utter'd (as his land came to him) by chance. He will censure or discourse of any thing, but as absurdly as you would wish. His fashion is not to take knowledge of him that is beneath him in clothes. He never drinks below the salt¹. He do's naturally admire his wit that

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wears

¹ *He never DRINKS below the SALT.*] He never drinks to those at the lower end of the table. It refers to the manner, in which our ancestors were usually seated at their meals. The tables being long, the salt was commonly placed about the middle, and served as a kind of boundary to the different quality of the guests invited. Those of distinction were ranked above; the space below was assigned to the dependents, or inferior relations of the master of the house. An allusion to this custom occurs in a satire of bishop Hall. As it is but short, the reader perhaps will not be displeased if I transcribe the whole.

wears gold lace, or tissue. Stabs any man that speaks more contemptibly of the scholar than he. He is a great proficient in all the illiberal sciences, as cheating, drinking, swaggering, whoring, and such like: never kneels but to pledge healths, nor prays but for a pipe of pudding-tobacco. He will blaspheme in his shirt. The oaths which he vomits at one supper, would maintain a town of garrison in good swearing a twelve-month. One other genuine quality he has, which crowns all these, and that is this: to a friend in want, he will not depart with the weight of a soldred groat, lest the world might censure him prodigal, or report him a gull: marry, to his cockatrice, or punquetto, half a dozen taffata gowns, or fatten kirtles, in a pair or two of months, why they are nothing.

Cup. I commend him, he is one of my clients.

- " A gentle squire wou'd gladly entertain
- " Into his house some trencher chaplain :
- " Some willing man, that might instruct his sons,
- " And that wou'd stand to good conditions.
- " First, that he lie upon the truckle-bed,
- " Whilst his young master lieth o'er his head.
- " Secondly, that he do on no default,
- " Ever presume to *sit above the salt*.
- " Third, that he never change his trencher twice.
- " Fourth, that he use all common courtesies ;
- " Sit bare at meals, and one half rise and wait.
- " Last, that he never his young master beat,
- " But he must ask his mother to define,
- " How many jerks she wou'd his breech shou'd line.
- " All these observ'd, he cou'd contented be,
- " To give five marks, and winter livery.

Again, by a reference to this fashion, we are told in a little piece, called *News from the lower end of the table*, that the best company makes the upper end of the table, and not the salt-celler. This custom is yet preserved at the lord Mayor's, and some other public tables.

S C E N E

S C E N E III.

Amorbus, Asotus, Cos, Profaites, Cupid, Mercury.

Amo. Come sir. You are now within regard of the presence, and see, the privacy of this room how sweetly it offers itself to our retir'd intendments. *Page*, cast a vigilant and enquiring eye about, that we be not rudely surpriz'd, by the approach of some ruder stranger.

Cos. I warrant you, sir. I'll tell you when the wolf enters*, fear nothing.

Mer. O, what a mass of benefit shall we possess, in being the invisible spectators of this strange show now to be acted.

Amo. Plant your self there, sir: and observe me. You shall now, as well be the ocular, as the ear-witness, how clearly I can refel that paradox, or rather pseudodox, of those, which hold the face to be the index of the mind, which (I assure you) is not so, in any politick creature: for instance; I will now give you the particular, and distinct face of every your most noted species of persons, as your merchant, your scholar, your soldier, your lawyer, courtier, &c. and each of these so truly, as you would swear, but that your eye shall see the variation of the lineament, it were my most proper and genuine aspect. First, for your merchant, or city-face, 'tis thus, a dull, plodding face, still looking in a direct line, forward: there is no great matter in this face. Then have you your students, or academique face, which is here an honest, simple, and methodical face; but somewhat more spread than the former. The third is your soldiers face, a menacing, and astounding face, that looks broad and big: the grace of this face consisteth much in a beard. The anti-face, to this, is your lawyers

* I'll tell you when the wolf enters.] The mere English reader should perhaps be told, this is an allusion to a Latin proverb, and applied when the person talked of comes in unexpectedly, and puts an end to the discourse.

face,

face, a contracted, subtle, and intricate face, full of quirks, and turnings, a labyrinthean face, now angularly, now circularly, every way aspected. Next is your statists face, a serious, solemn, and supercilious face, full of formal and square gravity; the eye (for the most part) deeply and artificially shadow'd: there is great judgment required in the making of this face. But now, to come to your face of faces, or courtiers face, 'tis of three sorts, according to our subdivision of a courtier, elementary, practick, and theorick. Your courtier theorick, is he, that hath arriv'd to his farthest, and doth now know the court, rather by speculation, than practice; and this is his face: a fastidious and oblique face; that looks as it went with a vice, and were screw'd thus. Your courtier practick, is he, that is yet in his path, his course, his way, and hath not touch'd the puntilio, or point of his hopes; his face is here: a most promising, open, smooth, and over-flowing face, that seems as it would run and pour it self into you. Somewhat a northerly face. Your courtier elementary, is one but newly enter'd, or as it were in the alphabet, or *ut-re-mi-fa-sol-la* of courtship. Note well this face, for it is this you must practise.

Afo. I'll practise 'em all, if you please, sir.

Amo. I, hereafter you may: and it will not be altogether an ungrateful study. For, let your soul be assur'd of this, (in any rank, or profession whatever) the more general or major part of opinion goes with the face, and simply, respects nothing else. Therefore, if that can be made exactly, curiously, exquisitely, thoroughly, it is enough: but (for the present) you shall only apply yourself to this face of the elementary courtier, a light, revelling, and protesting face, now blushing, now smiling, which you may help much with a wanton wagging of your head, thus, (a feather will teach you) or with kissing your finger that hath

the

the ruby. or playing with some string of your hand, which is a most quaint kind of melancholy besides : or (if among ladies) laughing loud, and crying up your own wit, though perhaps borrow'd, it is not amiss. Where is your page ? call for your casting-bottle, and place your mirrour in your hat, as I told you : so. Come, look not pale, observe me, set your face, and enter.

Mer. O, for some excellent painter, to have ta'en the copy of all these faces !

Afo. Profaites.

Amo. Fie, I premonish you of that : in the court, boy, lacquey, or sirrah.

Cos. Master, Lupus¹ in——O, 'tis Profaites.

Afo. Sirrah prepare my casting-bottle, I think I must be enforc'd to purchase me another page, you see how at hand Cos waits here.

Mer. So will he too, in time.

Cup. What's he, Mercury ?

Mer. A notable smelt. One that hath newly entertain'd the beggar to follow him, but cannot get him to wait near enough. 'Tis Afotus, the heir of Philargyrus ; but first I'll give ye the other's character, which may make his the clearer. He that is with him is Amorphus a traveller, one so made out of the mixture and shreds of forms, that himself is truly deform'd. He walks most commonly with a clove or pick-tooth in his mouth, he is the very mint of compliment, all his behaviours are printed, his face is another volume of Essays ; and his beard is an Aristarchus. He speaks all cream skim'd, and more affected than a dozen of waiting women. He is his own promoter in every place. The wife of the ordinary gives him his diet to maintain her table in discourse, which (indeed) is a meer tyranny over her other guests, for he will usurp all the talk : ten constables are not so tedious. He is no great shifter, once a year his apparel is ready to

¹ *Master, Lupus in ——] fabulâ, the Latin proverb referred to in the last note.*

revolt,

revolt. He doth use much to arbitrate quarrels, and fights himself, exceeding well (out at a window.) He will lye cheaper than any beggar, and louder than most clocks; for which he is right properly accommodated to the Whetstone, his page. The other gallant is his Zany, and doth most of these tricks after him; sweats to imitate him in every thing (to a hair) except a beard, which is not yet extant. He doth learn to make strange sauces, to eat Anchovies, Maccaroni, Bovoli, Fagioli, and Caviare, because he loves 'em; speaks as he speaks, looks, walks, goes so in clothes and fashion: is in all as if he were moulded of him. Marry (before they met) he had other very pretty sufficiencies, which yet he retains some light impression of; as frequenting a dancing school, and grievously torturing strangers with inquisition after his grace in his galliard. He buys a fresh acquaintance at any rate. His eyes and his raiment confer much together as he goes in the street. He treads nicely like the fellow that walks upon ropes; especially the first Sunday of his silk-stockings; and when he is most neat and new, you shall strip him with commendations.

Cup. Here comes another.

Mer. I, but one of another strain, Cupid: this fellow weighs somewhat. [*Crites passeth by.*]

Cup. His name, Hermes?

Mer. *Crites.* A creature of a most perfect and divine temper: one, in whom the humours and elements are peaceably met, without emulation of precedence; he is neither too phantastickly melancholy, too slowly phlegmatick, too lightly sanguine, or too rashly cholerick, but in all so compos'd and order'd, as it is clear, Nature went about some full work, she did more than make a man when she made him. His discourse is like his behaviour, uncommon, but not unpleasing; he is prodigal of neither. He strives rather to be that which men call judicious, than to be
thought

thought so; and is so truly learned, that he affects not to shew it. He will think, and speak his thought both freely; but as distant from depraving another man's merit, as proclaiming his own. For his valour, 'tis such, that he dares as little to offer an injury as receive one. In sum, he hath a most ingenuous and sweet spirit, a sharp and season'd wit, a straight judgment, and a strong mind. Fortune could never break him, nor make him less. He counts it his pleasure to despise pleasures, and is more delighted with good deeds than goods. It is a competency to him that he can be virtuous. He doth neither covet nor fear; he hath too much reason to do either; and that commends all things to him.

Cup. Not better than Mercury commends him.

Mer. O, Cupid, 'tis beyond my deity to give him his due praises: I could leave my place in heaven to live among mortals, so I were sure to be no other than he.

Cup. 'Slight, I believe he is your minion, you seem to be so ravisht with him.

Mer. He's one I would not have a wry thought darted against, willingly.

Cup. No, but a straight shaft in his bosom, I'll promise him, if I am Cytherea's son.

Mer. Shall we go, Cupid?

Cup. Stay, and see the ladies now: they'll come presently. I'll help to paint them.

Mer. What! lay colour upon colour? that affords but an ill blazon.

Cup. Here comes metal to help it, the lady Argurion.
[*Argurion passeth by.*]

Mer. Money, money.

Cup. The same. A nymph of a most wandring and giddy disposition, humorous as the air, she'll run from gallant to gallant (as they sit at primero in the presence)

presence) most strangely, and seldom stays with any. She spreads as she goes. To-day you shall have her look as clear and fresh as the morning, and to-morrow as melancholick as midnight. She takes special pleasure in a close obscure lodging, and for that cause, visits the city so often, where she has many secret true concealing favourites. When she comes abroad, she's more loose and scattering than dust, and will fly from place to place, as she were rapt with a whirlwind. Your young student (for the most part) she affects not, only salutes him, and away: a poet, nor a philosopher, she is hardly brought to take any notice of, no, though he be some part of an alchymist. She loves a player well, and a lawyer infinitely; but your fool above all. She can do much in court for the obtaining of any suit whatsoever, no door but flies open to her, her presence is above a charm. The worst in her is want of keeping state, and too much descending into inferior and base offices, she's for any coarse employment you will put upon her, as to be your procurer, or pandar.

Mer. Peace, Cupid, here comes more work for you, another character or two.

S C E N E IV.

Phanteste, Moria, Philautia, Mercury, Cupid.

Phan. Stay, sweet Philautia, I'll but change my fan, and go presently.

Mor. Now, (in very good serious) ladies, I will have this order reverst, the presence must be better maintain'd from you: a quarter past eleven, and ne'er a nymph in prospective? beshrew my hand, there must be a reform'd discipline. Is that your new ruff, sweet lady-bird? by my truth, 'tis most intricately rare.

Mer.

Mer. Good Jove, what reverend gentlewoman in years might this be?

Cup. 'Tis madam Moria, guardian of the nymphs. One that is not now to be persuaded of her wit, she will think herself wise against all the judgments that come. A lady made all of voice and air, talks any thing of any thing. She is like one of your ignorant poetasters of the time, who when they have got acquainted with a strange word, never rest till they have wrung it in, though it loosen the whole fabrick of their sense.

Mer. That was pretty and sharply noted, Cupid.

Cup. She will tell you, philosophy was a fine reveler, when she was young, and a gallant, and that then (though she say it) she was thought to be the dame Dido and Helen of the court: as also, what a sweet dog she had this time four years, and how it was called Fortune; and that (if the Fates had not cut his thread) he had been a dog to have given entertainment to any gallant in this kingdom; and unless she had whelped at her self, she could not have lov'd a thing better of this world.

Mer. O, I prythee no more, I am full of her.

Cup. Yes (I must needs tell you) she composes a sack-posset well; and would court a young page sweetly, but that her breath is against it.

Mer. Now, her breath (or something more strong) protect me from her: th' other, th' other, Cupid.

Cup. O, that's my lady and mistress, madam Philautia. She admires not her self for any one particularity, but for all: she is fair, and she knows it; she has a pretty light wit too, and she knows it; she can dance, and she knows that too; play at shittle cock, and that too: no quality she has, but she shall take a very particular knowledge of, and most lady-like commend it to you. You shall have her at any time read you the history of herself, and very subtilly run over
ano-

another lady's sufficiencies to come to her own. She has a good superficial judgment in painting, and would seem to have so in poetry. A most compleat lady in the opinion of some three beside herself.

Pbi. Faith, how lik'd you my quip to Hedon, about the garter? was't not witty?

Mor. Exceeding witty and integrate: you did so aggravate the jest withal.

Pbi. And did I not dance movingly the last night?

Mor. Movingly? out of measure (in troth) sweet charge.

Mor. A happy commendation, to dance out of measure.

Mor. Save only you wanted the swim i' the turn: O! when I was at fourteen——

Pbi. Nay, that's mine own from any nymph in the court (I am sure on't;) therefore you mistake me in that, guardian: both the swim and the trip are properly mine; every body will affirm it that has any judgment in dancing, I assure you.

Pba. Come now, Philautia, I am for you; shall we go?

Pbi. I, good Phantaste: what! have you chang'd your head-tire?

Pba. Yes faith, th' other was so near the common: it had no extraordinary grace; besides, I had worn it almost a day, in good troth.

Pbi. I'll be sworn, this is most excellent for the device, and rare, 'tis after the Italian print we look'd on t'other night.

Pba. 'Tis so: by this fan, I cannot abide any thing that favours the poor over-worn cut, that has any kindred with it; I must have variety, I: this mixing in fashion, I hate it worse than to burn juniper in my chamber, I protest.

Pbi. And yet we cannot have a new peculiar court-tire, but these retainers will have it; these suburb-funday-

funday-waiters ; these courtiers for high days ; I know not what I should call 'em——

Pba. O, I, they do most pitifully imitate, but I have a tire a coming (y' faith) shall —

Mor. In good certain, madam, it makes you look most heavenly ; but (lay your hand on your heart) you never skinn'd a new beauty more prosperously in your life, nor more metaphysically : look, good lady, sweet lady, look.

Pbi. 'Tis very clear and well, believe me. But if you had seen mine yesterday, when 'twas young, you would have —— who's your doctor, Phantaste ?

Pba. Nay, that's counsel, Philautia, you shall pardon me : yet (I'll assure you) he's the most dainty, sweet, absolute, rare man of the whole college. O ! his very looks, his discourse, his behaviour, all he does is physick, I protest.

Pbi. For heaven's sake, his name, good dear Phantaste ——

Pba. No, no, no, no, no, no, (believe me) not for a million of heavens : I will not make him cheap : Fie——

Cup. There is a nymph too of a most curious and elaborate strain, light, all motion, an ubiquitary, she is every where, Phantaste——

Mer. Her very name speaks her, let her pass. But are these (Cupid) the stars of Cynthia's court ? Do these nymphs attend upon Diana ?

Cup. They are in her court (Mercury) but not as stars, these never come in the presence of Cynthia. The nymphs that make her train are the divine Arete, Time, Phronesis, Thaumata, and others of that high sort. These are privately brought in by Moria in this licentious time, against her knowledge : and (like so many meteors) will vanish when she appears.

SCENE V.

Profaites, Gelaid, Cos, Mercury, Cupid.

SONG.

“**C**OME follow me, my wags, and say, as I say.
 “There’s no riches but in rags; hey day, hey day.
 “You that profess this art, come away, come away,
 “And help to bear a part. Hey day, hey day, &c.”

Mer. What ! those that were our fellow pag’s but now, so soon prefer’d to be yeomen of the bottles ? the mystery, the mystery, good wags ?

Cup. Some diet-drink they have the guard of.

Pro. No, sir, we are going in quest of a strange fountain, lately found out.

Cup. By whom ?

Cos. My master, or the great discoverer, Amorphus.

Mer. Thou hast well intitled him, Cos, for he will discover all he knows.

Gel. I, and a little more too, when the spirit is upon him.

Pro. O, the good travelling gentleman yonder has caus’d such a drought i’ the presence, with reporting the wonders of this new water, that all the ladies and gallants lye languishing upon the rushes, like so many pounded cattle i’ the midst of harvest, sighing one to another, and gasping, as if each of them expected a cock from the fountain, to be brought into his mouth ; and without we return quickly, they are all (as a youth would say) no better than a few trouts cast ashore, or a dish of eels in a sand-bag.

Mer. Well then, you were best dispatch, and have a care of them. Come, Cupid, thou and I’ll go perseuse this dry wonder.

A C T

ACT III. SCENE I.

Amorphus, Afotus.

Amo. **S**IR, let not this discountenance or disgallant you a whit; you must not sink under the first disaster. It is with your young grammatical courtier, as with your neophyte player, a thing usual to be daunted at the first presence or interview: you saw, there was Hedon, and Anaides, (far more practis'd gallants than your self) who were both out, to comfort you. It is no disgrace, no more than for your adventurous reveller, to fall by some inauspicious chance in his galliard, or for some subtil politick, to undertake the bastinado, that the state might think worthily of him, and respect him as a man well beaten to the world. What! hath your taylor provided the property (we spake of) at your chamber, or no?

Afo. I think he has.

Amo. Nay (I intreat you) be not so flat and melancholick. Erect your mind: you shall redeem this with the courtship I will teach you against the afternoon. Where eat you to-day?

Afo. Where you please, sir, any where, I.

Amo. Come, let us go and taste some light dinner, a dish of slic'd caviare, or so; and after, you shall practise an hour at your lodging some few forms that I have recall'd. If you had but so far gathered your spirits to you, as to have taken up a rush (when you were out) and wagg'd it thus, or cleans'd your teeth with it; or but turn'd aside, and feign'd some business to whisper with your page, till you had recovered your self, or but found some slight stain in your stocking, or any other pretty invention (so it had

been sudden) you might have come off with a most clear and courtly grace.

Afo. A poison of all, I think I was forespoke, I.

Amo. No, I must tell you, you are not audacious enough, you must frequent ordinaries, a month more, to initiate your self: in which time, it will not be amiss, if (in private) you keep good your acquaintance with Crites, or some other of his poor coat; visit his lodging secretly and often; become an earnest suiter to hear some of his labours.

Afo. O Jove! sir, I could never get him to read a line to me.

Amo. You must then wisely mix yourself in rank with such as you know can; and, as your ears do meet with a new phrase, or an acute jest, take it in: a quick nimble memory will lift it away, and, at your next publick meal, it is your own.

Afo. But I shall never utter it perfectly, sir.

Amo. No matter, let it come lame. In ordinary talk you shall play it away, as you do your light crowns at primero: it will pass.

Afo. I shall attempt, sir.

Amo. Do. It is your shifting age for wit, and I assure you, men must be prudent. After this you may to court, and there fall in, first with the waiting-woman, then with the lady. Put case they do retain you there, as a fit property, to hire coaches some pair of months, or so; or to read them asleep in afternoons upon some pretty pamphlet to breathe you; why, it shall in time imbolden you to some farther achievement: in the interim, you may fashion your self to be careless and impudent.—

Afo. How if they would have me to make verses? I heard Hedon spoke to for some.

Amo. Why, you must prove the aptitude of your genius; if you find none, you must harken out a vein, and

and buy ; provided you pay for the silence as for the work, then you may securely call it your own.

Alfo. Yes, and I'll give out my acquaintance with all the best writers, to countenance me the more.

Ano. Rather seem not to know 'em, it is your best. I, be wise, that you never so much as mention the name of one, nor remember it mention'd ; but if they be offer'd to you in discourse, shake your light head, make between a sad and a smiling face, pity some, rail at all, and commend your self : 'tis your only safe and unsuspected course. Come, you shall look back upon the court again to-day, and be restor'd to your colours : I do now partly aim at the cause of your repulse—(which was ominous indeed) for as you enter at the door, there is oppos'd to you the frame of a wolf in the hangings, which (surprising your eye suddenly) gave a false alarm to the heart ; and that was it called your blood out of your face, and so routed the whole rank of your spirits : I beteech you labour to forget it. And remember (as I inculcated to you before, for your comfort) Hedon, and Anaides.

S C E N E II.

Hedon, Anaides.

Hed. Heart, was there ever so prosperous an invention thus unluckily perverted, and spoiled by a whore-son book-worm, a candle-waster ?

Ana. Nay, be not impatient, Hedon.

Hed. 'Slight, I would fain know his name.

Ana. Hang him, poor grogran rascal, prythee think not of him : I'll send for him to my lodging, and have him blanketed when thou wilt, man.

Hed. By Gods-so, I would thou couldst. Look, here he comes. Laugh at him, laugh at him, ha, ha, ha.

[Crites passeth by.]

Ana.

Ana. Fough, he smells all lamp-oyl with studying by candle-light.

Hed. How confidently he went by us, and carelessly! never mov'd! nor stirr'd at any thing! did you observe him?

Ana. I, a pox on him, let him go, dormouse: he "is in a dream now. He has no other time to sleep, "but thus when he walks abroad to take the air."

Hed. God's preciou', this afflicts me more than all the rest, that we should so particularly direct our hate and contempt against him, and he to carry it thus without wound or passion! 'tis insufferable.

Ana. 'Slid (my dear envy) if thou but saist the word now, I'll undo him eternally for thee.

Hed. How, sweet Anaides?

Ana. Marry, half a score of us get him in (one night) and make him pawn his wit for a supper.

Hed. Away, thou hast such unseasonable jests. By this heaven, I wonder at nothing more than our gentlemen ushers, that will suffer a piece of serge, or perpetuana, to come into the presence: methinks they should (out of their experience) better distinguish the silken disposition of courtiers, than to let such terrible coarse rags mix with us, able to fret any smooth or gentle society to the threads with their rubbing devices.

Ana. Unless 'twere Lent, Ember-weests, or Fasting-days, when the place is most penuriously empty of all other good outfides. Dam me, if I should adventure on his company once more, without a suit of buff to defend my wit; ' he does nothing but stab: the slave!

He does nothing but stab the SLAVE:] No *slave* appears whom Crites had treated in this manner: we must reform the pointing to make out the sense.

He does nothing but stab: the slave!

It is the poignancy of Crites's wit they were afraid of; and against which they had no defence. *Slave* is an application they bestow on him in return.

slave! how mischievously he cross'd thy device of the prophecy there? and Moria, she comes without her muff too, and there my invention was lost.

Hed. Well, I am resolv'd what I'll do.

Ana. What, my good spirituous spark?

Hed. Marry, speak all the venom I can of him; and poison his reputation in every place where I come.

Ana. 'Fore God, most courtly.

Hed. And if I chance to be present where any question is made of his sufficiencies, or of any thing he hath done private or publick, I'll censure it slightly and ridiculously——

Ana. At any hand beware of that, so thou may'st draw thine own judgment in suspect. No, I'll instruct thee what thou shalt do, and by a safer means: approve any thing thou hearest of his, to the received opinion of it; but if it be extraordinary, give it from him to some other whom thou more particularly affect'st; that's the way to plague him, and he shall never come to defend himself. 'Slud, I'll give out all he does is dictated from other men*, and swear it too (if thou'lt ha' me) and that I know the time and place where he stole it, tho' my soul be guilty of no such thing; and that I think, out of my heart, he hates such barren shifts: yet to do thee a pleasure, and him a disgrace, I'll damn my self, or do any thing.

Hed. Gramercy, my dear devil; we'll put it seriously in practice, i'faith.

* I'll give out all he does is dictated from other men, &c.] One wou'd be tempted to imagine, from some particulars in the character of Crites, that the poet designed it for his own picture. If that be really the case, it will be no easy matter to acquit him of the charge of vanity, which his enemies so often brought against him; but I will not affirm the similitude to be perfectly exact. It is only probable, that as he hath glanced at his adversaries in some passages of the play, he might have intended to sketch the out-lines of his own character.

S C E N E III.

Crites.

Do, good Detraction, do, and I the while
 Shall shake thy spight off with a careless smile.
 Poor piteous gallants ! what lean idle flights
 Their thoughts suggest to flatter their starv'd hopes ?
 As if I knew not how to entertain
 These straw-devices ; but, of force must yield
 To the weak stroke of their calumnious tongues,
 What should I care what every Dor ' doth buz
 In credulous ears ? It is a crown to me,
 That the best judgments can report me wrong'd ;
 Them liars, and their slanders impudent.
 Perhaps (upon the rumour of their speeches)
 Some grieved friend will whisper to me ; Crites,
 Men speak ill of thee. So they be ill men,
 If they spake worse, 'twere better : for of such
 To be disprais'd, is the most perfect praise.
 What can his censure hurt me, whom the world
 Hath censur'd vile before me ! If good Chrestus,
 Euthus, or Phronimus, had spoke the words,
 They would have mov'd me, and I should have call'd
 My thoughts, and actions, to a strict account
 Upon the hearing : but when I remember,
 'Tis Hedon and Anaides, alas, then,
 I think but what they are, and am not stirr'd.
 The one a light voluptuous reveller,
 The other, a strange arrogating puff,
 Both impudent, and ignorant enough ;
 That talk (as they are wont) not as I merit :

^c *What every dor doth buz.*] *Dor* is an old word that signifies a beetle, or drone ; and was used also to express a calumniating envious person. Decker has fasten'd on this speech, as a mark of arrogance and vanity in our author ; and with this view he hath quoted these, and some other verses towards the end of it, in his *Satiromastix*, which he wrote as a reply to Jonson's *Poetaster*.

Traduce by custom, as most dogs do bark,
 Do nothing out of judgment, but disease,
 Speak ill, because they never could speak well.
 And who'd be angry with this race of creatures?
 What wise physician have we ever seen
 Mov'd with a frantick man? the same affects⁴
 That he doth bear to his sick patient,
 Should a right mind carry to such as these.
 And I do count it a most rare revenge,
 That I can thus (with such a sweet neglect)
 Pluck from them all the pleasure of their malice.
 For that's the mark of all their ingenious drifts⁵,
 To wound my patience, howsoe'er they seem
 To aim at other objects; which if miss'd,
 Their envy's like an arrow shot upright,
 That, in the fall, indangers their own heads.

S C E N E IV.

Arete, Crites.

Are. What, Crites! where have you drawn forth
the day?

You have not visited your jealous friends?

Cri. Where I have seen (most honour'd Arete)
The strangest pageant, fashion'd like a court,
At least I dreamt I saw it) so diffus'd,
So painted, pied, and full of rainbow strains,
As never yet (either by time, or place)
Was made the food to my distast'd sense:
Nor can my weak imperfect memory

⁴The same affects.] i. e. Affections, dispositions.

⁵For that's the mark of all their ingenious drifts.] This line is not very harmonious, but not unsuitable to the general flow of Jonson's verses. It may be made however something smoother by adopting the reading of the first folio, which instead of *ingenious* exhibits *inginous*, in the sense of malicious or designing; but this is only a contraction of *ingenious*.

Now

Now render half the forms unto my tongue,
 That were convolv'd within this thrifty room.
 Here, stalks me by a proud and spangled fir,
 That looks three handfuls higher than his foretop;
 Savours himself alone, is only kind
 And loving to himself; one that will speak
 More dark and doubtful than six oracles;
 Salutes a friend, as if he had a stitch;⁶
 Is his own chronicle, and scarce can eat
 For registering himself; is waited on
 By mimicks, jesters, pandars, parasites,
 And other such like prodigies of men.
 He past, appears some mincing marmoset
 Made all of cloaths, and face; his limbs so set
 As if they had some voluntary act
 Without man's motion, and must move just so
 In spite of their creation: one that weighs
 His breath between his teeth, and dares not smile
 Beyond a point, for fear t' unstarch his look;
 Hath travell'd to make legs, and seen the cringe
 Of several courts, and courtiers; knows the time
 Of giving titles, and of taking walls;
 Hath read court-common-places; made them his:
 Studied the grammar of state, and all the rules
 Each formal usher in that politick school
 Can teach a man. A third comes, giving nods
 To his repenting creditors, protests
 To weeping suitors, takes the coming gold
 Of insolent and base ambition,
 That hourly rubs his dry and itchy palms:
 Which grip'd, like burning coals, he hurls away
 Into the laps of bawds, and buffoons mouths.
 With him there meets some subtle Proteus, one

⁶ *Salutes a friend, as if he had a stitch*

In his own chronicle, and scarce can eat

For registering himself.] The want of a single stop, and a small error in the beginning of the second line, has greatly disturbed the sense. To cure the mistake we must read the lines, as they stand above.

Can

Can change, and vary with all forms he sees;
 Be any thing but honest; serves the time;
 Hovers betwixt two factions, and explores
 The drifts of both; which (with cross face) he bears
 To the divided heads, and is receiv'd
 With mutual grace of either: one that dares
 Do deeds worthy the hurdle, or the wheel,
 To be thought somebody; and is (in sooth)
 Such as the satirist points truly forth,
 That only to his crimes owes all his worth. ⁷

Are. You tell us wonders, Crites.

Cri. This is nothing.

There stands a neophyte glazing of his face,
 Pruning his clothes, perfuming of his hair,
 Against his idol enters; and repeats
 (Like an unperfect prologue, at third musick)
 His part of speeches, and confederate jests,
 In passion to himself. Another swears
 His scene of courtship over; bids, believe him,
 Twenty times ere they will; anon, doth seem
 As he would kiss away his hand in kindness;
 Then walks off melancholick, and stands wreath'd,
 As he were pinn'd up to the arras, thus.
 A third is most in action, swims and frisks,
 Plays with his mistress' paps, salutes her pumps,
 Adores her hem, her skirts, her knots, her curls,
 Will spend his patrimony for a garter,
 Or the least feather in her bounteous fan.
 A fourth, he only comes in for a mute;
 Divides the act with a dumb shew, and exit.

⁷ Such as the satirist points truly forth,

That only to his crimes owes all his worth.] The satirist is Juvenal, and the lines alluded to are the following.

Aude aliquid brevibus gyris, & carcere dignum,

*Si vis esse aliquis: probitas laudatur & a'get **

Criminibus debent tortos, prætoria, mensas,

Argentum vetus, & stantem extra pocula caprum.

JUVENAL. Sat. 1. v. 73, &c.

Dr. GREY.

Then

Then must the ladies laugh, straight comes their scene,
 A sixth times worse confusion than the rest.
 Where you shall hear one talk of this man's eye ;
 Another of his lip ; a third, his nose ;
 A fourth commend his leg ; a fifth, his foot ;
 A sixth, his hand ; and every one a limb :
 That you would think the poor distorted gallant
 Must there expire. Then fall they in discourse
 Of tires and fashions, how they must take place,
 Where they may kiss, and whom, when to sit down,
 And with what grace to rise ; if they salute,
 What court'sie they must use : such cobweb stuff
 As would enforce the common'st sense abhor
 Th' Arachnean workers.

Are. Patience, gentle Crites.

This knot of spiders will be soon dissolv'd,
 And all their webs swept out of Cynthia's court,
 When once her glorious deity appears,
 And but presents itself in her full light :
 'Till when, go in, and spend your hours with us
 Your honour'd friends, Time and Phronesis,
 In contemplation of our goddess' name.
 Think on some sweet and choice invention now,
 Worthy her serious and illustrious eyes,
 That from the merit of it we may take
 Desir'd occasion to prefer your worth,
 And make your service known to Cynthia.
 It is the pride of Arete to grace
 Her studious lovers ; and (in scorn of time,
 Envy, and ignorance) to lift their state
 Above a vulgar height. True happiness
 Consists not in the multitude of friends,
 But in the worth and choice. Nor would I have
 Virtue a popular regard pursue :
 Let them be good that love me, though but few.

Cri. I kiss thy hands, divinest Arete,
 And vow my self to thee, and Cynthia.

SCENE

S C E N E V.

Amorphus, Asotus.

Amo. A little more forward : so, fir. Now go in, discloke your self, and come forth. Taylor, bestow thy absence upon us ; and be not prodigal of this secret, but to a dear customer. 'Tis well enter'd, fir. Stay, you come on too fast ; your pace is too impetuous. Imagine this to be the palace of your pleasure, or place where your lady is pleas'd to be seen. First, you present your self, thus : and spying her, you falloff, and walk some two turns ; in which time, it is to be suppos'd, your passion hath sufficiently whited your face ; then (stifling a sigh or two, and closing your lips) with a trembling boldness, and bold terror, * you advance your self forward. Prove thus much, I pray you.

Aso. Yes, fir, (pray Jove I can light on it.) Here, I come in, you say, and present my self ?

Amo. Good.

Aso. And then I spy her, and walk off ?

Amo. Very good.

Aso. Now, fir, I stifle, and advance forward ?

Amo. Trembling.

Aso. Yes, fir, trembling : I shall do it better when I come to it : And what must I speak now ?

Amo. Marry, you shall say ; dear beauty, or sweet honour, (or by what other title you please to remember her) methinks you are melancholy. This is, if she be alone now, and discompanied.

Aso. Well, fir, I'll enter again ; her title shall be, my dear Lindabrides.

* *With a trembling boldness, and bold terror ; you advance your self forward.*] To preserve the antithesis more literally, Mr. Theobald hath put in his margin, *annon, bold tremor* ; which must be acknowledged a very ingenious correction, though all the printed copies exhibit the present reading. Some modern critics would say, that if Jonson did not write so, he ought to have done ; and hence they take the trouble of doing it for him : but we suspend our judgment.

Amo.

Amo. Lindabrides?

Afo. I, sir, the emperor Alicandroe's daughter, and the prince Meridian's sister (in the knight of the sun) she should have been married to him, but that the princess Claridiana ———

Amo. O, you betray your reading.

Afo. Nay, sir, I have read history, I am a little humanitian. Interrupt me not, good sir. My dear Lindabrides, my dear Lindabrides, my dear Lindabrides, methinks you are melancholy.

Amo. I, and take her by the rosie-finger'd hand.

Afo. Must I so? O, my dear Lindabrides, methinks you are melancholy.

Amo. Or thus, sir. All variety of divine pleasures, choice sports, sweet musick, rich fare, brave attire, soft beds, and silken thoughts, attend this dear beauty.

Afo. Believe me, that's pretty. All variety of divine pleasures, choice sports, sweet musick, rich fare, brave attire, soft beds, and silken thoughts, attend this dear beauty.

Amo. And then, offering to kiss her hand, if she shall coyly recoil, and signifie your repulse; you are to re-enforce your self with, more than most fair lady, let not the rigour of your just disdain thus coarsly censure of your servant's zeal; and withal, protest her to be the only and absolute unparallel'd creature you do adore, and admire, and respect, and reverence, in this court, corner of the world, or kingdom.

Afo. This is hard, by my faith. I'll begin it all again.

Amo. Do so, and I will act it for your lady.

Afo. Will you vouchsafe, sir? All variety of divine pleasures, choice sports, sweet musick, rich fare, brave attire, soft beds, and silken thoughts attend this dear beauty.

Amo. So, sir, pray you away.

Afo. More than most fair lady, let not the rigour of your just disdain thus coarsly censure of your servant's zeal;

zeal; I protest you are the only, and absolute, unparalleled —

Amo. Unparallel'd.

Afo. Unparallel'd creatu I do adore, and admire, and respect, and reverence, in this court, corner of the world, or kingdom.

Amo. This is, if she abide you. But now, put the case she should be passant when you enter, as thus: you are to frame your gate thereafter, and call upon her, lady, nymph, sweet refuge, star of our court. Then if she be guardant, here; you are to come on, and (laterally disposing your self) swear by her blushing and well-coloured cheek, the bright dye of her hair, her ivory teeth (though they be ebony) or some such white and innocent oath, to induce you. If reguardant, then maintain your station, brisk, and irpe, shew the supple motion of your pliant body, but (in chief) of your knee, and hand, which cannot but arride her proud humour exceedingly.

Afo. I conceive you, sir, I shall perform all these things in good time, I doubt not, they do so hit me.

Amo. Well, sir, I am your lady; make use of any of these beginnings, or some other out of your own invention; and prove, how you can hold up, and follow it. Say, say.

Afo. Yes, sir. My dear Lindabrides —

Amo. No, you affect that Lindabrides too much; and (let me tell you) it is not so courtly. Your pedant should provide you some parcels of French, or some pretty commodity of Italian to commence with, if you would be exotick and exquisite.

Afo. Yes, sir, he was at my lodging t'other morning, I gave him a doublet.

Amo. Double your benevolence, and give him the hose too; clothe you his body, he will help to apparel your mind. But now, see what your proper genius
can

can perform alone, without adjection of any other Minerva.

Afo. I comprehend you, fir.

Amo. I do stand you, fir: fall back to your first place. Good, passing well; very properly pursu'd.

Afo. Beautiful, ambiguous, and sufficient lady, what! are you all alone?

Amo. We would be, fir, if you would leave us.

Afo. I am at your beauty's appointment, bright angel; but ———

Amo. What but?

Afo. No harm, more than most fair feature.

Amo. That touch relished well.

Afo. But, I protest ———

Amo. And why should you protest?

Afo. For good-will (dear esteem'd madam) and I hope your ladyship will so conceive of it:

And will, in time, return from your disdain,

And rue the suffrance of our friendly pain.

Amo. O, that piece was excellent! if you could pick out more of these play-particles, and (as occasion shall salute you) embroider or damask your discourse with them, persuade your soul, it would most judiciously commend you. Come, this was a well discharg'd and auspicious bout. Prove the second.

Afo. Lady, I cannot ruffle it in red and yellow.

Amo. Why, if you can revel it in white, fir, 'tis sufficient.

Afo. Say you so, sweet lady? "Lan, tede, de, de, "de, dant, dant, dant, dante, &c." No (in good faith) madam, whosoever told your ladyship so, abus'd you; but I would be glad to meet your ladyship in a measure.

Amo. Me, fir? belike you measure me by your self, then?

Afo. Would I might, fair feature.

Amo. And what were you the better, if you might?

Afo.

Afo. The better it please you to ask, fair lady.

Amo. Why, this was ravishing, and most acutely continu'd. Well, spend not your humour too much, you have now competently exercised your conceit : this (once or twice a day) will render you an accomplish'd, elaborate, and well levelled gallant. Convey in your courting-stock, we will (in the heat of this) go visit the nymphs chamber.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Pbantasie, Pbilautia, Argurion, Moria, Cupid.

Pba. **I** Would this water would arrive once, our travelling friend so commended to us.

Arg. So would I, for he has left all us in travel with expectation of it.

Pba. Pray Jove, I never rise from this couch, if ever I thirsted more for a thing in my whole time of being a courtier.

Pbi. Nor I, I'll be sworn : the very mention of it sets my lips in a worse heat, than if he had sprinkled them with mercury. Reach me the glass, sirrah.

Cup. Here, lady.

Mor. They do not peel, sweet charge, do they ?

Pbi. Yes, a little, guardian.

Mor. O, 'tis an eminent good sign. Ever when my lips do so, I am sure to have some delicious good drink or other approaching.

Arg. Marry, and this may be good for us ladies ; for (it seems) 'tis far set by their stay.

Mor. My palate for yours (dear honour) it shall prove most elegant, I warrant you : O, I do fancy this gear that's long a coming, with an unmeasurable strain.

Pba. Pray thee sit down, Philautia, that rebatu becomes thee singularly.

Pbi. Is't not quaint?

Pba. Yes faith. Methinks, thy servant Hedon is nothing so obsequious to thee, as he was wont to be: I know not how, he's grown out of his garb alate, he's warpt¹.

Mor. In trueness, and so methinks too; he's much converted.

Pbi. Tut, let him be what he will, 'tis an animal I dream not of. This tire (methinks) makes me look very ingeniously, quick, and spirited; I should be some Laura, or some Delia, methinks.

Mor. As I am wise (fair honours) that title she gave him, to be her ambition, spoil'd him: before, he was the most propitious and observant young novice —

Pba. No, no, you are the whole heaven awry, guardian; 'tis the swaggering coach-horse Anaides, draws with him there, has been the diverter of him.

Pbi. For Cupid's sake speak no more of him; would I might never dare to look in a mirror again, if I respect e're a marmaset of 'em all, otherwise than I would a feather, or my shittle-cock, to make sport with now and then.

Pba. Come, sit down; troth (an' you be good beauties) let's run over 'em all now: which is the proper'st man amongst them! I say, the traveller, Amorphus. —

Pbi. O, fie on him, he looks like a Venetian trumpeter, i' the battle of Lepanto², in the gallery yon.

¹ *He's grown out of his garb alate, he's WRAPT.*] The reading of the last edition: the true word *warpt*, exhibited by the first folio.

² *He looks like a Venetian trumpeter, i' the battle of Lepanto.*] Alluding to the famous sea fight between the Turks and Christians in the year 1571, in which the Turks were defeated. See PAULO PARUTA'S *History of Venice*, translated by the earl of Monmouth.

der; and speaks to the tune of a country lady, that comes ever i' the rereward, or train of a fashion.

Mor. I should have judgment in a feature, sweet beauties.

Pba. A body would think so, at these years.

Mor. And I prefer another now, far before him, a million at least.

Pba. Who might that be, guardian?

Mor. Marry (fair charge) Anaides.

Pba. Anaides! you talk'd of a tune Philautia, there's one speaks in a key; like the opening of some justice's gate, or a post-boy's horn, as if his voice fear'd an arrest for some ill words it should give, and were loth to come forth.

Pbi. I, and he has a very imperfect face.

Pba. Like a sea-monster, that were to ravish Andromeda from the rock.

Pbi. His hands too great too, by at least a straw's breadth.

Pba. Nay he has a worse fault than that, too:

Pbi. A long heel?

Pba. That were a fault in a lady, rather than him: no, they say, he puts off the calves of his legs, with his stockings, every night.

Pbi. Out upon him: turn to another of the pictures, for love's sake. What says Argurion? whom does she commend, afore the rest?

Cup. I hope, I have instructed her sufficiently for an answer.

Mor. Troth, I made the motion to her ladyship for one to day, i' the presence, but it appear'd she was otherways furnisht before: she would none.

Pba. Who was that, Argurion?

Mor. Marry, the poor plain gentleman, i' the black there.

Pba. Who, Crites?

Arg. I, I, he. A fellow that no body so much as
Z 2 look'd

look'd upon, or regarded, and she would have had me done him particular grace.

Pba. That was a true trick of your self, Moria, to persuade Argurion to affect the scholar.

Arg. Tut, but she shall be no chuser for me. In good faith, I like the citizen's son there, Asotus; methinks, none of them all come near him.

Pba. Not Hedon?

Arg. Hedon? in troth no. Hedon's a pretty slight courtier, and he wears his clothes well, and sometimes in fashion; marry his face is but indifferent, and he has no such excellent body. No, th' other is a most delicate youth, a sweet face, a straight body, a well-proportion'd leg and foot, a white hand, a tender voice.

Pbi. How now, Argurion?

Pba. O, you should have let her alone, she was bestowing a copy of him upon us. Such a nose were enough to make me love a man, now.

Pbi. And then his several colours, he wears; wherein he flourisheth changeably, every day.

Pba. O, but his short hair, and his narrow eyes!

Pbi. Why she doats more palpably upon him, than e'er his father did upon her.

Pba. Believe me, the young gentleman deserves it. If she could doat more, 'twere not amiss. He is an exceeding proper youth, and would have made a most neat barber-surgeon, if he had been put to it in time.

Pbi. Say you so? methinks he looks like a taylor already.

Pba. I, that had sayed on one of his customer's suits. His face is like a squeez'd orange, or —

Arg. Well, ladies, jest on: the best of you both would be glad of such a servant.

Mer. I, I'll be sworn would they, though he be a little shame-fac'd.

Pba.

Pba. Shame-fac'd, Moria! out upon him. Your shame-fac'd servant is your only gull.

Mor. Go to, beauties, make much of time, and place, and occasion, and opportunity, and favourites, and things that belong to 'em, for I'll ensure you, they will all relinquish; they cannot endure above another year; I know it out of future experience; and therefore take exhibition, and warning. I was once a reveller my self, and though I speak it (as mine own trumpet) I was then esteem'd —

Pbi. The very march-pane of the court¹, I warrant you?

Pba. And all the gallants came about you like flies, did they not?

Mor. Go to, they did somewhat, that's no matter now.

Pba. Nay, good Moria, be not angry. Put case that we four now had the grant from Juno, to wish our selves into what happy estate we could, what would you wish to be, Moria?

Mor. Who I? let me see now. I would wish to be a wise-woman, and know all the secrets of court, city, and country. I would know what were done behind the arras, what upon the stairs, what i' the garden, what i' the nymphs chamber, what by barge, and what by coach. I would tell you which courtier were scabbed, and which not; which lady had her own face to lye with her a nights, and which not; who put off their teeth with their clothes in court, who their hair, who their complexion; and in which box they put it. There should not a nymph, or a widow be got with child i' the verge, but I woud guess (within one or two) who was the right father; and in what month it

¹ *The very MARCH-BANE of the court.*] It should be *march-pane*; a confection made of pistachio nuts, almonds, sugar, &c. much esteemed in the poet's age. See PECK's *desiderata curiosa*, vol. 2. p. 29.

was gotten; with what words; and which way. I would tell you, which madam lov'd a monsieur, which a player, which a page; who slept with her husband, who with her friend, who with her gentleman-usher, who with her horse-keeper, who with her monkey, and who with all. Yes, and who jigg'd the cock too.

Pba. Fye, you'd tell all, Moria. If I should wish now, it should be to have your tongue out. But what says Philautia? who should she be?

Pbi. Troth, the very same I am. Only I would wish my self a little more command and sovereignty; that all the court were subject to my absolute beck, and all things in it depending on my look; as if there were no other heaven but in my smile, nor other hell but in my frown; that I might send for any man I list, and have his head cut off when I have done with him, or made an eunuch if he denied me; and if I saw a better face than mine own, I might have my doctor to poison it. What would you wish, Phantaste?

Pba. Faith, I cannot (readily) tell you what: but (methinks) I should wish my self all manner of creatures. Now I would be an empress, and by and by a dutchess; then a great lady of state, then one of your miscellany madams, then a waiting-woman, then your citizen's wife, then a coarse country gentlewoman, then a dairy-maid, then a shepherd's lass, then an empress again, or the queen of fairies: and thus I would prove the vicissitudes and whirl of pleasures about and again. As I were a shepherdess, I would be pip'd and sung to⁴; as a dairy wench, I would dance at may-poles, and make syllabubs; as a country gentlewoman, keep a good house, and come up to term to see motions; as a citizen's wife, be troubled with a jealous husband, and put to

⁴ *As I were a shepherdess, I wou'd be pip'd and sung too.*] In the last editions, a sentence is wanting after this, which the first folio thus supplieth. "as a dairy-wench, I wou'd dance at may-poles, and make syllabubs." And which the reader now sees in the text.
my

my shifts; (others miseries should be my pleasures.) As a waiting-woman, I would taste my lady's delights to her; as a miscellany madam, invent new tires, and go visit courtiers; as a great lady, lye a-bed, and have courtiers visit me; as a dutchess, I would keep my state; and as an empress, I'd do any thing. And, in all these shapes, I would ever be follow'd with th' affections of all that see me. Marry, I my self would affect none; or if I did, it should not be heartily, but so as I might save my self in 'em still, and take pride in tormenting the poor wretches. Or, (now I think on't) I would, for one year, wish my self one woman, but the richest, fairest, and delicatest in a kingdom, the very center of wealth and beauty, wherein all lines of love should meet; and in that person I would prove all manner of suiters, of all humours, and of all complexions, and never have any two of a sort: I would see how love (by the power of his object) could work inwardly alike, in a cholerick man and a sanguine, in a melancholick and a phlegmatick, in a fool and a wise man, in a clown and a courtier, in a valiant man and a coward; and how he could vary outward, by letting this gallant express himself in dumb gaze; another with sighing, and rubbing his fingers; a third, with play-ends and pitiful verses; a fourth, with stabbing himself, and drinking healths, or writing languishing letters in his blood; a fifth, in colour'd ribbands and good clothes; with this lord to smile, and that lord to court, and the t'other lord to dote, and one lord to hang himself. And then, I to have a book made of all this, which I would call the book of humours, and every night read a little piece, e'er I slept, and laugh at it. Here comes Hedon.

S C E N E II.

Hedon, Anaides, Mercury, Phantaste, Philautia, Moria, Argurion, Cupid.

Hed. Save you, sweet and clear beauties : by the spirit that moves in me, you are all most pleasingly bestow'd, ladies. Only I can take it for no good omen, to find mine honour so dejected.

Pbi. You need not fear, sir ; I did of purpose humble my self against your coming, to decline the pride of my ambition.

Hed. Fair honour, ambition dares not stoop ; but if it be your sweet pleasure I shall lose that title, I will (as I am Hedon) apply my self to your bounties.

Pbi. That were the next way to dis-title my self of honour. O, no, rather be still ambitious, I pray you.

Hed. I will be any thing that you please, whilst it pleaseth you to be your self, lady. Sweet Phantaste, dear Moria, most beautiful Argurion —

Ana. Farewel, Hedon.

Hed. Anaides, stay, whither go you ?

Ana. 'Slight, what should I do here ? an' you engross 'em all for your own use, 'tis time for me to seek out.

Hed. I engross 'em ? away, mischief, this is one of your extravagant jests now, because I began to salute 'em by their names —

Ana. Faith, you might have spar'd us madam Prudence, the guardian there, though you had more covetously aim'd at the rest.

Hed. 'Sheart, take 'em all man : what speak you to me of aiming or covetous ?

Ana. I, say you so ? nay, then, have at 'em : ladies, here's one hath distinguish'd you by your names already. It shall only become me to ask how you do.

Hed.

Hed. Gods so, was this the design you travel'd with?

Pba. Who answers the brazen head? it spoke to some body.

Ana. Lady Wisdome, do you interpret for these puppets?

Mer. In truth and sadness (honours) you are in great offence for this. Go too; the gentleman (I'll undertake with him) is a man of fair living, and able to maintain a lady in her two caroches a day*, besides pages, monkeys and parachitoes, with such attendants as she shall think meet for her turn; and therefore there is more respect requirable, howsoe'er you seem to connive. Hark you, sir, let me discourse a syllable with you. I am to say to you, these ladies are not of that close and open behaviour, as haply you may suspend^s, their carriage is well known to be such as it should be, both gentle and extraordinary.

Mer. O, here comes the other pair.

* *Able to maintain a lady in her two CAROCHES a day.*] The quarto of 1601 reads *two coaches*, but that is only a smoother way of pronouncing the genuine word. It is generally agreed that chariots were first used in Italy, and from thence made their way into the northern parts of Europe. The Italian *carrozza* is said to be a corruption of *carro rosso*, a red carriage: for it was an antient custom amongst the Florentines, when they went to war, to have chariots painted red, with a white cross upon them; and these came afterwards to be used by the men of quality, on all occasions. From thence comes the French word, *carosse* a chariot, and the old English *caroche*. Both the name and thing seem to have been first current in France, a little before our author's time: and the first coach was brought into England by a german artist, in the reign of queen Elizabeth, who had been seven years a queen before she had a coach to ride in.

^s *These ladies are not of that CLOSE and OPEN behaviour, as haply you may SUSPEND.*] I imagine that the poet intended a similar idea in his epithets *close* and *open*, which at present they are very far from giving. *Loose* comes so near the letters of the first word, and appears so apposite to the sense, that the reader probably may think with me, it was really the word designed. *Suspend* has the sense of *suspect*, if it should not be after all the juster reading.

SCENE

S C E N E III.

Amorphus, Afoetus, Hedon, Anaides, Mercury, Cupid, Morus, Phantaste, Philautia, Argurion, Moria.

Amo. That was your father's love, the nymph Argurion. I would have you direct all your courtship thither; if you could but endear your self to her affection, you were eternally engallanted.

Afo. In truth, sir? pray Phœbus I prove favourable in her fair eyes,

Amo. All divine mixture, and increase of beauty to this bright bevy of ladies; and to the male courtiers, compliment and courtesie.

Hed. In the behalf of the males, I gratify you, Amorphus.

Pha. And I of the females.

Amo. Succinctly return'd. I do veil to both your thanks, and kiss them; but primarily to yours, most ingenious, acute, and polite lady.

Phi. Gods my life, how he does all-to-bequalify her! ingenious, acute, and polite! as if there was not others in place as ingenious, acute, and polite as she.

Hed. Yes, but you must know, lady, he cannot speak out of a dictionary method.

Pha. Sit down, sweet Amorphus: when will this water come, think you?

Amo. It cannot now be long, fair lady.

Cup. Now observe, Mercury.

Afo. How! most ambiguous beauty? love you? that I will by this handkerchief.

Mer. 'Slid, he draws his oaths out of his pocket.

Arg. But will you be constant?

Afo. Constant, madam? I will not say for constantness; but by this purse (which I would be loth to swear by, unless it were embroider'd) I protest (more than

CYNTHIA'S Revels.

than most fair lady) you are the only absolute, and unparallel'd creature, I do adore, and admire, and respect, and reverence in this court, corner of the world, or kingdom: methinks you are melancholy.

Arg. Does your heart speak all this?

Afo. Say you?

Mer. O, he is groping for another oath.

Afo. Now by this watch (I marle how forward the day is) I do unfeignedly vow my self (s'light, 'tis deeper than I took it, past five) yours entirely addicted, madam.

Arg. I require no more, dearest Afotus; henceforth let me call you mine, and in remembrance of me, vouchsafe to wear this chain and this diamond.

Afo. O God, sweet lady!

Cup. There are new oaths for him: what? doth Hermes taste no alteration in all this?

Mer. Yes, thou hast strook Argurion enamour'd on Afotus, methinks.

Cup. Alas, no; I am no body, I; I can do nothing in this disguise.

Mer. But thou hast not wounded any of the rest, Cupid.

Cup. Not yet; it is enough that I have begun so prosperously.

Arg. Nay, these are nothing to the gems I will hourly bestow upon thee; be but faithful and kind to me, and I will lade thee with my richest bounties: behold, here my bracelets, from mine arms.

Afo. Not so, good lady, by this diamond.

Arg. Take 'em, wear 'em; my jewels, chain of pearl, pendants, all I have.

Afo. Nay then, by this pearl you make me a wanton.

Cup. Shall she not answer for this, to maintain him thus in swearing?

Mer. O no, there is a way to wean him from this, the gentleman may be reclaim'd.

Cup.

Cup. I, if you had the airing of his apparel, couz, I think.

Afo. Loving? 'twere pity I should be living else, believe me. Save you sir, save you sweet lady, save you monsieur Anaides, save you dear madam.

Ana. Dost thou know him that saluted thee, Hedon?

Hed. No, some idle Fungoso, that hath got above the cupboard since yesterday.

Ana. 'Slud, I never saw him till this morning, and he salutes me as familiarly as if we had known together since the deluge, or the first year of Troy-action.

Amo. A most right-handed and auspicious encounter. Confine yourself to your fortunes.

Pbi. For sports sake let's have some riddles or purposes; hough.

Pba. No faith, your prophecies are best, the t'other are stale.

Pbi. Prophecies? we cannot all sit in at them; we shall make a confusion. No; what call'd you that we had in the forenoon?

Pba. Substantives and adjectives, is't not Hedon?

Pbi. I, that; who begins?

Pba. I have thought; speak your adjectives, sirs.

Pbi. But do not you change then.

Pba. Not I. Who says?

Mor. Odoriferous.

Pbi. Popular.

Arg. Humble.

Ana. White-liver'd.

Hed. Barbarous.

Amo. Pythagorical.

Hed. Yours, signior.

Afo. What must I do, sir?

Amo. Give forth your adjective with the rest; as prosperous, good, fair, sweet, well——

Hed. Any thing that hath not been spoken.

Afo.

Afo. Yes, sir, well-spoken shall be mine.

Pba. What, ha' you all done ?

All. I.

Pba. Then the substantive is breeches. Why odoriferous breeches, guardian ?

Mor. Odoriferous, because odoriferous ; that which contains most variety of savour and smell we say is most odoriferous : now breeches, I presume, are incident to that variety, and therefore odoriferous breeches.

Pba. Well, we must take it howsoever. Who's next ? Philautia ?

Pbi. Popular.

Pba. Why popular breeches ?

Pbi. Marry, that is, when they are not content to be generally noted in court, but will press forth on common stages and brokers stalls, to the publick view of the world.

Pba. Good. Why humble breeches, Argurion ?

Arg. Humble ? because they use to be sat upon ; besides, if you tie 'em not up, their property is to fall down about your heels.

Mer. She has worn the breeches, it seems, which have done so.

Pba. But why white-liver'd ?

Ana. Why ? are not their linings white ? besides, when they come in swaggering company, and will pocket up any thing, may they not properly be said to be white-liver'd ?

Pba. O yes, we must not deny it. And why barbarous, Hedon ?

Hed. Barbarous ? because commonly, when you have worn your breeches sufficiently, you give them to your barber.

Amo. That's good ; but how pythagorical ?

Pbi. I, Amorphus, why pythagorical breeches ?

Amo.

Amo. O most kindly of all ; 'tis a conceit of that fortune, I am bold to hug my brain for.

Pba. How is't, exquisite Amorphus ?

Amo. O, I am wrapt with it, 'tis so fit, so proper, so happy——

Pbi. Nay do not rack us thus.

Amo. I never truly relisht my self before. Give me your ears. Breeches pythagorical, by reason of their transmigration into several shapes.

Mor. Most rare, in sweet troth. Marry this young gentleman, for his well-spoken——

Pba. I, why well-spoken breeches ?

Afo. Well-spoken ? marry, well-spoken, because—whatsoever they speak is well-taken ; and whatsoever is well-taken is well-spoken.

Mor. Excellent ! believe me.

Afo. Not so ladies, neither.

Hed. But why breeches, now ?

Pba. Breeches, *quasi* bear-iches ; when a gallant bears all his riches in his breeches.

Amo. Most fortunately etymologiz'd.

Pba. 'Nay, we have another sport afore this, of "A thing done, and who did it, &c."

Pbi. I, good Phantaste, let's have that : distribute the places.

Pba. Why, I imagine, "A thing done ;" Hedon thinks "Who did it ; Moria, with what it was done ;" Anaides, where it was done ; Argurion, when it was done ; Amorphus, for what cause was it done ; "you Philautia, what followed upon the doing of it ;" and this gentleman, who would have done it better." What ? is't conceiv'd about ?

⁶ *Pha.* Nay, we have another sport afore this, &c.] The preceding and following sport, as the author calls it, was probably the diversion of the age, and of the same stamp with our modern *cross-purposes*, or *questions and commands* ; but trifling as it is, Jonson is not to be censured for representing his courtiers as they really were.

All.

All. Yes, yes.

Pba. Then speak you, fir, "Who would have done
"it better?"

Afo. How! does it begin at me?

Pba. Yes, fir: this play is called the Crab, it goes
backward.

Afo. May I not name my self?

Pba. If you please, fir, and dare abide the venture
of it.

Afo. Then I would have done it better, whatever
it is.

Pba. No doubt on't, fir: a good confidence. What
followed upon the act, Philautia.

Pbi. A few heat drops, and a month's mirth.

Pba. For what cause, Amorphus?

Amo. For the delight of ladies.

Pba. When, Argurion?

Arg. Last progress.

Pba. Where, Anaides?

Ana. Why, in a pair of pain'd slops.

Pba. With what, Moria?

Mor. With a glyster.

Pba. Who, Hedon?

Hed. A traveller.

Pba. Then the thing done was, an oration was made.
Rehearse. An oration was made.

Hed. By a traveller.

Mor. With a glyster.

Ana. In a pair of pain'd slops.

Arg. Last progress,

Amo. For the delight of ladies.

Pbi. A few heat drops, and a month's mirth fol-
lowed.

Pba. And, this silent gentleman would have done
it better.

Afo. This was not so good, now.

Pbi. In good faith, these unhappy pages would be whipt for staying thus.

Mor. Beshrew my hand, and my heart else.

Amo. I do wonder at their protraction!

Ana. Pray Venus my whore have not discover'd her self to the rascally boys, and that be the cause of their stay.

Afo. I must suit myself with another page: this idle Prosaite will never be brought to wait well.

Mor. Sir, I have a kinsman I could willingly wish to your service, if you will deign to accept of him.

Afo. And I shall be glad (most sweet lady) to embrace him: where is he?

Mor. I can fetch him, sir, but I would be loth to make you to turn away your other page.

Afo. You shall not, most sufficient lady, I will keep both: pray you let's go see him.

Arg. Whither goes my love?

Afo. I'll return presently, I go but to see a page with this lady.

Ana. As sure as fate, 'tis so; she has opened all: a pox of all cockatrices. Dam' me, if she have play'd loose with me, I'll cut her throat, within a hair's breadth, so it may be heal'd again.

Mer. What is he jealous of his hermaphrodite?

Cup. O, I, this will be excellent sport.

Pbi. Phantaste! Argurion! what? you are suddenly struck, methinks! for love's sake let's have some musick till they come. Ambition, reach the lyra, I pray you.

Hed. Any thing to which my honour shall direct me.

Pbi. Come, Amorphus, cheer up, Phantaste.

Amo. It shall be my pride, fair lady, to attempt all that is in my power. But here is an instrument that (alone) is able to infuse soul into the most melancholick

lick and dull-disposed creature upon earth. O! let me
kiss thy fair knees. Beauteous ears attend it.

Hed. Will you have the Kiss, Honour?

Pbi. I, good Ambition.

S O N G.

“O, That joy so soon should waste!
“ Or so sweet a bliss

“ As a kiss,

“ Might not for ever last!

“ So sugred, so melting, so soft, so delicious,

“ The dew that lyes on roses,

“ When the morn herself discloses,

“ Is not so precious.

“ O rather than I would it smother,

“ Were I to taste such another;

“ It should be my wishing

“ That I might die kissing.”

Hed. I made this ditty, and the note to it, upon a
kiss that my honour gave me; how like you it, sir?

Amo. A pretty air; in general, I like it well: but
in particular, your long die-note did arride me most,
but it was somewhat too long. I can shew one almost
of the same nature, but much before it, and not so
long, in a composition of mine own. I think I have
both the note and ditty about me.

Hed. Pray you, sir, see.

Amo. Yes, there is the note; and all the parts, if I
mis-think not. I will read the ditty to your beauties
here; but first I am to make you familiar with the
occasion, which presents it self thus. Upon a time
going to take my leave of the emperor, and kiss his
great hands; there being then present the kings of
France, and Arragon, the dukes of Savoy, Florence,
Orleans, Bourbon, Brunswick, the Lantgrave, Count

Palatine; all which had severally feasted me; besides, infinite more of inferiour persons, as counts and others: it was my chance (the emperor detained by some exorbitant affair) to wait him the fifth part of an hour, or much near it. In which time (retiring my self into a bay-window) the beauteous lady Annabel, niece to the empress, and sister to the King of Arragon, who having never before eyed me, (but only heard the common report of my virtue, learning, and travel) fell into that extremity of passion for my love, that she there immediately swooned: physicians were sent for, she had to her chamber, so to her bed; where (languishing some few days) after many times calling upon me, with my name in her lips, she expir'd. As that (I must mourningly say) is the only fault of my fortune, that, as it hath ever been my hap to be sued to, by all ladies and beauties, where I have come; so I never yet sojourn'd, or rested in that place, or part of the world, where some high-born, admirable, fair feature died not for my love.

Mer. O, the sweet power of travel! are you guilty of this, Cupid?

Cup. No, Mercury, and that his page Cos knows, if he were here present to be sworn.

Pbi. But how doth this draw on the ditty, sir?

Mer. O, she is too quick with him; he hath not devis'd that yet.

Amo. Marry, some hour before she departed, she bequeath'd to me this glove: which golden legacy, the emperor himself took care to send after me, in six coaches, cover'd all with black velvet, attended by the state of his empire; all which he freely presented me with: and I reciprocally (out of the same bounty) gave to the lords that brought it: only reserving the gift of the deceas'd lady, upon which I compos'd this Ode, and set it to my most affected instrument, the Lyra.

SONG.

S O N G.

" **T**HOU more than most sweet glove,
 " Unto my more sweet love,
 " Suffer me to store with kisses
 " This empty lodging that now misses
 " The pure rosie hand, that wear thee,
 " Whiter than the kid than bare thee.
 " Thou art soft, but that was softer;
 " Cupid's self hath kist it ofter
 " Than e'er he did his mother's doves,
 " Supposing her the queen of loves,
 " That was thy mistress,
 " Best of gloves.

Mer. Blasphemy, blasphemy, Cupid.

Cup. I, I'll revenge it time enough, Hermes.

Pbi. Good Amorphus, let's hear it sung.

Amo. I care not to admit that, since it pleaseth Philautia to request it.

Hed. Here, sir.

[*After he hath sung.*

Amo. Nay, play it, I pray you, you do well, you do well—How like you it, sir?

Hed. Very well in troth.

Amo. But very well? O, you are a meer Mammothrept in judgment, then. Why, do you not observe how excellently the ditty is affected in every place? that I do not marry a word of short quantity to a long note? nor an ascending syllable to a descending tone? Besides, upon the word (best) there, you see how I do enter with an odd *minnum*, and drive it through the *brief*, which no intelligent musician (I know) but will affirm to be very rare, extraordinary, and pleasing.

Mer. And yet not fit to lament the death of a lady, for all this.

Cup. Tut, here be they will swallow any thing.

Pba. Pray you, let me have a copy of it, Amorphus.

Pbi. And me too, in troth, I like it exceedingly.

Ano. I have denied it to princes, nevertheless to you (the true female twins of perfection) I am won to depart with all.

Hed. I hope, I shall have my honours copy.

Pba. You are ambitious in that, Hedon.

Ano. How now, Anaides! what is it hath conjured up this distemperature in the circle of your face?

[Who is return'd from seeking his page.]

Ana. Why, what have you to do? A pox upo' your filthy travelling face, hold your tongue.

Hed. Nay, do'st hear, Mischief?

Ana. Away, Musk cat.

Ano. I say to thee thou art rude, debauched, impudent, coarse, impolish'd, a frapler, and base.

Hed. Heart of my father, what a strange alteration has half a year's haunting of ordinaries wrought in this fellow! that came with a tuff-taffata jerkin to town but the other day, and a pair of pennyless hose, and now he is turn'd Hercules, he wants but a club.

Ana. Sir, you with the pencil on your chin; I will garter my hose with your guts, and that shall be all.

Mer. 'Slid, what rare fire-works be here? flash, flash.

Pba. What's the matter, Hedon? can you tell?

Hed. Nothing, but that he lacks crowns, and thinks we'll lend him some to be friends.

Afo. Come sweet lady, in good truth I'll have it, you shall not deny me. Morus, persuade your aunt I may have her picture, by any means.

[Afoetus returns with Moria and Morus.]

Mo. Yea, sir: good aunt now, let him have it, he will use me the better; if you love me, do good aunt.

Mer. Well, tell him he shall have it.

Mo. Master, you shall have it, she says.

Afo. Shall I? thank her, good page.

Cup.

Cup. What, has he entertain'd the fool?

Mer. I, he'll wait close, you shall see, though the beggar hang off a while.

Mo. Aunt, my master thanks you.

Mor. Call him hither.

Mo. Yes, master.

Mor. Yes, in verity, and gave me this purse, and he has promis'd me a most fine dog, which he will have drawn with my picture, he says: and desires most vehemently to be known to your ladyships.

Pba. Call him hither, 'tis good groping such a gull.

Mo. Master Asotus, master Asotus.

Afo. For love's sake, let me go: you see, I am call'd to the ladies.

Arg. Wilt thou forsake me then?

Afo. God so, what would you have me do?

Mor. Come hither, master Asotus. I do ensure your ladyships, he is a gentleman of a very worthy desert: and of a most bountiful nature. You must shew and insinuate your self responsible, and equivalent now to my commendment. Good honours grace him.

Afo. I protest (more than most fair ladies) I do wish all variety of divine pleasures, choice sport, sweet musick, rich fare, brave attire, soft beds, and silken thoughts, attend these fair beauties. Will it please your ladyship to wear this chain of pearl, and this diamond, for my sake?

Arg. O.

Afo. And you, madam, this jewel and pendants.

Arg. O.

Pba. We know not how to deserve these bounties, out of so slight merit, Asotus.

Pbi. No, in faith, but there's my glove for a favour.

Pba. And soon after the revels, I will bestow a garter on you.

Afo. O Lord, ladies! it is more grace than ever I could have hop'd, but that it pleaseth your ladyships

to extend. I protest, it is enough, that you but take knowledge of my——if your ladyships want embroidered gowns, tires of any fashion, rebatues, jewels, or carkanets, any thing whatsoever, if you vouchsafe to accept——

Cup. And for it they will help you to shoe-ties, and devices.

Afo. I cannot utter myself (dear beauties) but, you can conceive——

Arg. O.

Pba. Sir, we will acknowledge your service, doubt not, henceforth, you shall be no more Asotus to us, but our gold-finch, and we your cages.

Afo. O Venus! madams! how shall I deserve this? if I were but made acquainted with Hedon, now, I'll try: pray you away.

Mer. How he prays Money to go away from him!

Afo. Amorphus, a word with you; here's a watch I would bestow upon you, pray you make me known to that gallant.

Amo. That I will, sir. Monsieur Hedon, I must entreat you to exchange knowledge with this gentleman.

Hed. 'Tis a thing (next to the water we expect) I thirst after, sir. Good monsieur Asotus.

Afo. Good monsieur Hedon, I would be glad to be lov'd of men of your rank and spirit, I protest. Please you to accept this pair of bracelets, sir; they are not worth the bestowing——

Mer. O Hercules, how the gentleman purchases! this must needs bring Argurion to a consumption.

Hed. Sir, I shall never stand in the merit of such bounty, I fear.

Afo. O Venus, sir; your acquaintance shall be sufficient. And if at any time you need my bill, or my bond——

Arg. O, O.

[*Argurion swoons.*
Amo.

Ano. Help the lady there.

Mor. Gods-dear, Argurion! madam, how do you?

Arg. Sick.

Pba. Have her forth, and give her air.

Afo. I come again straight, ladies.

Mer. Well, I doubt, all the physick he has will scarce recover her; she's too far spent.

S C E N E IV.

Philautia, Gelaia, Anaides, Cos, Prosaites, Phantaste, Moria, Amorphus, Hedon.

Pbi. O here's the water come; fetch glasses, page.

Gel. Heart of my body, here's a coil indeed, with your jealous humours: nothing but whore and bitch, and all the villanous swaggering names you can think on? 'Slid, take your bottle, and put it in your guts for me, I'll see you poxt 'ere I follow you any longer.

Ana. Nay, good punk, sweet rascal; dam me if I am jealous now.

Gel. That's true indeed; pray let's go.

Mor. What's the matter, there?

Gel. 'Slight he has me upon interrogatories, (nay, my mother shall know how you use me) where I have been? and why I should stay so long, and, how is't possible? and withal calls me at his pleasure I know not how many cockatrices, and things.

Mor. In truth and sadness, these are no good epitaphs, Anaides, to bestow upon any gentlewoman; and (I'll ensure you) if I had known you would have dealt thus with my daughter, she should never have fancied you so deeply as she has done. Go too.

Ana. Why, do you hear, mother Moria? Heart!

Mor. Nay, I pray you, sir, do not swear.

Ana. Swear? why? I have sworn afore now, I hope

hope ? Both you and your daughter mistake me. I have not honour'd Arete, that is held the worthiest lady in court (next to Cynthia) with half that observance and respect, as I have done her in private, howsoever outwardly I have carried myself careless, and negligent. Come, you are a foolish punk, and know not when you are well employed. Kiss me, come on; do it I say.

Mor. Nay, indeed, I must confess, she is apt to misprision. But I must have you leave it, minion.

Amo. How now, Asotus ? how does the lady ?

Aso. Faith, ill. I have left my page with her, at her lodging.

Hed. O here's the rarest water that ever was tasted : fill him some.

Pro. What ! has my master a new page ?

Mer. Yes, a kinsman of the lady Moria's : you must wait better now, or you are cashiered, Prosaïtes.

Ana. Come, gallants, you must pardon my foolish humour ; when I am angry, that any thing crosses me, I grow impatient straight. Here, I drink to you.

Pbi. O, that we had five or six bottles more of this liquor.

Pba. Now I commend your judgment, Amorphus ; who's that knocks ? look, page.

Mor. O, most delicious ; a little of this would make Argurion well.

Pba. O, no, give her no cold drink, by any means.

Ana. This water is the spirit of wine, I'll be hang'd

Eqs. Here's the lady Arete, madam. [else.

7 *Swear ? why ? I have sworn afore now. I hope.*] The expletive inserted in the elder folio, renders the expression more humorous :

Swear ? why ? s'lood, I have sworn afore now.

SCENE

S C E N E V.

Arete, Moria, Phantaste, Philautia, Anaides, Gelaia, Cos, Profaites, Amorphus, Afetus, Hedon, Mercury, Cupid.

Are. What, at your bever, gallants?

Mor. Will't please your ladyship to drink? 'tis of the new fountain water.

Are. Not I, Moria, I thank you. Gallants, you are for this night free to your peculiar delights; Cynthia will have no sports: when she is pleas'd to come forth, you shall have knowledge. In the mean time, I could wish you did provide for solemn revels³, and some unlook'd-for device of wit, to entertain her, against she should vouchsafe to grace your pastimes with her presence.

Amo. What say you to a mask?

Hed. Nothing better, if the project were new and rare.

Are. Why, I'll send for Crites, and have his advice: be you ready in your endeavours: he shall discharge you of the inventive part.

Pba. But will not your ladyship stay?

Are. Not now, Phantaste.

Pbi. Let her go, I pray you, good lady Sobriety. I am glad we are rid of her.

Pba. What a set face the gentlewoman has, as she were still going to a sacrifice?

Pbi. O, she is the extraction of a dozen of puritans, for a look.

Mor. Of all nymphs i' the court, I cannot away with her; 'tis the coarsest thing——

Pbi. I wonder how Cynthia can affect her so above

³ You did provide for a solemn revels.] Perhaps for should be read *some*; though the sense is perfect either way.

the rest! Here be they are every way as fair as she, and a thought fairer, I trow.

Pba. I, and as ingenious and conceited as she.

Mor. I, and as politick as she, for all she sets such a forehead on't.

Pbi. Would I were dead, if I would change to be Cynthia.

Pba. Or I.

Mor. Or I.

Amor. And there's her minion Crites! why his advice mote than Amorphus? have not I invention afore him? learning to better that invention above him? and infanted with pleasant travel——

Ana. Death, what talk you of his learning? he understands no more than a school-boy; I have put him down myself a thousand times (by this air) and yet I never talk'd with him but twice in my life: you never saw his like. I could never get him to argue with me but once, and then, because I could not construe an author I quoted at first sight, he went away, and laugh'd at me. By Hercules, I scorn him, as I do the foddren nymph that was here e'en now, his mistress Arete: and I love my self for nothing else.

Hed. I wonder the fellow does not hang himself, being thus scorn'd and contemn'd of us that are held the most accomplish'd society of gallants.

Mer. By your selves, none else.

Hed. I protest, if I had no musick in me, no courtship, that I were not a reveller and could dance, or had not those excellent qualities that give a man life and perfection, but a meer poor scholar as he is, I think I should make some desperate way with my self; whereas now, (would I might never breathe more,) if I do know that creature in this kingdom with whom I would change.

Cup. This is excellen: twell, I must alter all this soon?

Mer. Look you do, Cupid. The bottles have wrought, it seems.

Afo. O, I am sorry the revels are crost. I should ha' tickled it soon. I did never appear till then. 'Slid, I am the neatliest-made gallant i' the company, and have the best presence; and my dancing — well, I know what our usher said to me last time I was at the school: would I might have led Philautia in the measures, an' it had been the gods will. I am most worthy, I am sure.

Morus. Master, I can tell you news; the lady kifs'd me yonder, and plaid with me, and says she lov'd you once as well as she does me, but that you cast her off.

Afo. Peace, my most esteemed page.

Morus. Yes.

Afo. What luck is this, that our revels are dash'd? now was I beginning to glister, i' the very highway of preferment. An' Cynthia had but seen me dance a strain, or do but one trick, I had been kept in court, I should never have needed to look towards my friends agen.

Amo. Contain your self, you were a fortunate young man, if you knew your own good; which I have now projected, and will presently multiply upon you. Beauties and valours, your vouchsaf'd applause to a motion. The humorous Cynthia hath, for this night, withdrawn the light of your delight —

Pba. 'Tis true, Amorphus; what may we do to redeem it?

Amo. Redeem that we cannot, but to create a new flame is in our power. Here is a gentleman, my scholar, whom (for some private reasons me specially mov-

⁹ This is excellent well; I must alter all this soon.] The first folio gives it in this manner: This is excellent: well, I must alter all this soon.

ing) I am covetous to gratifie with title of master in the noble and subtil science of courtship: for which grace, he shall this night in court, and in the long gallery, hold his public act, by open challenge, to all masters of the mystery whatsoever, to play at the four choice and principal weapons thereof, viz. the bare accost, the better regard, the solemn address, and the perfect close. What say you?

All. Excellent, excellent, Amorphus.

Amo. Well, let us then take our time by the forehead: I will instantly have bills drawn, and advanc'd in every angle of the court. Sir, betray not your too much joy. Anaides, we must mix this gentleman with you in acquaintance, monsieur Asotus.

Ana. I am easily entreated to grace any of your friends, Amorphus.

Aso. Sir, and his friends shall likewise grace you, sir. Nay, I begin to know my self now.

Amo. O, you must continue your bounties.

Aso. Must I? why, I'll give him this ruby on my finger. Do you hear, sir? I do heartily wish your acquaintance, and I partly know my self worthy of it; please you, sir, to accept this poor ruby in a ring, sir. The poesie is of my own device, *Let this blush for me*, sir.

Ana. So it must for me too, for I am not asham'd to take it.

Morus. Sweet man! by my troth, master, I love you, will you love me too? for my aunt's sake? I'll wait well, you shall see. I'll still be here. Would I might never stir, but you are a fine man in these clothes; master, shall I have 'em when you have done with them?

Aso. As for that, Morus, thou shalt see more hereafter; in the mean time, by this air, or by this feather, I'll do as much for thee, as any gallant shall do
for

for his page, whatsoever, in this court, corner of the world, or kingdom.

Mer. I wonder this gentleman should affect to keep a fool! methinks he makes sport enough with himself.

Cup. Well, Profaites, 'twere good you did wait closer.

Pro. I, I'll look to it; 'tis time.

Cof. The revels would have been most sumptuous to night, if they had gone forward.

Mer. They must needs, when all the choicest singularities of the court were up in pantofles; ne'er a one of them but was able to make a whole shew of it self.

Afo. Sirrah, a torch, a torch.

[*twitbin.*

Pro. O, what a call is there! I will have a canzonet made, with nothing in it but sirrah; and the burthen shall be, I come.

Mer. How now, Cupid, how do you like this change?

Cup. Faith, the thread of my device is crack'd, I may go sleep 'till the revelling musick awake me.

Mer. And then too, Cupid, without you had prevented the fountain. Alas, poor god, that remembers not self-love to be proof against the violence of his quiver! Well, I have a plot upon these prizers, for which I must presently find out Crites, and with his assistance pursue it to a high strain of laughter, or Mercury hath lost of his metal.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Mercury, Crites.

Mer. IT is resolv'd on, Crites, you must do it.

Cri. The grace divinest Mercury hath done
In this vouchsaf'd discovery of himself, [me,
Binds my observance in the utmost term

Of

Of satisfaction to his godly will :
 Though I profess (without the affectation
 Of an enforc'd and form'd austerity)
 I could be willing to enjoy no place
 With so unequal natures.

Mer. We believe it.

But for our sake, and to inflict just pains
 On their prodigious follies, aid us now :
 No man is, presently, made bad, with ill.
 And good men, like the sea, should still maintain
 Their noble taste, in midst of all fresh humours
 That flow about them, to corrupt their streams,
 Bearing no season, much less salt of goodness.
 It is our purpose, Crites, to correct,
 And punish, with our laughter, this night's sport,
 Which our court-dors so heartily intend :
 And by that worthy scorn, to make them know
 How far beneath the dignity of man
 Their serious and most practis'd actions are.

Cri. I, but though Mercury can warrant out
 His undertakings, and make all things good,
 Out of the powers of his divinity,
 Th' offence will be return'd with weight on me,
 That am a creature so despis'd and poor ;
 When the whole court shall take it self abus'd
 By our ironical confederacy.

Mer. You are deceiv'd. The better race in court,
 That have the true nobility call'd virtue,
 Will apprehend it, as a grateful right
 Done to their separate merit ; and approve
 The fit rebuke of so ridiculous heads,
 Who with their apish customs and forc'd garbs,
 Would bring the name of courtier in contempt,
 Did it not live unblemish'd in some few,
 Whom equal Jove hath lov'd, and Phœbus form'd
 Of better metal, and in better mould.

Cri. Well, since my leader-on is Mercury,

I shall

I shall not fear to follow. If I fall,
My proper virtue shall be my relief,
That follow'd such a cause and such a chief.

S C E N E II.

Afotus, Amorphus.

Afo. No more, if you love me, good master; you are incompatible to live withal: send me for the ladies.

Amo. Nay, but intend me.

Afo. Fear me not; I warrant you, sir.

Amo. Render not your self a refractory on the sudden. I can allow well, you should repute highly, heartily (and to the most) of your own endowments; it gives you forth to the world the more assur'd: but with reservation of an eye, to be always turn'd dutifully back upon your teacher.

Afo. Nay, good sir, leave it to me. Trust me with trussing all the points of this action, I pray. 'Slid, I hope we shall find wit to perform the science, as well as another.

Amo. I confess you to be of an apted¹ and docible humour. Yet there are certain puntilios, or (as I may more nakedly insinuate them) certain intrinsecate strokes and wards, to which your activity is not yet amounted, as your gentile dor in colours. For supposition, your mistress appears here in prize, ribbanded with green and yellow; now it is the part of every obsequious servant, to be sure to have daily about him copy and variety of colours, to be presently answerable to any

¹ I confess you to be of an *aped* and docible humour.] Here appears to be a mistake in the word *aped*, and I am glad to have Mr. Theobald's conjecture in support of my own. I imagined that *aped* was the true word; and confirmed by his authority, it has now a place in the text. *Apted*, in the age of Jonson, meant the same as the modern abbreviation, *apt*.

hourly

hourly or half-hourly change in his mistress's revolution —

Afo. (I know it, sir.

Amo. Give leave, I pray you) which if your antagonist, or player against you, shall ignorantly be without, and yourself can produce, you give him the dor.

Afo. I, I, sir.

Amo. Or, if you can possess your opposite, that the green your mistress wears, is her rejoicing or exultation in his service; the yellow, suspicion of his truth, (from her height of affection :) and that he (greenly credulous) shall withdraw thus, in private, and from the abundance of his pocket (to displace her jealous conceit) steal into his hat the colour, whose blueness doth express trueness, (she being not so, nor so affected) you give him the dor.

Afo. Do not I know it, sir?

Amo. Nay, good — swell not above your understanding. There is yet a third dor in colours.

Afo. I know it too, I know it.

Amo. Do you know it too? what is it? make good your knowledge.

Afo. Why it is — no matter for that.

Amo. Do it, on pain of the dor.

Afo. Why; what is't say you?

Amo. Lo, you have given yourself the dor. But I will remonstrate to you the third dor, which is not, as the two former dors, indicative, but deliberative: as how? as thus. Your rivalis, with a dutiful and serious care, lying in his bed, meditating how to observe his mistress, dispatcheth his lacquey to the chamber early, to know what her colours are for the day, with purpose to apply his wear that day accordingly: you lay wait before, pre-occupy the chamber-maid, corrupt her to return false colours; he follows the fallacy, comes out accoutred to his believ'd instructions; your mistress smiles, and you give him the dor.

Afo.

Afo. Why, so I told you fir, I knew it.

Amo. Told me? It is a strange outrecuidance²! your humour too much redoundeth.

Afo. Why, fir, what, do you think you know more?

Amo. I know that a cook may as soon and properly be said to smell well, as you to be wise. I know these are most clear and clean strokes. But then, you have your passages and imbrocata's in courtship; as the bitter bob in wit; the reverse in face or wry-mouth; and these more subtil and secure offenders. I will example unto you; your opponent makes entry, as you are ingag'd with your mistress. You seeing him, close in her ear with this whisper (here comes your Baboon, disgrace him) and withal, stepping off, fall on his bosom, and turning to her, politickly, aloud say, lady, regard this noble gentleman, a man rarely parted, second to none in this court; and then, stooping over his shoulder, your hand on his breast, your mouth on his backside, you give him the reverse stroke, with this sanna or stork's-bill³, which makes up your wits bob most bitter.

Afo. Nay, for heaven's sake, teach me no more. I know all as well — 'Slid, if I did not, why was I nominated? why did you chuse me? why did the ladies prick out me? I am sure there were other gallants. But me of all the rest? by that light, and as I am a courtier, would I might never stir, but 'tis strange. Would to the Lord the ladies would come once.

² *It is a strange OUTRECUIDANCE.*] Pride, arrogance, or presumption.

³ *With this SANNA, or STORK'S BILL.*] *Sanna* is a Latin word which implies some gesture of scorn and contempt; which the poet calls *stork's bill*, in allusion to the *ciconia* of the antients; a manner of deriding a person, by extending the fore-finger at him. See Calaubon on this verse of Persius,

O Jane, à tergo quem nulla ciconia pinxit.

Sat. 1.

VOL. I.

B b

SCENE

SCENE III.

Morphides, Amorphus, Asotus, Hedon, Anaides, the Throng, Ladies, Citizen, Wife, Pages, Taylor, Mercer, Perfumer, Jeweller, &c.

Mor. Signior, the gallants and ladies are at hand. Are you ready, sir?

Amo. Instantly. Go, accomplish your attire: cousin Morphides, assist me to make good the door with your officious tyranny.

Cit. By your leave my masters there, pray you let's come by.

Pag. You by? why should you come by more than we?

Wif. Why, sir? because he is my brother that plays the prizes.

Mor. Your brother?

Cit. I, her brother, sir, and we must come in.

Tay. Why, what are you?

Cit. I am her husband, sir.

Tay. Then thrust forward your head.

Amo. What tumult is there?

Mor. Who's there? bear back there. Stand from the door.

Amo. Enter none but the ladies and their hangbyes; welcome beauties and your kind shadows.

Hed. This country lady, my friend, good signior Amorphus.

Ana. And my cockatrice here.

Amo. She is welcome.

Mor. Knock those same pages there; and Goodman coxcomb the citizen, who would you speak withal?

Amo. With whom? your brother?

Mor. Who is your brother?

Amo. Master Asotus? is he your brother? he is taken

taken up with great persons; he is not to know you to night.

Afo. O Jove, master! an' there come e'er a citizen gentlewoman in my name, let her have entrance, I pray you. It is my sister.

Wif. Brother.

Cit. Brother, master Asotus.

Afo. Who's there?

Wif. 'Tis I, brother.

Afo. Gods me! there she is, good master, intrude her;

Mor. Make place; bear back there.

Amo. Knock that simple fellow there.

Wif. Nay, good sir, it is my husband.

Mor. The simpler fellow he. Away, back with your head, sir.

Afo. Brother, you must pardon your non-entry: husbands are not allow'd here in truth. I'll come home soon with my sister, pray you meet us with a lanthorn, brother. Be merry, sister; I shall make you laugh anon.

Pba. Your prizer is not ready, Amorphus.

Amo. Apprehend your places, he shall be soon, and at all points.

Ana. Is there any body come to answer him? shall we have any sport?

Amo. Sport of importance; howsoever, give me the gloves.

Hed. Gloves! why gloves, signior?

Pbi. What's the ceremony? [*He distributes gloves.*]

Amo. Beside their receiv'd fitness, at all prizes, they are here properly accommodate to the nuptials of my scholar's 'haviour to the lady Courtship. Please you apparel your hands. Madam Phantaste, madam Philautia, guardian, signior Hedon, signior Anaides, gentlemen all, ladies.

All. Thanks, good Amorphus.

Amo. I will now call forth my provost, and present him.

Ana. Heart! why should not we be masters as well as he?

Hed. That's true, and play our masters prizes as well as the t'other?

Mor. In sadness, for using your court-weapons, methinks you may.

Pba. Nay, but why should not we ladies play our prizes, I pray? I see no reason but we should take 'em down at their own weapons.

Pbi. Troth, and so we may if we handle 'em well.

Wif. I indeed, forsooth, madam, if 'twere i' the city, we would think foul scorn but we would, forsooth.

Pba. Pray you, what should we call your name?

Wif. My name is Downfall.

Hed. Good mistress Downfall! I am sorry your husband could not get in.

Wif. 'Tis no matter for him, sir.

Ana. No, no, she has the more liberty for her self.

Pba. Peace, peace: they come. [A flourish.]

Amo. So, keep up your ruff; the tincture of your neck is not all so pure, but it will ask it. Maintain your sprig upright; your cloke on your half-shoulder falling; so: I will read your bill, advance it, and present you. Silence.

The CHALLENGE.

“ Be it known to all that profess courtship, by these
 “ presents (from the white sattin reveller, to the cloth
 “ of tissue and bodkin) that we, Ulysses-Politropus-
 “ Amorphus, master of the noble and subtle science
 “ of courtship, do give leave and licence to our pro-
 “ vost, Acolastus-Polypragmon-Asotus, to play his
 “ master's prize, against all masters whatsoever, in
 “ this

" this subtle mystery, at these four, the choice and
 " most cunning weapons of court-complement, viz.
 " the bare accost ; the better regard ; the solemn ad-
 " dress ; and the perfect close. These are therefore to
 " give notice to all comers, that he, the said Acolastus-
 " Polypragmon-Afotus, is here present (by the help
 " of his mercer, taylor, millener, sempster, and so
 " forth) at his designed hour, in this fair gallery, the
 " present day of this present month, to perform and
 " do his uttermost for the atchievement and bearing
 " away of the prizes, which are these : viz. For the
 " bare accost, two wall-eyes in a face forced : for the
 " better regard, a face favourably simpering, with a
 " fan waving : for the solemn address, two lips wagg-
 " ing, and never a wise word : for the perfect close,
 " a wring by the hand, with a banquet in a corner.
 " And Phœbus save Cynthia."

Appeareth no man yet, to answer the prizer ? no
 voice ? musick, give them their summons.

[Musick sounds.]

Pba. The solemnity of this is excellent.

Amo. Silence. Well, I perceive your name is their
 terror, and keepeth them back.

Afo. I'faith, master let's go ; no body comes. *Victus,*
viſta, viſtum ; viſti, viſte, viſti——let's be retrograde.

Amo. Stay. That were diſpunct to the ladies. Ra-
 ther, our ſelf ſhall be your encounter. Take your
 ſtate up to the wall : and, lady, may we implore you
 to ſtand forth, as firſt term or bound to our courtſhip.

Hed. 'Fore heaven, 'twill ſhew rarely.

Amo. Sound a charge.

[A charge.]

Ana. A pox on't. Your vulgar will count this fabu-
 lous and impudent now ; by that candle, they'll ne'er
 conceit it.

Pba. Excellent well ! admirable !

Pbi. Peace. [They act their accost severally to the
 lady that ſtands forth.]

B b 3

Hed.

Hed. Most fashionably, believe it.

Pbi. O, he is a well-spoken gentleman.

Pba. Now the other.

Pbi. Very good.

Hed. For a scholar, Honour.

Ana. O, 'tis too Dutch. He reels too much.

Hed. This weapon is done. [*A flourish.*]

Amo. No, we have our two bouts at every weapon, expect.

S C E N E IV.

[*To them*] *Crites, Mercury.*

Cri. Where be these gallants, and their brave prizier here?

Mor. Who's there? bear back: keep the door.

Amo. What are you, sir?

Cri. By your licence, grand-master. Come forward, sir.

Ana. Heart! who let in that rag there, amongst us? Put him out, an impecunious creature.

Hed. Out with him.

Mor. Come, sir.

Amo. You must be retrogade.

Cri. Soft, sir, I am Truchman⁴, and do flourish before this Monsieur, or French-behav'd gentleman, here; who is drawn hither by report of your chartels, advanced in court, to prove his fortune with your prizier, so he may have fair play shewn him, and the liberty to chuse his stickler⁵.

Amo. Is he a master?

Cri. That, sir, he has to shew here; and confirm.

⁴ *Sir, I am TRUCHMAN.*] Interpreter; the word is originally Turkish.

⁵ *To chuse his STICKLER.*] i. e. his second.

ed under the hands of the most skilful and cunning complementaries alive : Please you read, sir.

Amo. What shall we do ?

Ana. Death, disgrace this fellow i'the black stuff, whatever you do.

Amo. Why, but he comes with the stranger.

Hed. That's no matter. He is our own country-man.

Ana. I, and he is a scholar besides. You may disgrace him here with authority.

Amo. Well, see these first.

Afo. Now shall I be observed by yon' scholar, 'till I sweat again ; I would to Jove it were over.

Cri. Sir, this is the wight of worth, that dares you to the encounter. A gentleman of so pleasing and ridiculous a carriage ; as, even standing, carries meat in the mouth, you see ; and I assure you, although no bred courtling, yet a most particular man, of goodly havings, well fashion'd 'haviour, and of as hard'ned and excellent a bark, as the most naturally qualified amongst them, inform'd, reform'd, and transform'd, from his original citycism ; by this elixir, or meer magazine of man. And for your spectators, you behold them what they are : the most choice particulars in court : this tells tales well ; this provides coaches ; this repeats jests ; this presents gifts ; this holds up the arras ; this takes down from horse ; this protests by this light ; this swears by that candle ; this delighteth ; this adoreth. Yet all but three men. Then for your ladies, the most proud witty creatures, all things apprehending, nothing understanding, perpetually laughing, curicus maintainers of fools, mercers and minstrels, costly to be kept, miserably keeping, all disdaining, but their painter, and apothecary, 'twixt whom and them there is this reciproock commerce, their beauties maintain their painters, and their painters their beauties,

Mer. Sir, you have plaid the painter your self, and limn'd them to the life. I desire to deserve before 'em.

Amo. This is authentick. We must resolve to entertain the Monsieur, howsoever we neglect him.

[Having read the certificate.

Hed. Come, let's all go together, and salute him.

Ana. Content, and not look o' the other.

Amo. Well devis'd; and a most punishing disgrace.

Hed. On.

Amo. Monsieur, we must not so much betray ourselves to discourtesy, as to suffer you to be longer unsaluted: please you to use the state, ordain'd for the opponent; in which nature, without envy we receive you.

Hed. And embrace you.

Ana. And commend us to you, sir.

Pbi. Believe it, he is a man of excellent silence.

Pba. He keeps all his wit for action.

Ana. This hath discountenanc'd our Scholaris, most richly.

Hed. Out of all emphasis. The Monsieur sees we regard him not.

Amo. Hold on; make it known how bitter a thing it is, not to be look'd on in court.

Hed. 'Slud, will he call him to him yet! does not Monsieur perceive our disgrace?

Ana. Heart! he is a fool, I see. We have done ourselves wrong to grace him.

Hed. 'Slight, what an ass was I to embrace him?

Cri. Illustrious and fearful judges——

Hed. Turn away, turn away.

Cri. It is the suit of the strange opponent (to whom you ought not to turn your tails, and whose noses I must follow) that he may have the justice, before he encounter his respected adversary, to see some light stroke of his play, commenc'd with some other.

Hed.

Hed. Answer not him, but the stranger, we will not believe him.

Amo. I will demand him my self.

Cri. O dreadful disgrace, if a man were so foolish to feel it!

Amo. Is it your suit, Monsieur, to see some prelude of my scholar? Now, sure the Monsieur wants language!

Hed. And take upon him to be one of the accomplish'd? 'Slight, that's a good jest; would we could take him with that nullity. *Non sapette voi parlar' Itagliano?*

Ana. 'Sfoot, the carp has no tongue.

Cri. Signior, in courtship, you are to bid your abettors forbear, and satisfy the monsieur's request.

Amo. Well, I will strike him more silent with admiration, and terrify his daring hither. He shall behold my own play with my scholar. Lady, with the touch of your white hand, let me re-instate you. Provost, begin to me, at the bare accost. Now, for the honour of my discipline. *[A charge.]*

Hed. Signior Amorphus, reflect, reflect: what means he by that mouthed wave?

Cri. He is in some distaste of your fellow-disciple.

Mer. Signior, your scholar might have plaid well still, if he could have kept his seat longer: I have enough of him, now. He is a meer piece of glass, I see through him by this time.

Amo. You come not to give us the scorn, Monsieur?

Mer. Nor to be frightened with a face, signior! I have seen the lions. You must pardon me. I shall be loth to hazard a reputation with one that has not a reputation to lose!

Amo. How!

Cri. Meaning your pupil, sir.

Ana. This is that black devil there.

Amo. You do offer a strange affront, Monsieur.

Cri.

Cri. Sir, he shall yield you all the honour of a competent adversary, if you please to undertake him—

Mer. I am prest for the encounter.

Amo. Me? challenge me?

Afo. What! my master, sir? 'Slight, Monsieur, meddle with me, do you hear? but do not meddle with my master.

Mer. Peace, good squib, go out.

Cri. And stink, he bids you.

Afo. Master?

Amo. Silence, I do accept him. Sit you down and observe. Me? he never profest a thing at more charges. Prepare yourself, sir. Challenge me? I will prosecute what disgrace my hatred can dictate to me.

Cri. How tender a traveller's spleen is? comparison to men that deserve least, is ever most offensive.

Amo. You are instructed in our chartel, and know our weapons?

Mer. I appear not without their notice, sir.

Afo. But must I lose the prizes, master?

Amo. I will win them for you, be patient. Lady, vouchsafe the tenure of this ensign. Who shall be your stickler!

Mer. Behold him.

Amo. I would not wish you a weaker. Sound musicks. I provoke you at the bare accost. [*A charge.*

Pba. Excellent comely!

Cri. And worthily studied. This is the exalted foretop.

Hed. O, his leg was too much produc'd.

Ana. And his hat was carried scurvily.

Pbi. Peace; let's see the Monsieur's Accost: Rare!

Pba. Sprightly and short.

Ana. True, it is the French courteau: he lacks but to have his nose slit.

Hed. He does hop. He does bound too much.

Amo.

Ano. The second bout, to conclude this weapon.

[*A flourish.*

Pba. Good, believe it!

[*A charge.*

Pbi. An excellent offer!

Cri. This is called the solemn band-string.

Hed. Foh, that cringe was not put home.

Ana. He makes a face like a stab'd Lucrece.

Afo. Well, he would needs take it upon him, but would I had done it for all this. He makes me sit still here, like a baboon as I am.

Cri. Making villanous faces.

Pbi. See the French prepares it richly.

Cri. I, this is ycleped the serious trifle.

Ana. 'Slud, 'tis the horse-start out o' the brown study.

Cri. Rather the bird-ey'd stroke, sir. Your observance is too blunt, sir.

Ano. Judges, award the prize. Take breath, sir. This bout hath been laborious.

[*A flourish.*

Afo. And yet your critick, or your Bessio'gno, will think these things foppery, and easy, now.

Cri. Or rather meer lunacy. For would any reasonable creature make these his serious studies and perfections? much less, only live to these ends? to be the false pleasure of a few, the true love of none, and the just laughter of all.

Hed. We must prefer the Monsieur, we courtiers must be partial.

Ana. Speak, guardian. Name the prize, at the bare accost.

Mor. A pair of wall-eyes in a face forced.

Ana. Give the Monsieur. Amorphus hath lost his eyes.

Ano. I! is the palate of your judgment down? gentles, I do appeal.

Afo. Yes, master, to me. The judges be fools.

Ana. How now, sir? Tye up your tongue, mungril. He cannot appeal.

Afo.

Afo. Say you, sir?

Ana. Sit you still, sir.

Afo. Why, so I do. Do not I, I pray you?

Mer. Remercy, madam, and these honourable censors.

Ana. Well, to the second weapon, the better regard:

I will encounter you better. Attempt.

Hed. Sweet Honour.

Pbi. What says my good Ambition?

Hed. Which take you at this next weapon? I lay a Discretion with you, on Amorphus's head.

Pbi. Why, I take the French-behav'd gentleman.

Hed. 'Tis done, a Discretion.

Cri. A Discretion? A pretty court-wager! would any discreet person hazard his wit, so?

Pba. I'll lay a Discretion with you, Anaides.

Ana. Hang 'em, I'll not venture a doit of Discretion on either of their heads——

Cri. No, he should venture all then.

Ana. I like none of their plays.

Hed. See, see, this is strange play! [*A Charge.*]

Ana. 'Tis too full of uncertain motion. He hobbles too much.

Cri. 'Tis call'd your court-staggers, sir.

Hed. That same fellow talks so, now he has a place.

Ana. Hang him, neglect him.

Mer. "Your good ladyships affectioned."

Wif. Gods so! they speak at this weapon, brother!

Afo. They must do so, sister, how should it be the better regard, else?

Pba. Methinks he did not this respectfully enough.

Pbi. Why, the Monsieur but dallies with him.

Hed. Dallies? 'Slight see, he'll put him to't in earnest. Well done Amorphus.

Ana. That puff was good indeed.

Cri.

Cri. Gods me! This is desperate play. He hits himself o' the shins.

Hed. An' he make this good through, he carries it, I warrant him.

Cri. Indeed he displays his feet, rarely.

Hed. See, see! he does the respective leer damnably well.

Amo. "The true idolater of your beauties, shall never pass their deities unadored: I rest your poor knight."

Hed. See, now the oblique leer, or the Janus: he satisfies all with that aspect most nobly.

Cri. And most terribly he comes off; like your rodomontado. [*A flourish.*]

Pba. How like you this play, Anaides?

Ana. Good play; but 'tis too rough and boisterous.

Amo. I will second it with a stroke easier, wherein I will prove his language.

Ana. This is filthy, and grave, now. [*A charge.*]

Hed. O, 'tis cool and wary play. We must not disgrace our own camerade, too much.

Amo. *Signora, ho tanto obliigo per ye favore rescinto da lei; che veramente deffidero con tutto il core, à remunerarla in parte: E sicurative signora mea cara, chè io sera sempre pronto à servirla, E bonorarla. Bascio le mane de vo' signoria.*

Cri. The Venetian dop this.

Pba. Most unexpectedly excellent! The French goes down certain.

Afo. "As buckets are put down into a well:

"Or as a school-boy——"

Cri. Trufs up your simile, Jack-daw, and observe.

Hed. Now the Monsieur is mov'd.

Ana. Boe-peep.

Hed. O, most antick.

Cri. The French quirk, this sir.

Ana. Heart, he will over-run her!

Mer.

Mer. *Mademoiselle, Je voudroy que pouvoy monstrier mon affection, mais je suis tant mal beureuse, ei froid, ei luyd, ei——Je ne scay qui da dire——excuse moy, Je suis tout vostre.* [*A flourish.*]

Pbi. O brave and spirited ! he's a right Jovialist.

Pba. No, no : Amorphus's gravity outweighs it.

Cri. And yet your lady, or your feather would outweigh both.

Ana. What's the prize, lady, at this better regard ?

Mer. A face favourably simpering, and a fan waving.

Ana. They have done doubtfully. Divide. Give the favourable face to the signior, and the light wave to the Monsieur.

Amo. You become the simper well, lady.

Mer. And the wag, better.

Amo. Now, to our solemn address. Please the well-grac'd Philautia to relieve the lady Sentinel ; she hath stood long.

Pbi. With all my heart ; come guardian, resign your place.

Amo. Monsieur, furnish your self with what solemnity of ornament you think fit for this third weapon ; at which you are to shew all the cunning of stroke your devotion can possibly devise.

Mer. Let me alone, sir. I'll sufficiently decypher your amorous solemnities. Crites, have patience. See, if I hit not all their practick observance, with which they lime twigs, to catch their phantastick lady-birds.

Cri. I, but you should do more charitably, to do it more openly, that they might discover themselves mock'd in these monstrous affections.

Mer. Lacquey, where's the taylor ? [*A charge.*]

Tay. Here, sir.

Hed. See, they have their taylor, barber, perfumer, millener, jeweller, feather-maker, all in common !

Ana. I, this is pretty.

Amo.

Amo. Here is a hair too much, take it off. Where are thy mullets? [*They make themselves ready on the stage.*]

Mer. Is this pink of equal proportion to this cut, standing off this distance from it?

Tay. That it is, sir.

Mer. Is it so, sir, you impudent poltroon? you slave, you list, you shreds, you——

Hed. Excellent. This was the best yet.

Ana. Why, we must use our taylor's thus. This is our true magnanimity.

Mer. Come, go to, put on; we must bear with you for the times sake.

Amo. Is the perfume rich, in this jerkin?

Per. Taste, smell; I assure you, sir, pure Benjamin⁶, the only spirited scent that ever awak'd a Neapolitan nostril. You would wish yourself all nose for the love on't. I frotted a jerkin, for a new-revenu'd gentleman, yielded me threescore crowns but this morning, and the same titillation.

Amo. I favour no Sampsuchine in it.

Per. I am a Nulli-fidian, if there be not three-thirds of a scruple more of Sampsuchinum, in this confection, than ever I put in any. I'll tell you all the ingredients, sir.

Amo. You shall be simple to discover your simples.

Per. Simple? why sir? what reck I to whom I discover? I have in it Musk, Civit, Amber, Phœnicobalanus, the decoction of Turmeric, Sefana, Nard, Spikenard, Calamus odoratus, Staete, Opobalsamum, Amomum, Storax, Ladanum, Aspalathum, Opopanax, Oenanthe. And what of all these now? what are you the better? Tut, it is the sorting, and the dividing, and the mixing, and the tempering, and the search-

⁶ *PURB BENJAMIN:*] The true word is *Benjoin*, and *Benjamin* a vulgar corruption from it. It is an aromatic gum, sent into these parts from the East, from whence it is probable the name itself came likewise.

ing,

ing, and the decocting, that makes the fumigation and the suffumigation.

Amo. Well, indue me with it.

Per. I will, sir.

Hed. An excellent confection.

Cri. And most worthy a true voluptuary. Jove! what a coil these musk-worms take to purchase another's delight? for themselves, who bear the odors, have ever the least sense of them. Yet, I do like better the prodigality of jewels and cloaths, whereof one passeth to a man's heirs, the other at last wears out time. This presently expires, and without continual riot in reparation is lost: which whoso strives to keep, it is one special argument to me, that (affecting to smell better than other men) he doth indeed smell far worse.

Mer. I know you will say, it sits well, sir.

Tay. Good faith, if it do not, sir, let your mistress be judge.

Mer. By heaven, if my mistress do not like it, I'll make no more conscience to undo thee, than to undo an oyster.

Tay. Believe it, there's ne'er a mistress i' the world can mislike it.

Mer. No, not goodwife taylor, your mistress; that has only the judgment to heat your pressing-tool. But for a court-mistress, that studies these decorums, and knows the proportion of every cut, to a hair, knows why such a colour is cut upon such a colour, and when a sattin is cut upon six rasseties, will look that we should dive in to the depth of the cut—— Give me my scarf. Shew some ribbands, sirrah. Ha' you the feather?

Feat. I, sir.

Mer. Ha' you the jewel?

Jew. Yes, sir.

Mer. What must I give for the hire on't?

Jew. You'll give me six crowns, sir?

Mer.

Mer. Six crowns! By heaven 'twere a good deed to borrow it of thee to shew, and never let thee have it again.

Jew. I hope your worship will not do so, sir.

Mer. By Jove, sir, there be such tricks stirring, I can tell you, and worthily too. Extorting knaves, that live by these court-decorums, and yet—What's your jewel worth, I pray?

Jew. A hundred crowns, sir.

Mer. A hundred crowns? and six for the loan on't an hour? what's that i' the hundred for the year? these impostors would not be hang'd? your thief is not comparable to 'em, by Hercules. Well, put it in, and the feather; you will ha't and you shall, and the pox give you good on't.

Amo. Give me my confects, my Moscardini, and place those colours in my hat.

Mer. These are Bolognian ribbands, I warrant you.

Mil. In truth, sir; if they be not right Granado silk——

Mer. A pox on you, you'll all say so.

Mil. You give me not a penny, sir.

Mer. Come, sir, perfume my Devant; ⁶may it ascend, like solemn sacrifice, into the nostrils of the Queen of Love.

Hed. Your French ceremonies are the best.

Ana. Monsieur, signior, your solemn address is too long; the ladies long to have you come on.

Amo. Soft, sir, our coming on is not so easily prepared, signior Fig.

Per. I, sir.

Amo. Can you help my complexion, here?

⁶ *May it ascend, &c.*] These words and what follows are two verses, and should be printed as such;

*May it ascend, like solemn sacrifice,
Into the nostrils of the Queen of Love.*

Per. O yes, fir, I have an excellent mineral fucus for the purpose. The gloves are right, fir, you shall bury them in a muck-hill, a draught, seven years, and take 'em out, and wash 'em, they shall still retain their first scent, true Spanish. There's Ambre i' the Umbre.

Mer. Your price, sweet Fig.

Per. Give me what you will, fir; the signior pays me two crowns a pair; you shall give me your love, fir.

Mer. My love? with a pox to you, goodman Sa-safras.

Per. I come, fir. There's an excellent Diapasm in a chain too, if you like it.

Amo. Stay, what are the ingredients to your fucus?

Per. Nought but sublimate, and crude mercury, fir, well prepared and dulcified, with the jaw-bones of a sow, burnt, beaten, and searced.

Amo. I approve it. Lay it on.

Mer. I'll have your chain of pomander, firrah; what's your price?

Per. We'll agree, monsieur; I'll assure you it was both decocted and dried where no sun came, and kept in an onyx ever since it was ball'd.

Mer. Come, invert my mustachio, and we have done.

Amo. 'Tis good.

Bar. Hold still I pray you, fir.

Per. Nay, the fucus is exorbitant, fir.

Mer. Death! dost thou burn me, harlot?

Bar. I beseech you, fir.

Mer. Beggar, varlet, poultroon.

Iled. Excellent, excellent! [A flourish.

Ana. Your French beat is the most natural beat of the world.

Afo. O that I had plaid at this weapon!

Pba. Peace, now they come on; the second part.

[A charge.

Amo.

Amo. Madam, your beauties being so attractive, I muse you are left thus alone.

Pbi. Better be alone, sir, than ill-accompanied.

Amo. Nought can be ill, lady, that can come near your goodness.

Mer. Sweet madam, on what part of you soever a man casts his eye, he meets with perfection; you are the lively image of Venus throughout; all the graces smile in your cheeks; your beauty nourishes, as well as delights; you have a tongue steep'd in honey, and a breath like a panther; your breasts and forehead are whiter than goats milk, or May blossoms; a cloud is not so soft as your skin——

Hed. Well strook, [monieur; he charges like a Frenchman indeed, thick and hotly⁶.

Mer. Your cheeks are Cupid's baths, wherein he uses to steep himself in milk and nectar: he does light all his torches at your eyes, and instructs you how to shoot and wound with their beams. Yet I love nothing, in you, more than your innocence; you retain so native a simplicity, so unblam'd a behaviour. Methinks, with such a love, I should find no head, nor foot of my pleasure: you are the very spirit of a lady.

Ana. Fair play, monsieur, you are too hot on the quarry; give your competitor audience.

Amo. Lady, how stirring soever the monsieur's tongue is, he will lie by your side more dull than your eunuch.

Ana. A good stroke; that mouth was excellently put over.

Amo. You are fair, lady——

⁶ He charges like a Frenchman indeed, thick and hotly.] Lucius Florus, I think, observes of them, that at their first onset, they appeared more than men; at their second, less than women.

Cri. You offer foul, signior, to close, keep your distance; for all your bravo rampant here.

Amo. I say you are fair lady, let your choice be fit, as you are fair.

Mer. I say ladies do never believe they are fair, till some fool begins to doat upon 'em.

Pbi. You play too rough, gentlemen. [*A flourish.*]

Amo. Your frenchified fool is your only fool, lady: I do yield to this honourable monsieur in all civil and humane courtesie.

Mer. Buz.

Ana. Admirable. Give him the prize, give him the prize; that mouth, again, was most courtly hit, and rare.

Amo. I knew I should pass upon him with the bitter bob.

Hed. O, but the reverse was singular.

Pba. It was most subtle, Amorphus.

Afo. If I had done't, it should have been better.

Mer. How heartily they applaud this, Crites!

Cri. You suffer 'em too long.

Mer. I'll take off their edge instantly.

Ana. Name the prize, at the solemn address.

Pbi. Two lips wagging.

Cri. And never a wise word, I take it.

Ana. Give to Amorphus. And, upon him again; let him not draw free breath.

Amo. Thanks, fair deliverer, and my honourable judges; madam Phantaste, you are our worthy object at this next weapon.

Pba. Most covetingly ready, Amorphus.

Hed. Your monsieur is crest-fall'n.

Ana. So are most of 'em once a year.

Amo. You will see, I shall now give him the gentle Dor presently, he forgetting to shift the colours, which are now chang'd with alteration of the mistress. At
your

your last weapon, sir. The perfect close. Set forward,
intend your approach, monsieur. [*A charge.*]

Mer. 'Tis yours, signior.

Amo. With your example, sir.

Mer. Not I, sir.

Amo. It is your right.

Mer. By no possible means.

Amo. You have the way.

Mer. As I am noble——

Amo. As I am virtuous——

Mer. Pardon me, sir.

Amo. I will die first.

Mer. You are a tyrant in courtesie.

Amo. He is remov'd—Judges, bear witness.

[*Amorphus flays the other on his moving.*]

Mer. What of that, sir?

Amo. You are remov'd, sir.

Mer. Well.

Amo. I challenge you ; you have receiv'd the Dor.
Give me the prize.

Mer. Soft, sir. How the Dor?

Amo. The common mistress, you see, is changed.

Mer. Right, sir.

Amo. And you have still in your hat the former
colours.

Mer. You lie, sir, I have none : I have pull'd 'em
out. I meant to play discolour'd.

Cri. The Dor, the Dor, the Dor, the Dor, the Dor!
the palpable Dor. [*A flourish.*]

Ana. Heart of my blood, Amorphus, what ha' you
done? stuck a disgrace upon us all, and at your last
weapon?

Afo. I could have done no more.

Hed. By heaven, it was most unfortunate luck.

Ana. Luck! by that candle, it was meer rashness,
and over-sight; would any man have ventur'd to play
so open, and forsake his ward? Dam' me if he have

not eternally undone himself, in court; and discountenanc'd us, that were his main countenance, by it.

Ana. Forgive it now. It was the solecism of my stars.

Cri. The wring by the hand, and the banquet, is ours.

Mer. O, here's a lady feels like a wench of the first year; you would think her hand did melt in your touch; and the bones of her fingers ran out at length, when you prest 'em, they are so gently delicate! He that had the grace to print a kiss on these lips, should taste wine and rose-leaves. O, she kisses as close as a cockle. Let's take 'em down, as deep as our hearts, wench, till our very souls mix. Adieu, signior: good faith I shall drink to you at supper, sir.

Ana. Stay, monsieur. Who awards you the prize?

Cri. Why, his proper merit, sir; you see he has plaid down your grand garb-master, here.

Ana. That's not in your logick to determine, sir: you are no courtier. This is none of your seven or nine beggarly sciences, but a certain mystery above 'em, wherein we that have skill must pronounce, and not such freshmen as you are.

Cri. Indeed, I must declare my self to you no profest courtling; nor to have any excellent stroke at your subtile weapons; yet if you please, I dare venture a hit with you, or your fellow, sir Dagonet, here.

Ana. With me?

Cri. Yes, sir.

Ana. Heart, I shall never have such a fortune to save my self in a fellow again, and your two reputations, gentlemen, as in this. I'll undertake him.

Hed. Do, and swinge him soundly, good Anaides.

Ana. Let me alone, I'll play other manner of play, than has been seen yet. I would the prize lay on't.

Mer. It shall if you will, I forgive my right.

Ana. Are you so confident? what's your weapon?

Cri.

Cri. At any, I sir.

Mer. The perfect close, that's now the best.

Ana. Content, I'll pay your scholarship. Who offers?

Cri. Marry, that will I: I dare give you that advantage too.

Ana. You dare? well, look to your liberal sconce.

Ana. Make your play still, upon the answer, sir.

Ana. Hold your peace, you are a hobby-horse.

Afo. Sit by me, master.

Mer. Now Crites strike home.

Cri. You shall see me undo the assur'd swaggerer with a trick, instantly: I will play all his own play before him; court the wench in his garb, in his phrase, with his face; leave him not so much as a look, an eye, a stalk, or an imperfect oath, to express himself by, after me. [A charge.]

Mer. Excellent, Crites.

Ana. When begin you, sir? have you consulted?

Cri. To your cost, sir; which is the piece stands forth to be courted? O, are you she? well, madam, or sweet lady, it is so, I do love you in some sort, do you conceive! and though I am no monsieur, nor no signior, and do want (as they say) logick and sophistry, and good words, to tell you why it is so; yet by this hand, and by that candle, it is so; and though I be no book-worm, nor one that deals by art, to give you rhetorick and causes, why it should be so, or make it good it is so; yet dam me, but I know it is so, and am assur'd it is so, and I and my sword shall make it appear it is so, and give you reason sufficient how it can be no otherwise but so—

Hed. 'Slight Anaides, you are mockt; and so we are all.

Mer. How now signior! what, suffer your self to be cozen'd of your courtship before your face?

Hed. This is plain confederacy to disgrace us: let's be gone, and plot some revenge.

Amo. " When men disgraces share,
 " The lesser is the care.

Cri. Nay, stay, my dear ambition, I can do you over too. You that tell your mistress, her beauty is all compos'd of theft; her hair stole from Apollo's goldy-locks; her white and red, lilies and roses stoln out of paradise; her eyes two stars, pluckt from the sky; her nose the gnomon of love's dial, that tells you how the clock of your heart goes: and for her other parts, as you cannot reckon 'em, they are so many; so you cannot recount them, they are so manifest. Yours, if his own, unfortunate Hoyden, instead of Hedon.

Afo. Sister come away, I cannot endure 'em longer.
[A flourish.]

Mer. Go Dors, and you, my madam Courting-stocks, Follow your scorned and derided mates;
 Tell to your guilty breasts, what meer gilt blocks You are, and how unworthy human states.

Cri. Now, sacred God of Wit, if you can make Those, whom our sports tax in these apish graces, Kifs (like the fighting snakes) your peaceful rod;
 These times shall canonize you for a god.

Mer. Why Crites, think you any noble spirit, Or any, worth the title of a man,
 Will be incens'd to see th' enchanted veils Of self-conceit, and servile flattery,
 (Wrapt in so many folds, by time and custom)
 Drawn from his wronged and bewitched eyes?
 Who sees not now their shape and nakedness,
 Is blinder than the son of earth, the mole;
 Crown'd with no more humanity, nor soul.

Cri. Tho' they may see it, yet the huge estate Fancy, and form, and sensual pride have gotten,
 Will make them blush for anger, not for shame,
 And turn shewn nakedness to impudence.

Humour

Humour is now the test we try things in :
 All power is just : nought that delights is sin.
 And yet the zeal of every knowing man
 (Opprest with hills of tyranny, cast on virtue
 By the light fancies of fools, thus transported)
 Cannot but vent the Ætna of his fires,
 T' inflame best bosoms with much worthier love
 Than of these outward and effeminate shades ;
 That these vain joys, in which their wills consume
 Such powers of wit and soul as are of force
 To raise their beings to eternity,
 May be converted on works fitting men :
 And, for the practice of a forced look,
 An antick gesture, or a fustian phrase,
 Study the native frame of a true heart,
 An inward comeliness of bounty, knowledge,
 And spirit that may conform them actually
 To God's high figures, which they have in power ;
 Which to neglect for a self-loving neatness,
 Is sacrilege of an unpardon'd greatness.

Mer. Then let the truth of these things strengthen thee,
 In thy exempt and only man-like course ;
 Like it the more, the less it is respected :
 Though men fail, virtue is by gods protected.
 See, here comes Arete, I'll withdraw my self.

S C E N E V.

Arete, Crites.

Are. Crites, you must provide straight for a mask,
 'Tis Cynthia's pleasure.

Cri. How, bright Arete !
 Why, 'twere a labour more for Hercules ;
 Better and sooner durst I undertake,
 To make the different seasons of the year,

The

The winds, or elements, to sympathize,
 Than their unmeasurable vanity
 Dance truly in a measure. They agree?
 What though all concord's born of contraries;
 So many follies will confusion prove,
 And like a sort of jarring instruments,
 All out of tune; because (indeed) we see
 There is not that analogy 'twixt discords,
 As between things but meerly opposite.

Are. There is your error: for as Hermes' wand
 Charms the disorders of tumultuous ghosts;
 And as the strife of Chaos then did cease,
 When better light than Nature's did arrive:
 So, what could never in it self agree,
 Forgetteth the eccentric property,
 And at her sight turns forthwith regular,
 Whose scepter guides the flowing ocean:
 And though it did not, yet the most of them
 (Being either courtiers, or not wholly rude)
 Respect of majesty, the place, and presence,
 Will keep them within ring, especially
 When they are not presented as themselves,
 But mask'd like others: for (in troth) not so
 T'incorporate them, could be nothing else,
 Than like a state ungovern'd, without laws,
 Or body made of nothing but diseases;
 The one, through impotency poor and wretched;
 The other, for the anarchy, absurd.

Cri. But, lady, for the revellers themselves,
 It would be better (in my poor conceit)
 That others were employ'd; for such as are
 Unfit to be in Cynthia's court, can seem
 No less unfit to be in Cynthia's sports.

Are. That, Crites, is not purposed without
 Particular knowledge of the goddess' mind;
 (Who holding true intelligence, what follies
 Had crept into her palace) she resolv'd

Of sports and triumphs, under that pretext,
To have them muster in their pomp and fulness,
That so she might more strictly, and to root,
Effect the reformation she intends.

Cri. I now conceive her heav'nly drift in all,
And will apply my spirits to serve her will.
O thou, the very power by which I am,
And but for which it were in vain to be,
Chief next Diana, virgin heavenly fair,
Admired Arete (of them admir'd
Whose souls are not enkindled by the sense)
Disdain not my chaste fire, but feed the flame
Devoted truly to thy gracious name.

Are. Leave to suspect us : Crites well shall find
As we are now most dear, we'll prove most kind,
Hark, I am call'd.

Cri. I follow instantly.
Phœbus Apollo, if with ancient rites,
And due devotion, I have ever hung
Elaborate Pæans on thy golden shrine,
Or sung thy triumphs in a lofty strain,
Fit for a theatre of gods to hear ;
And thou the other son of mighty Jove,
Cyllenian Mercury (sweet Maia's joy)
If in the busie tumults of the mind,
My path thou ever hast illumined,
For which thine altars I have oft perfum'd,
And deckt thy statues with discolour'd flowers⁷ :
Now thrive invention in this glorious court,
That not of bounty only, but of right,
Cynthia may grace, and give it life by sight.

⁷ *And deckt thy statues with discolour'd flowers.*] i. e. with flowers of different colours. There is a spirit of poetry in this invocation truly noble, and not unworthy of a classic author. The learned reader may compare it with the address of Chryses to Apollo, in the first book of HOMER'S *Iliad*.

S C E N E VI.

Hesperus, Cynthia, Arete, Time, Phronesis, Thaum,

The H Y M N.

“ QUEEN, and huntress, chaste and fair,
 “ Now the sun is laid to sleep,
 “ Seated in thy silver chair,
 “ State in wonted manner keep” :
 “ Hesperus entreats thy light,
 “ Goddess excellently bright.

“ Earth, let not thy envious shade
 “ Dare itself to interpose ;
 “ Cynthia's shining orb was made
 “ Heav'n to clear, when day did close :
 “ Bless us then with wished light,
 “ Goddess excellently bright.

“ Lay thy bow of pearl apart,
 “ And thy crystal shining quiver ;
 “ Give unto the flying hart
 “ Space to breathe, how short soever :
 “ Thou that mak'st a day of night,
 “ Goddess excellently bright.

* *Seated in thy silver chair,*

State in wonted manner keep.] In the party-disputes between the admirers of Shakespear and Jonson, as the one was affirm'd to want learning, the other was said to have had no imagination ; but there are instances in the works of both, sufficient to refute this opinion ; and it may be observed of Jonson, that as he really possessed much reading and critical judgment, his poetry has a correctness and truth, which result from a close attention to the antient masters. This little hymn is delicate both in the sentiment and expression ; the images are picturesque, the verse easy and flowing. Milton has a thought not unlike the lines above, which from the similitude of the expression, one is tempted to believe he took from hence,

“ Come, but keep thy wonted state
 “ With even step, and musing gait.”

Il Penseroso.

Cyn. When hath Diana (like an envious wretch,
That glitters only to his soothed self,
Denying to the world the precious use
Of hoarded wealth) with-held her friendly aid?
Monthly we spend our still-repaired shine,
And not forbid our virgin-waxen torch
To burn and blaze, while nutriment doth last:
That once consum'd, out of Jove's treasury
Anew we take, and stick it in our sphere,
To give the mutinous kind of wanting men
Their look'd-for light. Yet what is their desert?
Bounty is wrong'd, interpreted as due;
Mortals can challenge not a ray, by right,
Yet do expect the whole of Cynthia's light.
But if that deities withdrew their gifts
For human follies, what could men deserve
But death and darkness? It behoves the high,
For their own sakes, to do things worthily.

Are. Most true, most sacred goddess; for the heav'ns
Receive no good of all the good they do:
Nor Jove, nor you, nor other heav'nly pow'rs,
Are fed with fumes which do from incense rise,
Or sacrifices reeking in their gore;
Yet, for the care which you of mortals have,
(Whose proper good it is that they be so)
You well are pleas'd with odours redolent:
But ignorant is all the race of men,
Which still complains, not knowing why, or when.

Cyn. Else, noble Arete, they would not blame,
And tax, or for unjust, or for as proud,
Thy Cynthia, in the things which are indeed
The greatest glories in our starry crown;
Such is our chastity, which safely scorns
(Not love, for who more fervently doth love
Immortal honour, and divine renown?
But) giddy Cupid, Venus' frantick son.
Yet, Arete, if by this veiled light

We

We but discover'd (what we not discern)
 Any the least of imputations stand
 Ready to sprinkle our unspotted fame
 With note of lightness, from these revels near ;
 Not, for the empire of the universe,
 Should night, or court, this whatsoever shine,
 Or grace of ours unhappily enjoy.

“ Place and occasion are two privy thieves,
 “ And from poor innocent ladies often steal
 “ (The best of things) an honourable name ;
 “ To stay with follies, or where faults may be,
 “ Infers a crime, although the party free.

Are. How Cynthian-ly (that is, how worthily
 And like her self) the matchless Cynthia speaks !
 Infinite jealousies, infinite regards,
 Do watch about the true virginity :
 But Phœbe lives from all, not only fault,
 But as from thought, so from suspicion free.
 Thy presence broad-seals our delights for pure ;
 What's done in Cynthia's sight, is done secure.

Cyn. That then so answer'd, (dearest Arete)
 What th' argument, or of what sort our sports
 Are like to be this night, I not demand.
 Nothing which duty, and desire to please
 Bears written in the forehead, comes amiss.
 But unto whose invention must we owe
 The complement of this night's furniture ?

Are. Excellent goddess, to a man's, whose worth
 (Without hyperbole) I thus may praise ;
 One (at least) studious of deserving well,
 And (to speak truth) indeed deserving well.
 Potential merit stands for actual,
 Where only opportunity doth want,
 Not will, nor power ; both which in him abound.
 One whom the muses and Minerva love.
 For whom should they, than Crites, more esteem,
 Whom Phœbus (though not Fortune) holdeth dear ?

And

And (which convinceth excellence in him)
 A principal admirer of your self.
 Even through th' ungentle injuries of Fate,
 And difficulties, which do virtue choke,
 Thus much of him appears. What other things
 Of farther note do lie unborn in him,
 Them I do leave for cherishment to shew,
 And for a goddess graciously to judge.

Cyn. We have already judg'd him, *Arete*;
 Nor are we ignorant, how noble minds
 Suffer too much through those indignities
 Which times and vicious persons cast on them:
 Our self have ever vowed to esteem
 (As virtue for it self, so) fortune base;
 Who's first in worth, the same be first in place.
 Nor farther notice (*Arete*) we crave
 Than thine approvals sovereign warranty:
 Let't be thy care to make us known to him;
 " Cynthia shall brighten what the world made dim."

S C E N E VII.

The First Masque.

Cupid, like Anteros. [*To them.*]

Cup. Clear pearl of heaven, and, not to be farther
 ambitious in titles, Cynthia: the fame of this illustrious
 night, among others, hath also drawn these four fair
 virgins from the palace of their queen Perfection, (a
 word which makes no sufficient difference 'twixt hers
 and thine) to visit thy imperial court: for she, their
 sovereign, not finding where to dwell among men, be-
 fore her return to heav'n, advised them wholly to con-
 secrate themselves to thy celestial service, as in whose
 clear spirit (the proper element and sphere of virtue)
 they

they should behold not her alone, (their ever-honour'd mistress) but themselves (more truly themselves) to live enthroniz'd. Herself would have commended them unto thy favour more particularly, but that she knows no commendation is more available with thee, than that of proper virtue. Nevertheless she will'd them to present this chrystal mound, a note of monarchy, and symbol of perfection, to thy more worthy deity; which, as here by me they most humbly do, so amongst the rarities thereof, that is the chief, to shew whatsoever the world hath excellent, howsoever remote and various. But your irradiate judgment will soon discover the secrets of this little chrystal world. Themselves (to appear more plainly) because they know nothing more odious than false pretexts, have chosen to express their several qualities thus in several colours.

The first in citron colour, is natural affection, which given us to procure our good, is sometime called *Storgé*; and as every one is nearest to himself, so this handmaid of reason, allowable self-love, as it is without harm, so are none without it: her place in the court of Perfection was to quicken minds in the pursuit of honour. Her device is a perpendicular level, upon a cube or square; the word, *se suo modulo*; alluding to that true measure of one's self, which as every one ought to make, so is it most conspicuous in thy divine example.

The second, in green, is Aglaia, delectable and pleasant conversation, whose property is to move a kindly delight, and sometime not without laughter: her office to entertain assemblies, and keep societies together with fair familiarity. Her device, within a ring of clouds, a heart with shine about it; the word, *curarum nubila pello*: an allegory of Cynthia's light, which no less clears the sky than her fair mirth the heart.

The

The third, in the discolour'd mantle spangled all over, is Euphantaste, a well-conceited Wittiness, and employ'd in honouring the court with the riches of her pure invention. Her device, upon a Petasus or mercurial hat, a crescent; the word, *sic laus ingenti*; inferring that the praise and glory of wit doth ever increase, as doth thy growing moon.

The fourth, in white, is Apheleia, a nymph as pure and simple as the soul, or as an abraze table, and is therefore called Simplicity; without folds, without plaits, without colour, without counterfeit; and (to speak plainly) plainness it self. Her device is no device⁹. The word under her silver shield, *omnis abest fucus*; alluding to thy spotless self, who art as far from impurity as from mortality.

My self (celestial goddess) more fit for the court of Cynthia than the arbors of Cytheree, am call'd Anteros, or Love's enemy; the more welcome therefore to thy court, and the fitter to conduct this Quaternion, who as they are thy professed votaries, and for that cause adversaries to love, yet thee (perpetual virgin) they both love, and vow to love eternally.

S C E N E VIII.

Cynthia, Arete, Crites.

Cyn. Not without wonder, nor without delight,
 Mine eyes have view'd (in contemplation's depth)
 This work of wit, divine and excellent:
 What shape, what substance, or what unknown power
 In virgin's habit, crown'd with lawrel leaves,
 And olive-branches woven in between,
 On sea-girt rocks, like to a goddess shines?

⁹ Her device is no device.] i. e. She bears a plain shield, without any emblem pourtrayed upon it.

O front ! O face ! O all celestial sure,
 And more than mortal ! Arete, behold
 Another Cynthia, and another queen,
 Whose glory (like a lasting Plenilune)
 Seems ignorant of what it is to wane.
 Nor under heav'n an object could be found
 More fit to please. Let Crites make approach.
 Bounty forbids to pall our thanks with stay,
 Or to defer our favour, after view :
 The time of grace is, when the cause is new.

Are. Lo, here the man (celestial Delia)
 Who (like a circle bounded in itself)
 Contains as much as man in fullness may.
 Lo, here the man, who not of usual earth,
 But of that nobler and more precious mould
 Which Phœbus self doth temper, is compos'd :
 And, who (though all were wanting to reward)
 Yet to himself he would not wanting be :
 Thy favour's gain is his ambition's most,
 And labour's best ; who (humble in his height)
 Stands fixed silent in thy glorious sight.

Cyn. With no less pleasure, than we have beheld
 This precious chrystal work of rarest wit,
 Our eye doth read thee (now instil'd) our Crites ;
 Whom learning, virtue, and our favour last,
 Exempteth from the gloomy multitude.
 With common eye the Supreme should not see :
 Henceforth be ours, the more thy self to be.

Cri. Heav'ns purest light, whose orb may be eclips'd,
 But not thy praise ; (divinest Cynthia)
 How much too narrow for so high a grace,
 Thine (save therein) the most unworthy Crites,
 Doth find himself ! for ever shine thy fame ;
 Thine honours ever, as thy beauties do.
 In me they must, my dark world's chiefest lights,
 By whose propitious beams my powers are rais'd
 To hope some part of those most lofty points,

Which

Which blessed Arete hath pleas'd to name,
As marks, to which m' endeavours steps should bend:
Mine as begun at thee, in thee must end.

S C E N E IX.

The Second Masque.

Mercury as a Page.

Mer. Sister of Phœbus, to whose bright orb we owe, that we not complain of his absence: these four brethren (for they are brethren and sons of Eutaxia, a lady known, and highly belov'd of your resplendent deity) not able to be absent, when Cynthia held a solemnity, officiously insinuate themselves into thy presence: for, as there are four cardinal virtues, upon which the whole frame of the court doth move, so are these the four cardinal properties, without which the body of compliment moveth not. With these four silver javelins (which they bear in their hands) they support in princes courts the state of the presence, as by office they are obliged; which, though here they may seem superfluous, yet for honour's sake, they thus presume to visit thee, having also been employ'd in the palace of queen Perfection. And though to them that would make themselves gracious to a goddess, sacrifices were fitter than presents, or impresses, yet they both hope thy favour, and (in place of either) use several symbols, containing the titles of thy imperial dignity.

First, the hithermost, in the changeable blue and green robe, is the commendably-fashioned gallant, Eucosmos; whose courtly habit is the grace of the presence, and delight of the surveying eye: whom ladies understand by the names of Neat and Elegant. His

D d 2

symbol

symbol is *divæ virgini*, in which he would express thy deity's principal glory, which hath ever been virginity.

The second, in the rich accoutrement, and robe of purple, empaled with gold, is Eupathes; who entertains his mind with an harmless, but not incurious variety: all the objects of his senses are sumptuous, himself a gallant, that, without excess, can make use of superfluity, go richly in embroideries, jewels, and what not, without vanity, and fare delicately without gluttony, and therefore (not without cause) is universally thought to be of fine humour. His symbol, is *divæ optime*; an attribute to express thy goodness, in which thou so resemblest Jove thy father.

The third, in the blush-colour'd suit, is Eutolmos, as duly respecting others, as never neglecting himself; commonly known by the title of good Audacity; to courts and courtly assemblies a guest most acceptable. His symbol is, *divæ viragini*; to express thy hardy courage in chace of savage beasts, which harbour in woods and wildernesses.

The fourth in watchet tinsel, is the kind and truly benefique Eucolos, who imparteth not without respect, but yet without difficulty, and hath the happiness to make every kindness seem double, by the timely and freely bestowing thereof. He is the chief of them, who (by the vulgar) are said to be of good nature. His symbol is, *divæ maxime*; an adjunct to signify thy greatness, which in heaven, earth, and hell is formidable.

SCENE

SCENE X.

The masques join, and they dance.

Cupid, Mercury.

Cup. Is not that Amorphus, the traveller?

Mer. As though it were not! do you not see how his legs are in travel with a measure?

Cup. Hedon, thy master, is next.

Mer. What, will Cupid turn nomenclator, and cry them?

Cup. No faith, but I have a comedy toward, that would not be lost for a kingdom.

Mer. In good time, for Cupid will prove the comedy.

Cup. Mercury, I am studying how to match them.

Mer. How to mismatch them were harder.

Cup. They are the nymphs must do it; I shall sport my self with their passions above measure.

Mer. Those nymphs would be tam'd a little indeed, but I fear thou hast not arrows for the purpose.

Cup. O yes, here be of all sorts, flights, rovers, and but-shafts. But I can wound with a brandish, and never draw bow for the matter.

Mer. I cannot but believe it, my invisible archer, and yet methinks you are tedious.

Cup. It behoves me to be somewhat circumspect, Mercury; for if Cynthia hear the twang of my bow, she'll go near to whip me with the string: therefore, to prevent that, I thus discharge a brandish upon — it makes no matter which of the couples. Phantaste and Amorphus, at you.

Mer. Will the shaking of a shaft strike 'em into such a fever of affection?

Cup. As well as the wink of an eye: but, I pray thee, hinder me not with thy prattle.

D d 3

Mer:

Mer. Jove forbid I hinder thee. Marry, all that I fear is Cynthia's presence, which, with the cold of her chastity, casteth such an antiperistasis about the place, that no heat of thine will tarry with the patient.

Cup. It will tarry the rather, for the antiperistasis will keep it in.

Mer. I long to see the experiment.

Cup. Why, their marrow boils already, or they are all turn'd eunuchs.

Mer. Nay, and't be so, I'll give over speaking, and be a spectator only.

[The first strain done.]

Amo. Cynthia (by my bright soul) is a right exquisite and splendidious lady; yet Amorphus, I think, hath seen more fashions, I am sure more countries: but whether I have or not, whether need we gaze on Cynthia, that have our self to admire?

Pha. O, excellent Cynthia! yet if Phantaste sat where she does, and had such attire on her head (for attire can do much) I say no more — but goddeses are goddeses, and Phantaste is as she is! I would the revels were done once, I might go to my school of glass again, and learn to do my self right after all this ruffling.

Mer. How now, Cupid? here's a wonderful change with your brandish! do you not hear how they dote?

Cup. What prodigy is this? no word of love, no mention, no motion?

Mer. Not a word, my little ignis fatue, not a word.

Cup. Are my darts enchanted? is their vigour gone? is their virtue —

Mer. What? Cupid turn'd jealous of himself? ha, ha, ha.

Cup. Laughs Mercury?

Mer. Is Cupid angry?

Cup. Hath he not cause, when his purpose is so deluded?

Mer. A rare comedy, it shall be intitled Cupid's?

Cup.

Cup. Do not scorn us, Hermes.

Mer. Choler and Cupid are two fiery things ; I scorn 'em not. But I see that come to pass, which I presag'd in the beginning.

Cup. You cannot tell : perhaps the physic will not work so soon upon some as upon others. It may be the rest are not so relly.

Mer. *Ex ungue* ; you know the old adage, as these, so are the remainder.

Cup. I'll try : this is the same shaft with which I wounded Argurion.

Mer. I, but let me save you a labour, Cupid : there were certain bottles of water fetch'd, and drunk off (since that time) by these gallants.

Cup. Jove strike me into earth : the fountain of self-love.

Mer. Nay, faint not, Cupid.

Cup. I remember'd it not.

Mer. Faith, it was ominous to take the name of Anteros upon you ; you know not what charm or enchantment lies in the word : you saw, I durst not venture upon any device in our presentment, but was content to be no other than a simple page. Your arrows properties (to keep decorum) Cupid, are suited (it should seem) to the nature of him you personate.

Cup. Indignity not to be born.

Mer. Nay rather, an attempt to have been for-born.

Cup. How might I revenge my self on this insulting Mercury ? there's Crites, his minion, he has not tasted of this water. It shall be so. Is Crites turn'd dotard on himself too ?

[*The second strain.*]

Mer. That follows not, because the venom of your shafts cannot pierce him, Cupid.

Cup. As though there were one antidote for these, and another for him.

Mer. As though there were not ; or as if one effect might not arise of divers causes ? What say you to Cynthia, Arete, Phronesis, Time, and others there ?

Cup. They are divine.

Mer. And Crites aspires to be so.

Cup. But that shall not serve him.

Mer. 'Tis like to do it, at this time. But Cupid is grown too covetous, that will not spare one of a multitude.

Cup. One is more than a multitude.

[*The third strain.*

Mer. Arete's favour makes any one shot-proof against thee, Cupid. I pray thee, light honey-bee, remember thou art not now in Adonis' garden, but in Cynthia's presence, where thorns lie in garrison about the roses. Soft, Cynthia speaks.

S C E N E XI.

Cynthia, Arete, Crites, Masquers.

Cyn. Ladies and gallants of our court, to end
And give a timely period to our sports,
Let us conclude them with declining night ;
Our empire is but of the darker half.
And if you judge it any recompence
For your fair pains, t'have earn'd Diana's thanks,
Diana grants them, and bestows their crown
To gratify your acceptable zeal.
For you are they, that not (as some have done)
Do censure us, as too severe and sour,
But as (more rightly) gracious to the good ;
Although we not deny, unto the proud,
Or the prophane, perhaps indeed austere :
For so Actæon, by presuming far,

Did

Did (to our grief) incur a fatal doom;
 And so, swoln Niobe (comparing more
 Than he presum'd) was trophæed into stone.
 But are we therefore judged too extreme?
 Seems it no crime, to enter sacred bowers,
 And hallowed places, with impure aspect,
 Most lewdly to pollute? Seems it no crime
 To brave a deity? Let mortals learn
 To make religion of offending heaven,
 And not at all to censure powers divine.
 To men this argument should stand for firm,
 A goddess did it, therefore it was good:
 We are not cruel, nor delight in blood.
 But what have serious repetitions
 To do with revels, and the sports of court?
 We not intend to sour your late delights
 With harsh expostulation. Let't suffice
 That we take notice, and can take revenge
 Of these calumnious and lewd blasphemies.
 For we are no less Cynthia than we were,
 Nor is our power, but as our self, the same:
 Though we have now put on no tire of shine,¹⁰
 But mortal eyes undazled may endure.
 Years are beneath the spheres, and time makes weak
 Things under heaven, not powers which govern heaven.
 And though our self be in our self secure,
 Yet let not mortals challenge to themselves
 Immunity from thence. Lo, this is all:
 "Honour hath store of spleen, but wanteth gall."
 Once more, we cast the slumber of our thanks
 On your ta'en toil, which here let take an end.
 And that we not mistake your several worths,
 Nor you our favour, from yourselves remove

¹⁰ No tire of shine.] i. e. no attire of light.

What

What makes you not yourselves, those clouds of mask :
Particular pains particular thanks do ask.

[*They unmask.*

How ! let me view you. Ha ! are we contemn'd ?
Is there so little awe of our disdain,
That any (under trust of their disguise)
Should mix themselves with others of the court,
And (without forehead) boldly press so far,
As farther none ? How apt is lenity
To be abus'd ? severity to be loth'd ?
And yet, how much more doth the seeming face
Of neighbour virtues, and, their borrowed names,
Add of lewd boldness to loose vanities ?
Who would have thought that Philautia durst
Or have usurped noble Storgé's name,
Or with that theft have ventur'd on our eyes ?
Who would have thought, that all of them should hope
So much of our connivence, as to come"
To grace themselves with titles not their own ?
Instead of med'cines, have we maladies ?
And such imposthumes as Phantaste is,
Grow in our palace ? We must lance these sores,
Or all will putrify. Nor are these all,
For we suspect a farther fraud than this :
Take off our veil, that shadows may depart,
And shapes appear : beloved Arete !——So,
Another face of things presents itself,
Than did of late. What ! feather'd Cupid mask'd,
And mask'd like Anteros ? And stay ! more strange !
Dear Mercury, our brother, like a page,
To countenance the ambush of the boy !
Nor endeth our discovery as yet :

"So much of our CONTIVENCE, as to come, &c.] This is the reading of the latter editions, copied from the folio of 1640. That of 1616 reads with good sense, *connivence*.

Gelaia, like a nymph, that but e're while
 (In male attire) did serve Anaides?
 Cupid came hither to find sport and game,
 Who heretofore hath been too conversant
 Among our train, but never felt revenge;
 And Mercury bare Cupid company.
 Cupid, we must confess, this time of mirth
 (Proclaim'd by us) gave opportunity
 To thy attempts, although no privilege:
 Tempt us no farther; we cannot endure
 Thy presence longer; vanish hence, away.
 You, Mercury, we must entreat to stay,
 And hear what we determine of the rest;
 For in this plot we well perceive your hand.
 But (for we mean not a censorian task,
 And yet to lance these ulcers grown so ripe)
 Dear Arete, and Crites, to you two
 We give the charge; impose what pains you please:
 Th' incurable cut off, the rest reform,
 Remembring ever what we first decreed,
 Since revels were proclaim'd, let now none bleed.

Are. How well Diana can distinguish times,
 And sort her censures, keeping to herself
 The doom of gods, leaving the rest to us?
 Come, cite them, Crites, first, and then proceed.

Cri. First Philautia, (for she was the first)
 Then light Gelaia in Aglaia's name;
 Thirdly, Phantaste, and Moria next;
 Main Follies all, and of the female crew:
 Amorphus, or Eucofmos' counterfeit,
 Voluptuous Hedon ta'en for Eupathes,
 Brazen Anaides, and Asotus last,
 With his two pages, Morus and Profaites;
 And thou, the traveller's evil, Cos, approach,
 Impostors all, and male deformities——

Are.

Are. Nay, forward, for I delegate my power,
And will that at thy mercy they do stand,
Whom they so oft, so plainly scorn'd before.
'Tis virtue which they want, and wanting it,
Honour no garment to their backs can fit.
Then, Crites, practise thy discretion.

Cri. Adored Cynthia, and bright Arete,
Another might seem fitter for this task,
Than Crites far, but that you judge not so :
For I (not to appear vindictive,
Or mindful of contempts, which I contemn'd,
As done of impotence) must be remiss ;
Who, as I was the author in some sort,
To work their knowledge into Cynthia's sight,
So should be much severer to revenge
Th' indignity hence issuing to her name :
But there's not one of these who are unpain'd,
Or by themselves unpunished ; for vice
Is like a fury to the vicious mind,
And turns delight itself to punishment.
But we must forward, to design their doom.
You are offenders, that must be confess ;
Do you confess it ?

All. We do.

Cri. And that you merit sharp correction ?

All. Yes.

Cri. Then we (reserving unto Delia's grace
Her farther pleasure, and to Arete
What Delia granteth) thus do sentence you.
That from this place (for penance known of all,
Since you have drunk so deeply of self-love)
You (two and two) singing a Palinode,
March to your several homes by Niobe's stone,
And offer up two tears apiece thereon,
That it may change the name, as you must change,
And of a stone be called Weeping-cross,

Because

Because it standeth cross of Cynthia's way,
 One of whose names is sacred Trivia.
 And, after penance thus perform'd, you pass
 In like set order, not as Midas did,
 To wash his gold off into Tagus' stream ;
 But to the well of knowledge, Helicon ;
 Where purged of your present maladies,
 (Which are not few, nor slender) you become
 Such as you fain would seem, and then return,
 Offering your service to great Cynthia.
 This is your sentence, if the goddess please
 To ratifie it with her high consent,
 The scope of wise mirth unto fruit is bent."

Cyn. We do approve thy censure, belov'd Crites ;
 Which Mercury thy true propitious friend,
 (A deity next Jove belov'd of us)
 Will undertake to see exactly done.
 And for this service of discovery,
 Perform'd by thee, in honour of our name,
 We vow to guerdon it with such due grace
 As shall become our bounty, and thy place.
 " Princes that would their people should do well,
 " Must at themselves begin, as at the head ;
 " For men, by their example, pattern out,
 " Their imitations, and regard of laws :
 " A virtuous court a world to virtue draws."

P A L L I N O D E.

Amo. " From Spanish shrugs, French faces, smirks,
 " irps, and all affected humours,

Chorus. Good Mercury defend us.

Pba. " From secret friends, sweet servants, loves,
 " doves, and such fantastic humours,

Chorus. Good Mercury defend us.

Amo.

Amo. "From stabbing of arms, flap-dragons, healths,
" whiffs, and all such swaggering humours,

Chorus. Good Mercury defend us.

Pba. "From waving fans, coy glances, glicks,
" cringes, and all such simpering humours,

Chorus. Good Mercury defend us.

Amo. "From making love by attorney, courting of
" puppets, and paying for new acquaintance,

Chorus. Good Mercury defend us.

Pba. "From perfum'd dogs, monkeys, sparrows,
" dildoes, and parochitoes,

Chorus. Good Mercury defend us.

Amo. "From wearing bracelets of hair, shoe-ties,
" gloves, garters, and rings with poesies,

Chorus. Good Mercury defend us.

Pba. "From pargetting, painting, slicking, glazing,
" and renewing old rivel'd faces,

Chorus. Good Mercury defend us.

Amo. "From squiring to tilt-yards, play-houses,
" pageants, and all such publick places,

Chorus. Good Mercury defend us.

Pba. "From entertaining one gallant to gull ano-
" ther, and making fools of either,

Chorus. Good Mercury defend us.

Amo. "From belying ladies favours, noblemens
" countenance, coining counterfeit employments,
" vain-glorious taking to them other mens services,
" and all self-loving humours,

Chorus. Good Mercury defend us.

S O N G.

S O N G.

“ **N**OW each one dry his weeping eyes,
“ And to the well of knowledge haste ;
“ Where purged of your maladies,
“ You may of sweeter waters taste,
“ And, with refined voice, report
“ The grace of Cynthia, and her court.



THE

T H E
E P I L O G U E.

GEntles, be't known to you, since I went in,
 I am turn'd rimer, and do thus begin :
 The author (jealous how your sense doth take
 His travails¹) hath enjoined me to make
 Some short and ceremonious epilogue ;
 But if I yet know what, I am a rogue ;
 He ties me to such laws as quite distract
 My thoughts, and would a year of time exact :
 I neither must be faint, remis, nor sorry,
 Sour, serious, confident, nor peremptory ;
 But betwixt these : let's see ; ² to lay the blame
 Upon the childrens action, that were lame.
 To crave your favour, with a begging knee,
 Were to distrust the writer's faculty.
 To promise better at the next we bring,
 Prorogues disgrace, commends not any thing.
 Stiffly to stand on this, and proudly approve
 The play, might tax the maker of self-love.
 I'll only speak what I have heard him say,
 " By——'tis good, and if you like't, you may."

*Ecce rubet quidam, pallet, stupet, oscitat, edit.
 Hoc volo : nunc nobis carmina nostra placent.*

¹ ——— Jealous how your sense doth take
 His TRAVELS.] We should here conform to the antient spelling,
 and read his *travails*, his labours.

² ——— To lay the blame
 Upon the CHILDRENS action.] The children of the Queen's
 chapel, who acted the play.

